

**T H E C A X T O N
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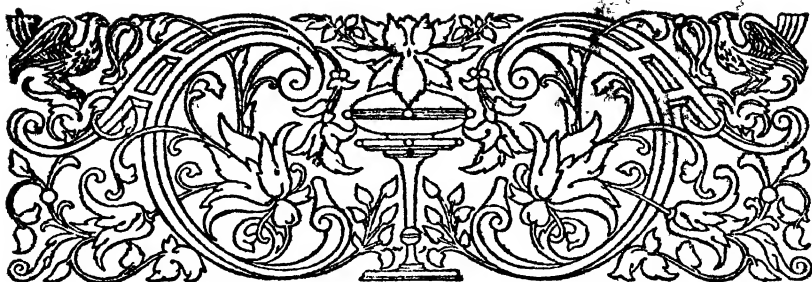
**TIMON OF ATHENS
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA**

VOLUME XVIII

The annotations at the foot of the page are intended to explain difficult phrases or allusions. Single words, which are no longer in common use, appear only in the glossary, which is printed in Volume XX.

The numbering of the lines follows that of the Cambridge Edition, the text of which is used in this edition.





**THE CAXTON EDITION OF
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

**WITH ANNOTATIONS AND
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION
BY SIDNEY LEE**

VOLUME XVIII

**TIMON OF ATHENS
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA**



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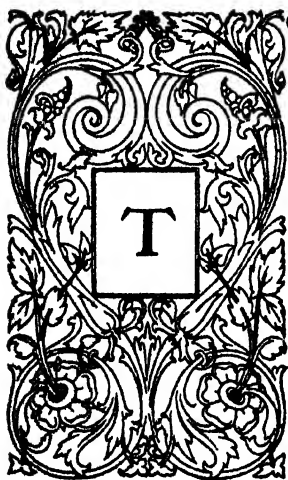
TIMON OF ATHENS

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INTRODUCTION



TO find Shakespeare in "Timon of Athens" is an ingenious exercise, and a not unprofitable expenditure of time. Mr. Lee, than whom there could be no higher authority, assigns to him the first two acts and the fourth, crediting George Wilkins with the third and the fifth. If, as Mr. Lee hints, Wilkins had something to do with that magnificent play "The Yorkshire Tragedy," his dramatic power must have been considerable; for there is no English playwright except Shakespeare whose fame would not be raised if it were proved that he had written "The Yorkshire Tragedy." As much cannot be said for "Timon of Athens," in which we may feel sure that Shakespeare took very little interest himself. Yet diligent search reveals some faint

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trace of him, and the dust of his writings is gold. The story of the play, which may have been taken from Plutarch, from Lucian, from Painter, or from Boiardo, is singularly crude and displeasing. Timon was a wealthy Athenian citizen of the great days, the generation after Pericles, when the martyrdom of Socrates was still recent and Plato was yet alive. It is perhaps needless to say that local colour will be sought in vain. Just as Shakespeare's Verona contains an alehouse, but no amphitheatre, no market-place, and no tombs of the Scaligers; so in the Athens of Timon there are drums and fifes and other appliances of modern civilisation, but no Acropolis and no Parthenon. The play opens in the true Shakespearean manner, with an easy and natural scene which introduces the subject without the formality of an explanation. Perhaps the best example of Shakespeare's method in this respect is the dialogue between Sampson and Gregory at the beginning of "Romeo and Juliet." Here we have artists and tradesmen waiting for an audience in the hall of Timon's house. Their conversation discloses his manner of life. He is rich, open-handed, liberal, indiscriminate in his generosity, ostentatious though kindly in his patronage. He "passes," that is, he exceeds the common run of men. The painter has made a portrait of him. The poet has written verses in his honour. All men speak well of him, and find their account in flattering him. But even on the threshold of the drama an admonitory note is struck. The poet has feigned Fortune to be throned on a high and pleasant hill, beckoning Timon to her, and multitudes follow

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Timon's steps. Then he goes on in lines which we may well accept as Shakespeare's to foreshadow the *μῦθος*, the plot and moral, of the tragedy : —

“ When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.”

These words are uttered significantly enough before Timon appears upon the stage.

He comes on talking to the servant of his old friend Ventidius, imprisoned for debt. The debt will at once be paid, and Timon's kindness will not end there. With a construction, terse and pregnant, which Shakespeare did not know to be Thucydidean, he adds : —

“ 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.”

A further promise on Timon's part to provide a dowry for his servant Lucilius elicits the cynical proverb, appropriate to the story, that honesty is its own reward. Amid a chorus of gross and rather sickening flattery there enters Apemantus, by far the best and most vivid person of the drama. Timon, as will be seen, changes from one extreme to another, — from universal confidence to equally universal distrust. Apemantus never changes at all. He is a cynic from the first, and with him cynicism means the natural shamelessness of the dog, not the acquired indifference of the philosopher.

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There is no dignity in him as there is in Diogenes. He represents the merely brute element in human nature, what Zola, whose mind it haunted, called *la bête humaine*. The genius of Shakespeare alone could have made such a character endurable, and yet Shakespeare bestowed, if we may judge by appearances, very little thought or labour upon Apemantus. If we compare the exquisite and inimitable humour which the prodigal master has lavished upon the fool in "Lear," upon the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," upon Launce in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," upon Master Shallow, upon Mrs. Quickly, or upon Falstaff's ragged retainers, with Apemantus's celebrated and not altogether ignoble grace, it will help us to realise how little Shakespeare cared for his reputation, and how completely he could surrender himself to the whim of the moment. Apemantus, however, has his allotted place in the development of the drama. He gives Timon, who had not heard the speech of the poet, his first warning. The poet's words are meant for the audience; Apemantus addresses Timon himself. He is not heeded because he oversteps the mark. To Apemantus all Athenians are knaves, and that not because they are Athenians, but because they are men. He is wrong in the general, and yet in this particular instance he is right. If Timon can be blamed for ignoring his unrestrained vituperation, it is not because Apemantus was justified in his estimate of mankind, but because the false friends made with the Mammon of unrighteousness, to adapt the scathing irony of the parable, last so long as the means of corruption last, and no longer.

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Timon's friends belonged to the cream of Athenian society. Cream is like scum, it rises to the top. In this very first scene of the play we are introduced to Alcibiades, the most brilliant personage among the public men of that time, the Cæsar of Athens, without moral principle, but equally distinguished in culture and in action, and immortalised by Plato in the most poetical of all philosophic dialogues. But as Dr. Caius most pertinently asked, when he found that "honest man" Master Simple, what the honest man did in his closet, so we may ask what the dazzling disciple of Socrates does in this play. Here he only comes to dine with Timon. How they are afterwards associated we shall see. At the end of the stage-directions for the second scene of the first act is the graphic sentence, "Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself." Alcibiades in "Timon of Athens" is emphatically not like himself. He is a rough, frank soldier, a sort of inferior Coriolanus, with no more philosophy than Timon, though he possesses the accomplishment, not unusual at Athens in those days, of being able to read. In this scene, the scene of a very different banquet from that with which the name of Alcibiades will always be connected, he speaks like a Hotspur without his humour. The central figure is neither he nor Timon, but Apemantus, whose railings may be called the second warning of Timon; and yet with the warning there is encouragement, the offer of Ventidius, who has inherited his father's fortune, to repay Timon's loan, "doubled with thanks and service," "doubled" being a

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sign of addition, not of multiplication. At the dinner, when Timon quotes Seneca, as Hector in "Troilus and Cressida" quotes Aristotle, there falls from Apemantus that terrible line

"I wonder men dare trust themselves with men,"

which might serve for the motto of the whole play, the English equivalent of the Latin proverb, *homo homini hepus*, amplified in the following couplet:—

"Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives."

The grace of Apemantus passes unheeded as the fitting utterance of an enemy to good company and good cheer. So, too, does a passage in Timon's reply to the thanks of his guests, upon which, if the play had been an Athenian one, the quick-witted spectators would at once have fastened. "Why," says the giver of the feast, "I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you." This unconscious utterance of a truth unknown to the utterer, by no means characteristically Shakespearean, is the irony of the Greek tragedians. There was one who must have felt the grimness of the fanciful aspiration. Flavius, Timon's steward, is the one sound and honest character in the play. It is his business to provide the materials for his master's bounty. But his master is already in debt, and Flavius is at the end of his resources. He has none of Caleb Balderstone's ingenuity. All he could do was to give his master good advice, which his master never took. The verdict of common sense is wholly unfavourable to Timon, and

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pronounces that he was responsible for his own misfortunes. But the tribunal of common sense is a narrow, and therefore an unjust one. "Every man," said Tennyson, "imputes himself." Apemantus lived in a world of Apemantuses. Because he had no self-respect, he had no respect for others. Timon was not a prudent man, nor even, as the sequel shows, a wise one. Yet was it an unselfish, though a vulgar, error that misled him. He gave, it is true, to those who did not want. He gave because he loved giving. But he never turned his face from any poor man, he never failed to relieve distress, and he could not realise that there were men who would refuse assistance to friends in time of need. The Senator, in the first scene of the second act, utters the precept of common sense, or, in other words, of enlightened selfishness : —

"I love and honour him ;
But must not break my back to heal his finger."

So, like a sensible man, he demands payment at once, lest the other creditors should get beforehand with him. He had received from Timon many gifts; but he does not allow that fact to warp his judgment, and, as a man of the world, he cannot help condemning the wanton extravagance which has brought his benefactor into such a sorry plight. Nevertheless, to paraphrase Shakespeare's words in another case, he was not altogether a wise man nor Timon altogether a fool. As much foolery as one had, so much wisdom the other lacked. Timon was entitled to say : —

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"No villainous bounty yet hath passed my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly have I given."

Therefore he counted that it would be a successful experiment to "try the argument of hearts by borrowing." Flavius, though an honest man, was under no such illusion. He was honest, but he was not magnanimous, and therefore he understood men as they are better than Timon: —

"Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made."

This praise, not any praise. Flavius is the mean between the cynicism of Apemantus and the idealism of Timon.

The third act, which in the main is almost certainly not Shakespeare's, though it contains Shakespearean touches, describes the bitter disillusionment of Timon, and his rather paltry revenge. All his friends refuse to help him. Even Ventidius, who offered him five talents before, seems, with an unaccountable access of parsimony, to have withheld them now, though this is not expressly stated. The interviews of Timon's servants with these men are extremely repulsive, relieved only here and there by a stroke of humour, as when Lucullus says he has often dined with Timon, "and come again to supper with him, to have him spend less," or when Lucius confesses that he has "received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles." Then follows a scene between Alcibiades and the Senate which is not germane to the matter, but looks as if it had been

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taken from another piece. It is certainly not in the least Shakespearean, and is almost wholly devoid of literary merit. Alcibiades pleads for a friend of his, lying under judgment of death for culpable homicide. The Senate reject his plea, and banish his friend. Whereupon he vows vengeance in bombastic language, ending with this precious couplet : —

“Tis honour with most lands to be at odds ;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.”

Who the friend of Alcibiades was, and what he had done, we are not told. The news of the banishment forms a topic of conversation at the mock feast to which Timon has invited his friends and creditors. But Timon takes no notice of it and apparently does not hear it. In this scene there is what some have taken for a reference to an older play of “Timon” by an unknown author, written about 1600. In the older play, an abominably bad one, the feast is composed of stones painted like artichokes. In our “Timon” the dishes contain only warm water. Yet after Timon has flung the water and the dishes at the heads of his guests, there occurs this elegant dialogue, with which the scene closes : —

“2 *Lord.* Lord Timon’s mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel’t upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.”

The antithesis would be hard to match for badness, and the allusion to stones has not the slightest point as it stands. This play is botched rather than made, though

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here and there is a purple or Shakespearean patch. There is vigour, though not much else, in the vituperative lines :—

“ Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time’s flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks.”

Still it is a fish-fag’s eloquence, and simple swearing would be quite as impressive.

In the fourth act, which Mr. Lee assigns to Shakespeare, Timon has left Athens, and, looking back upon the walls, embraces the whole city in one comprehensive anathema, most of which is mere raving. The following lines are the least unlike Shakespeare’s style :—

“ Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live.”

After this the speaker degenerates into the formless expression of blind rage, invoking leprosy upon the general population of Athens, and mere sciatica upon the Senate. Flavius, the steward, in discharging the servants and paying them out of his own pocket, is not without greatness of soul, and there is a gloomy power in some of his reflections, as, for instance :—

“ O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us !
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt ? ”

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There is nothing, said the Marquess of Halifax, upon which men spend more money than upon making themselves ridiculous. Timon in his loneliness and poverty is not so much an object of ridicule as Timon among his flatterers and parasites. But he cannot escape from "yellow, glittering, precious gold." While he digs for roots, the favourite food of Apemantus, he finds the root of all evil, that which makes the "learned pate" "duck to the golden fool." To him at his task comes Alcibiades marching on Athens, and accompanied by two courtesans, exceptionally degraded specimens of their class, who never open their mouths except to curse or to beg. But in cursing they cannot contend with Timon, whose coarseness in this scene is like the coarseness of Swift, not prurient and not ribald, but delighting in whatever degrades mankind. Such misanthropy as Swift's, at its worst, and Timon's, in this scene, is unfit for literature or for the stage. It is a sight to shudder at, not to see. When Timon gives Alcibiades money to help him in destroying Athens, when Phrynia and Timandra beg Timon for more money as he rains abuse upon their heads, we feel misanthropy as Balaustion felt obscenity, "grotesqued so much, it slinks away revolted at itself." After the departure of Alcibiades and his retinue Timon is visited by Apemantus, and the dialogue between the two is most curious. Apemantus has always hankered after Timon, and as if to show that pure misanthropy is impossible for a sane man, he approaches him now in quest of something very like sympathy. "Do not assume my likeness," he says with disinterested candour :—

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"Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee."

But Timon, so far from being drawn to his brother misanthrope, abhors him utterly, and when Apemantus thinks to ingratiate himself with the outcast whom he "loves better now than e'er he did," by saying that he sought him out to vex him, Timon replies, with much method in his madness : —

"Always a villain's office or a fool's."

In the fine speech where he describes himself as "left open, bare for every storm that blows," the misanthrope made by circumstance asserts his superiority over the misanthrope by nature.

"Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flattered thee,"

is a cry of anguish as well as an expression of disgust.

"I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden,"

has a human ring which once more makes Timon bearable. As for Apemantus, he is a degree lower than the melancholy Jaques. Jaques had been "a brutish libertine." Apemantus would have been one if he had had the chance. The conversation of Apemantus and Timon, though it ends in the mere calling of names, has in it more stuff than any other part of the play. There is daring in the address to the thieves who have come for Timon's new gold, and find themselves almost flouted out of their calling by the extravagance of his cynicism.

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There is pathos in Timon's final dismissal of Flavius, the just steward, to whom he gives money on condition that he will "build from men," that is, live in solitude. But neither episode will compare with the scene between Timon and Apemantus, to which I shall return.

There is not much trace of Shakespeare in the fifth act of "Timon," which drags its slow length across the stage. The report of Timon's new treasure, spread through Athens by Alcibiades and his female companions, brings him, as Apemantus predicted that it would, a fresh troop of visitors. First we have the poet and the painter, who are beaten and driven out with reproaches, neither exaggerated nor undeserved. Then comes a Deputation from the Senate, asking him to take the field against Alcibiades. The poet and the painter were at least logical, for if Timon had gold, he might give some to them. But how it would enable him to

". . . drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild"

the Senators wisely make no effort to explain. All they get from Timon is a torrent of contumelious language, in which their supplications are drowned. The absurdities of the situation are manifest. How did the Senators, or Flavius who accompanies them, get out of Athens while Alcibiades was besieging it? How could Alcibiades have spread the report of the treasure without entering the city? Other like questions might be put. But we forget them all before the last speech of Timon, pure Shakespeare in its opening lines, though Wilkins or any

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one else may have added the final tag. "Come not," he says : —

"Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover."

So we might well leave him. But it seems that before his death he wrote his epitaph, discovered by a soldier, and deciphered by Alcibiades. It is quite unworthy of Shakespeare, and cannot possibly be his. The dialogue between Alcibiades and the soldiers on the walls is still worse. It is held after Timon's death, and its sole connection with the play is that from the general amnesty which he grants to the city Alcibiades excepts the enemies, meaning the friends, of Timon as well as his own. The reconciliation of Alcibiades and the Athenian people with which the play concludes has nothing to do with the subject. Alcibiades, whatever else he may have been, was no misanthrope.

Signs of carelessness, either in construction or in style, are no disproof of Shakespeare's authorship. Shakespeare could be as careless and as bounteous as nature herself. He cared no more for consistency than he cared for the historical character of Cardinal Beaufort, or for the geographical position of Bohemia. A robust and acute critic has gone so far as to say that "Hamlet" was the one play upon which he expended minute and careful pains. It is not the roughness and crudity of "Timon," but the flat, prosaic dulness in which it abounds, that,

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apart altogether from external evidence, forbids us to regard it as the work of the master. Its hard, repellent ugliness is not equalled in any other piece attributed to Shakespeare except "Titus Andronicus," which almost all Shakespearean scholars now discard. The ostentatious cynicism of "Troilus and Cressida" is attractive in comparison with the taunts of Apemantus and the ravings of Timon. "Timon of Athens," according to Mr. Lee's authoritative chronology, was composed within a few months of "King Lear." Is it possible to believe that they are from the same mint? Lear himself is sometimes rough and coarse. He was the barbarous chieftain of a barbarous age, whereas Timon was the citizen of a community as refined and civilised as the England of Elizabeth. After the second act, with a short interval between his meeting Cordelia and her death, Lear is mad. Timon, though he loses his temper, never loses his wits. Yet Lear excites pity and terror, Timon contempt and disgust. Contrast Lear in the storm on the heath with Timon digging in front of his cave:—

"Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man."

"Timon. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,

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And fence not Athens. Matrons turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children. Slaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads. To general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity,
Do 't in your parents' eyes."

This specimen of Timon's vituperation is rather favourable than otherwise, while there are even finer passages in "Lear" than the magnificent lines quoted above. If both were written by the same man at the same time, we can only say of Shakespeare, as Horace says of Homer, that he sometimes nods.

Taking, however, the tragedy of "Timon" as we find it, and recognising the admitted fact that Shakespeare had some part in it, great or small, we naturally ask the question what there was in a familiar story that aroused his interest, what aspect of human nature it presented to his eyes. From this forbidding drama the influence of the fairer and softer sex is ruthlessly shut out. In the older play Timon's approaching marriage is prevented by his ruin. Both the girl's father and the girl herself refuse to take him without his money. There is not even this miserable semblance of love in Shakespeare's "Timon," as for the sake of brevity one may call it. There are no women at all, except a few dancing girls to enliven the first banquet, and two shameless harpies in the train of Alcibiades. When we consider that no other man knew women as Shakespeare knew them, that he was the creator of Rosalind, of Beatrice, of Portia, of Imogen, of Cordelia, we may safely infer that he deemed the situation

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unworthy of their presence. For if it be said that a wife or a daughter would have done what Flavius could not do, and checked extravagance before it led to disaster, it may be replied that the loss of a mistress would have added poignancy to the loss of friends. There are two characters in "Timon," and two alone, which are not merely conventional. One, of course, is Timon himself; the other is Apemantus. That Shakespeare took any interest in Alcibiades and the Senate is incredible. Lucius and Lucullus were alike to him. They were no more than Alcibiades's unknown client. The vanity of riches, even if he had strongly felt it, was in itself too trite a theme. What, then, was it that drew the eye of the master to this old tale? I believe it to have been the mutual relations between the outraged sentimentalist Timon and the born cynic Apemantus. Shakespeare never cares how vile is the mouth into which he puts his deepest sayings. The most magnificent lines on death ever written by man are spoken by the weak and cowardly Claudio in "Measure for Measure." "Timon of Athens" contains nothing that approaches such a level as that; but Apemantus has some of Iago's shrewdness. When he is not idly railing, he can speak words of practical wisdom. "What man," he asks Timon, "what man didst thou ever know in thrift that was loved after his means?" To which Timon retorts feebly enough, "Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?" There is point in the remark of Apemantus, there is none in Timon's, because Apemantus sees clearly what he always saw, the baser elements in man, which

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Timon has swung round from an irrational optimism to a pessimism equally devoid of reason. "The middle of humanity," Apemantus tells him with truth, "thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends." Apemantus can talk sense. The lowest of mankind can do that, in life, as in Shakespeare; and Apemantus is no sensualist. Even when meat and wine are set before him, he prefers roots and water. He is low because he cannot admire, because the quality of his eye is to see evil and not good. He thought that Timon had become such an one as himself, and could rejoice in his company. The statement that he had come to vex him was a lie. The greeting he received was the reverse of that which he expected. Timon hates Apemantus even more than he hates the rest of mankind because Apemantus makes misanthropy seem odious and contemptible. "One that hath had losses," as Dogberry says, he cannot away with a railer on mankind who never had anything to lose. He has given Apemantus a good conceit of himself. There is a smug complacency, quite unlike his usual style of address, in the couplet with which he opens:—

"I was directed hither : men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them."

This is the last drop in Timon's cup. It does not, as it might have done, produce a reaction by disgust; but it makes him curse Apemantus with a particular heartiness, as though the latter occupied some black depth of iniquity below the abyss of human wickedness in

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which all the world is plunged. From his misery he cries :—

“ Were I like thee, I’d throw away myself.”

The whole of this extraordinary scene is undoubtedly Shakespeare’s, and the speech of Apemantus from

“ This is in thee a nature but infected ”

to

“ Do not assume my likeness ”

is thoroughly Shakespearean. The verse is smooth, as it seldom is in this play, and yet every line is packed with meaning. Timon, says Apemantus, is a mere imitator ; he himself is the genuine cynic. This comparison is, as we have seen, more than Timon can bear, and in depicting the effect of Apemantus upon him Shakespeare displays all his art. But while “ Timon of Athens ” is something more than a practical sermon upon the hollowness of wealth, it is nothing less. If Timon had been a poor man, he would have been a happy one, and he knows it. “ Here is no use for gold,” says Apemantus. “ The best and truest,” replies Timon.

“ For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.”

Aurum irreperitum sic melius situm, said Horace. The gold best situated is gold undiscovered. Horace was an Epicurean and a man of the world, knowing well by experience all that gold could do ; and that was his deliberate judgment. Timon, Shakespeare’s Timon, is of the same mind. He neither hoarded his gold nor spent it

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on himself. He lavished it upon his neighbours, and it brought neither gratitude nor respect. Nor, open-handed as he was, was he altogether reckless in his liberality. His provision for the marriage portion of Lucilius is thoughtful and considerate, as well as generous. What he gave he gave graciously, and like a gentleman, seeking to spare the recipient all the irksomeness of obligation. If money could buy "that which should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," Timon would have bought them all. But when they found that there was nothing more to be got out of him, his friends, or his parasites, forsook him and fled. Shakespeare assuredly did not mean to imply that Timon's friends were exceptionally depraved. The faithful steward is the exception; they are the rule. Shakespeare was no pessimist, no cynic, no misanthrope, no disbeliever in true friendship; but he did not think that friendship, or respect, or anything beyond material comforts, could be bought. The great and gloomy satirist of Rome said that there was no greater hardship in poverty than the ridicule it excited. The greater and deeper philosopher whose share in "Timon of Athens" is its sole interest now never holds up poverty to contempt. Neither Timon nor his trencher-fed pack of friends were poor until they had ruined him, and then it is not his poverty that drives him frantic, but the exposure of his vulgar ideal. Vulgarity was the source of his delusions and the cause of his fall; not the superficial vulgarity of outward behaviour, but the essential vulgarity which misapprehends the real value of things. In Athens, not long before

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the days of Timon; there was a teacher so poor that, though he taught as no man had ever taught before him, he could hardly have given one of his disciples a dinner. But when he was in danger of an unjust doom he did not fear; most of his friends would willingly have died for him, and all remained with him to the end. Shakespeare knew what true friendship was. It is the feeling of Horatio for Hamlet, of Bassanio for Antonio, of Kent for Lear. But it cannot be bought with all the gold of Ophir. If a man should give the whole substance of his house for it, he would utterly be contemned.

HERBERT PAUL.

TIMON OF ATHENS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } flattering lords.
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS, } servants to Timon.
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS,

PHILOTUS,

TITUS, servants to Timon's creditors and to the Lords.

HORTENSIVS,

And others,

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.
TIMANDRA, }

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Athens, and the neighbouring woods*

¹ This piece was first printed in the First Folio. The opening Scene is headed "*Actus Primus, Scena Prima.*" No other scenic division is indicated. The First Folio prints at the end of the piece a somewhat imperfect list of "The Actors Names" (i. e., the Dramatis Personæ). Rowe first supplied scenic divisions and a full list of characters.

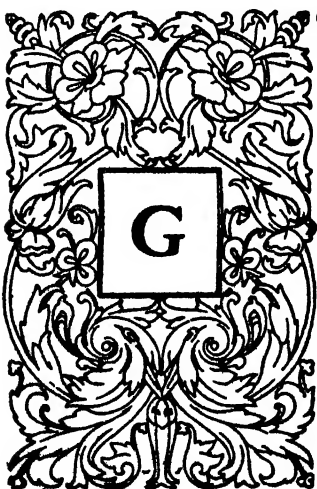


ACT FIRST — SCENE I — ATHENS

A HALL IN TIMON'S HOUSE

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at
several doors*

POET



GOOD DAY, SIR.

PAIN. I am glad you're well.

POET. I have not seen you
long: how goes the world?

PAIN. It wears, sir, as it grows.

POET. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity?
what strange,
Which manifold record not
matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these
spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I
know the merchant.

PAIN. I know them both; the other's a jeweller.

MER. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

JEW.

Nay, that's most fix'd.

MER. A most incomparable man; breathed, as it were, 10
To an untirable and continuâte goodness:

He passes.

JEW. I have a jewel here —

MER. O, pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

JEW. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that —

POET. [*Reciting to himself*] "When we for recompense
have praised the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse

Which aptly sings the good."

MER. [*Looking on the jewel*] 'T is a good form.

JEW. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

20

PAIN. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedi-
cation

To the great lord.

POET. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 't is nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

10 *breathed*] inured, trained. "Breathed" is the epithet often applied
to a well-trained horse, who is in good wind.

11 *continue*] constant, incapable of interruption.

12 *passes*] surpasses (all experience).

15 *touch the estimate*] come up to or reach the price.

20 *a water*] a fine lustre (of the jewel).

23 *gum, which oozes*] Johnson's correction of the Folio *reading gowns,*
which uses.

27 *chafes*] Theobald's correction of the old reading *chases*. Cf. *Jul. Cæs.*,
I, ii, 101: "Tiber *chafing* with her shores," and *Lear*, IV, vi, 20-21:
"the murmuring surge That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles *chafes*."

PAIN. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

POET. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

30

PAIN. 'T is a good piece.

POET. So 't is: this comes off well and excellent.

PAIN. Indifferent.

POET. Admirable: how this grace

Speaks his own standing! what a mental power

This eye shoots forth! how big imagination

Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret.

The passage seems to mean that the poet's vein, flowing swiftly like the current of a stream, scorns to be obstructed by the banks which it chafes while hurrying past them.

29 *Upon the heels of my presentment*] As soon as the book has been presented to its patron.

32 *comes off well and excellent*] is a complete success. "Come off," like "turn out," is still colloquially used thus.

33 *Indifferent*] Tolerable: neither good nor bad.

33-34 *how this grace Speaks his own standing*] how the artistic grace of this portrait does full justice to the pose of the original. A "speaking" portrait of Timon, one which paints him to the life, is the subject of the criticism. Cf. *Cymb.*, II, iv, 82-83: "never saw I figures So likely to report themselves."

36-37 *to the dumbness . . . interpret*] in such lifelike gesture, though necessarily speechless, one could easily read words. "Interpret" appears to have the technical significance of "serve the office of interpreter," "interpreter" being the technical title of the person employed to speak for the puppets in the puppet shows of the day. Cf. *Two Gent.*, II, i, 85-86: "O excellent motion [*i. e.*, puppet show]! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her," and *Hamlet*, III, ii, 240-241: "I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying."

PAIN. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good? •

POET. I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

40

Enter certain Senators, and pass over

PAIN. How this lord is follow'd!

POET. The senators of Athens: happy man!

PAIN. Look, moe!

POET. You see this confluence, this great flood of
visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift

40-41 *artificial strife . . . touches*] this contest between art and nature
(the execution of the pencil emulating nature) gives life to these
touches. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 289-292:

"Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;"

43 *man*] Theobald's emendation of the Folio reading *men*.

44 *moe*] more, which form of the word Rowe substituted for the archaic
moe of the Folio.

47 *this beneath world*] this lower world. Cf. *Lear*, II, ii, 158: "this under
globe," and *Meas. for Meas.*, IV, iii, 85: "this under generation."

48-53 *my free drift . . . tract behind*] The general meaning of the passage
is that the poet's wide, unrestrained aim or outlook does not pause to
scrutinise any individual person but moves in an expansive sea of
observation; no malice which is aimed at any particular man taints one
comma of his discourse: his poem flies like the eagle boldly and on a

Halts not particularly, but moves itself
 In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice 50
 Infects one comma in the course I hold;
 But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
 Leaving no tract behind.

PAIN. How shall I understand you?

POET. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,
 As well of glib and slippery creatures as
 Of grave and austere quality, tender down
 Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
 Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
 Subdues and properties to his love and tendance 60
 All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer

straight course, leaving no trace of mischief or envy behind it. In other words, the poet aims at emphasising Timon's supreme virtue by dint of an universal generalisation of human life, rather than by individual characterisation, or censure of other individuals. Jacques, in *As you like it*, II, vii, 70, *seq.*, with a cognate subtlety, deprecates censure of individuals, when the general vices of human nature are under discussion. The grammatical construction is irregular and somewhat elliptical. "Sea of wax" has been interpreted as a mass of waxen writing tablets, which were familiar in Rome, and in medieval monasteries, so that it might be equivalent to a "sea of ink." It seems more probable that "wax" merely means here "expanding growth"; Falstaff puns on the word "wax" in the sense of growth in *2 Hen. IV*, I, ii, 150: "If I did say of *wax*, my *growth* would approve the truth."

54 *unbolt*] unfold, explain.

56 *glib and slippery*] smooth-tongued and fickle.

60 *properties*] appropriates.

61 *the glass-faced flatterer*] the sycophant who mirrors every changing expression of his patron.

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

PAIN. I saw them speak together.

POET. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all, 70
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

PAIN. 'T is conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

62-64 *Apemantus . . . before him*] The poet mistakes the attitude of Apemantus to Timon; that cynic never shows himself a flatterer of Timon.

68 *Is rank'd . . . deserts*] Is packed with men of all degrees of merit.

70 *To propagate their states*] To further their estates or improve their fortunes.

74-75 *Whose present grace . . . rivals*] [Fortune] whose present generosity (to Timon) turns those who were his equals into his slaves and servants for the time being.

75 *'T is conceived to scope*] 'T is a conception to the purpose.

79-80 *would be well . . . condition*] would offer suitable interpretation of, or fit comment on, the general state of our affairs.

POET. Nay, sir, but hear me on. 80
 All those which were his fellows but of late,
 Some better than his value, on the moment
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
 Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
 Drink the free air.

PAIN. Ay, marry, what of these?

POET. When Fortune in her shift and change of
 mood
 Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down, 90
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

PAIN. 'T is common:
 A thousand moral paintings I can show,
 That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
 More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
 To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
 The foot above the head.

83 *with tendance*] with attendance, with waiting on him.

84 *Rain . . . ear*] Pour whispers as if to a god to whom they are making
 sacrificial offerings.

85-86 *through him Drink the free air*] They inhale air which is free to all,
 as if it were his gift to them.

90 *slip*] Rowe's emendation of the Folio reading *sit*.

95 *pregnantly*] aptly.

96-97 *mean eyes . . . head*] men of mean and ordinary capacity have
 noticed Fortune's tendency to reverse her favourites' luck, to turn
 them upside down.

Trumpets sound. Enter LORD TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from VENTIDIUS talking with him; LUCILIUS and other servants following

TIM. Imprison'd is he, say you?

MESS. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires 100
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

TIM. Noble Ventidius! Well,
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help:
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.

MESS. Your lordship ever binds him.

TIM. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me:
'T is not enough to help the feeble up, 110
But to support him after. Fare you well.

MESS. All happiness to your honour! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian

OLD ATH. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

98 *talents*] Among the Greeks the "talent" was a weight of money equivalent to 6000 drachmae or some £200 sterling (or 1000 dollars); "five talents" would be worth more than £1000 or 5000 dollars. Elsewhere (cf. III, i, 19, *infra*) Shakespeare loosely makes a talent the equivalent of an English pound.

101-102 *which failing . . . comfort*] failure of which puts a period or end to his comfort.

104 *he must need me*] he cannot but want my assistance.

TIM. Freely, good father.

OLD ATH. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

TIM. I have so: what of him?

OLD ATH. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

TIM. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

LUC. Here, at your lordship's service.

OLD ATH. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man 120
That from my first have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

TIM. Well, what further?

OLD ATH. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort; 130
Myself have spoke in vain.

TIM. The man is honest.

OLD ATH. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

TIM. Does she love him?

123 *one which holds a trencher*] a serving man who waits at table.

132-134 *Therefore . . . daughter*] Therefore he will continue to be honest; his honesty ought to be its own reward; it should not carry off my daughter in addition.

OLD ATH. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

TIM. [*To Lucilius*] Love you the maid?

LUC. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

OLD ATH. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose 140
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

TIM. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

OLD ATH. Three talents on the present; in future, all.

TIM. This gentleman of mine hath served me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

OLD ATH. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his. 150

TIM. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

LUC. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and old Athenian.*]

135 *apt*] susceptible.

136 *precedent*] former, earlier.

143 *an equal husband*] a husband of equal fortune.

147 *a bond in men*] a bounden duty of masters to servants.

152-154 *never may . . . owed to you*] whatever may be the position that
fortune appoints for me I shall hold it altogether due to you (and
wholly at your service).

POET. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

TIM. I thank thee; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

PAIN. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

TIM. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man; 160
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

PAIN. The gods preserve ye!

TIM. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

JEW. What, my lord! dispraise?

TIM. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd, 170
It would unclew me quite.

JEW. My lord, 't is rated

162-163 *He is but outside . . . give out*] He is but an empty semblance
(a whited sepulchre); pictures have no hypocrisy; they are just what
they profess to be.

167-168 *Sir, your jewel . . . dispraise*] Your jewel has suffered owing to
the high praise bestowed on it. The jeweller misunderstands Timon's
words "under praise," and wrongly interprets them "dispraise," i. e.,
depreciation.

171 *unclew*] undo; the figure is from unwinding a ball of yarn thread.

As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

TIM. Well mock'd.

MER. No, my good lord; he speaks the common
tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

TIM. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS

JEW. We'll bear, with your lordship.

MER.

He'll spare none.

TIM. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus! 181

APEM. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good
morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

TIM. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st
them not.

APEM. Are they not Athenians?

TIM. Yes.

APEM. Then I repent not.

JEW. You know me, Apemantus?

174 *Are prized by their masters*] Are appraised according to the esteem in which their masters or owners are held.

175 *You mend the jewel . . . it*] Cf. I, ii, 166, *infra*: "to advance this jewel," and note.

182-183 *Till I be . . . honest*] Apemantus will not return Timon's "Good morrow" till he becomes gentle, which will only be when Timon is transformed into the shape of his dog, and his knavish followers become men of honesty (all which will never be).

APEM. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

TIM. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

190

APEM. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

TIM. Whither art going?

APEM. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

TIM. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

APEM. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

TIM. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

APEM. The best, for the innocence.

TIM. Wrought he not well that painted it?

APEM. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

201

PAIN. You're a dog.

APEM. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

TIM. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

APEM. No; I eat not lords.

TIM. An thou shouldst, thou'ldst anger ladies.

APEM. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

TIM. That's a lascivious apprehension.

210

APEM. So thou apprehend'st it: take it for thy labour.

TIM. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

APEM. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

TIM. What dost thou think 't is worth?

198 *The best, for the innocence*] An ironical phrase; "innocence" is often used for stupidity or imbecility. Apemantus credits Timon's portrait with a namby-pamby expression.

213-214 *Not so well . . . a doit*] An allusion to the proverb, "Plain dealing is a jewel, but those that use it die beggars."

APEM. Not worth my thinking. · How now, poet!

POET. How now, philosopher!

APEM. Thou liest.

POET. Art not one?

APEM. Yes.

220

POET. Then I lie not.

APEM. Art not a poet?

POET. Yes.

APEM. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

POET. That's not feigned; he is so.

APEM. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

TIM. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

230

APEM. E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with my heart.

TIM. What, thyself?

APEM. Ay.

TIM. Wherefore?

APEM. That I had no angry wit to be a lord. Art not thou a merchant?

MER. Ay, Apemantus.

APEM. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

236 *That I had no angry wit to be a lord*] Thus the old editions. The expression is difficult. The passage may mean that he lacks that petulant wit, which befits a lord, who is often credited with a haughty impatience of speech. But "to be a lord" may have the privative force of "to prevent me from becoming a lord," in which case Johnson may be right in explaining the whole passage: "I should hate myself for tamely enduring to be a lord."

MER. If traffic do it, the gods do it. 240

APEM. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger

TIM. What trumpet's that?

MESS. 'T is Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

TIM. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.

[Exeunt some Attendants.]

You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest

Most welcome, sir!

APEM. So, so, there!

Aches contract and starve your supple joints! 250

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

ALCIB. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

TIM. Right welcome, sir!

244 *All of companionship]* All of the same social rank.

248 *I am joyful of your sights]* I am glad you should see it.

250 *Aches]* A dissyllable. The word was pronounced "aitches." Cf. V, i, 197, *infra*: "Their fears of hostile strokes, their *aches*, losses."
starve . . . joints] destroy the suppleness of your joints, and so stiffen them as in rheumatic affections.

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but Apemantus.]

Enter two Lords

FIRST LORD. What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?

APEM. Time to be honest.

FIRST LORD. That time serves still. 260

APEM. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

SEC. LORD. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

APEM. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat
fools.

SEC. LORD. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

APEM. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

SEC. LORD. Why, Apemantus?

APEM. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean
to give thee none.

FIRST LORD. Hang thyself!

APEM. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make
thy requests to thy friend. 271

SEC. LORD. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn
thee hence!

APEM. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. *[Exit.]*

FIRST LORD. He's opposite to humanity. Come,
shall we in,

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

SEC. LORD. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,

256 *depart*] part or separate; a common usage.

272 *unpeaceable*] quarrelsome.

276-277 *he outgoes . . . kindness*] he outdoes the very soul of kindness.

Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

280

FIRST LORD. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

SEC. LORD. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall
we in?

FIRST LORD. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II—A BANQUETING-ROOM IN TIMON'S
HOUSE

*Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in;
FLAVIUS and others attending; and then enter LORD TIMON,
ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, and VENTIDIUS. Then comes,
dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself*

VEN. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

279 *meed*] desert.

282 *All use of quittance*] All custom of requital, any ordinary mode of
discharging obligations

6 *free*] liberal, bountiful.

TIM. O, by no means,
 Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
 I gave it freely ever; and there's none 10
 Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
 If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
 To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

VEN. A noble spirit!

TIM. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devised at first
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
 Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
 Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.* 20]

FIRST LORD. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

APEM. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

TIM. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

APEM. No;

You shall not make me welcome:
 I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

TIM. Fie, thou'rt a churl; ye've got a humour there
 Does not become a man; 't is much to blame.

They say, my lords, "*ira furor brevis est*;" but yond
 man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by him-

13 *faults . . . [fair]* There is a fair plausibility in the faults of rich people, especially in such as tend to increase their wealth. (But their faults are faults all the same.)

22 *confess'd it! hang'd it*] an allusion to the common colloquial phrase, "Confess and be hanged!"

28 "*ira furor brevis est*"] "Anger is a brief madness"; a Latin proverb, quoted by Horace, *Epistles*, I, ii, 62.

29 *ever angry*] Rowe's emendation of the Folio reading *very angry*.

self; for he does neither affect company, nor is he fit 30
for 't indeed. • • •

APEM. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

TIM. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian,
therefore welcome: I myself would have no power;
prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

APEM. I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I
should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number
of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me
to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and 40
all the madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next
him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of
him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill

32 *apperil*] peril.

35 *I myself would have no power*] The laws of hospitality deprive a host
of the power of silencing a guest.

37-38 *I scorn thy meat . . . flatter thee*] "Grudged meat" (according to
the proverb) chokes the person that eats it. Apemantus means that
Timon's meat is only given willingly to those who pay for it in flattery.
Since he could not flatter, the meat, being grudged, would stick in
his throat.

40 *so many dip . . . blood*] An allusion to hounds drinking the blood of
the prey they slaughter in the chase.

43 *without knives*] Guests invited to an Elizabethan banquet were ex-
pected to bring their own knives. The next line suggests that if they
came without knives, they would be more sparing with the food, and
the host would stand in less danger of his life.

wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, c'en made away ere't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

103

APEM. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

SEC. LORD. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

APEM. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

THIRD LORD. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

APEM. Much!

[*Tucket, within.*]

TIM. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant

How now!

110

SERV. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

100-102 *O joy . . . water, methinks*] Tears are involuntarily filling Timon's eyes, and thereby destroying joy before it comes to full fruition. His eyes cannot refrain from tears.

102 *their faults*] the tearful weakness of the eyes.

104 *to make them drink*] at making the guests drink.

105-106 *Joy . . . sprung up*] Joy produced the same birth of tears in our eyes, and thereupon joy came to life like a newborn babe. "Like a babe" implies allusion to "baby" in the special sense of the small image of oneself reflected in the pupil of another's eye whence the familiar phrase "to look babies (*i. e.*, to look for babies, to cast amorous glances)." Cf. *Tell-trothe's New Year's Gift* (1598), p. 39, "that *babie* which lodges in women's eies."

TIM. Ladies! what are their wills?

SERV. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

TIM. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid

CUP. Hail to thee, worthy Timon! and to all
That of his bounties taste! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear, 120
Taste, touch, and smell, pleased from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

TIM. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome! [Exit Cupid.]

FIRST LORD. You see, my lord, how ample you're beloved.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing

APEM. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

117 *Hail to thee, worthy Timon!*] It was customary for masquers at a feast in a great house to be introduced by a prologue spoken by a child, personating Cupid. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, I, iv, 4-8: "We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf . . . Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke After the prompter, for our entrance." See also *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 158-173.

120 *th' ear*] Theobald's emendation (at the suggestion of Warburton) of the Folio reading *There*. The preceding words of Cupid's speech are printed as prose in the Folios.

They dance! they are mad women.
 Like madness is the glory of this life,
 As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
 We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves, 130
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men
 Upon whose age we void it up again
 With poisonous spite and envy.
 Who lives, that's not depraved or depraves?
 Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
 Of their friends' gift?
 I should fear those that dance before me now
 Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease

TIM. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies, 140
 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
 You have added worth unto 't and lustre,

128-129 *Like madness . . . oil and root*] The glory of this life is just as much madness (in the eye of reason) as all this luxury, when compared with a frugal meal of oil and vegetable, is insane waste.

131 *to drink those men*] in order to get drink and entertainment out of those men. Cf. lines 38-39, *supra*: "What a number of men *eat* Timon."

134 *depraves*] indulges in slander.

143 *and lustre*] Thus the First Folio. The Second and later Folios read *and lively lustre*.

And entertain'd me with mine own device:
I am to thank you for 't.

FIRST LADY. My lord, you take us even at the best.

APEM. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not
hold taking, I doubt me.

TIM. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you:
Please you to dispose yourselves.

150

ALL LAD. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*]

TIM. Flavius!

FLAV. My lord?

TIM. The little casket bring me hither.

FLAV. Yes, my lord. [*Aside*] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in 's humour;
Else I should tell him — well, i' faith, I should —
When all's spent, he 'ld be cross'd then, an he could.
'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [*Exit.*]

FIRST LORD. Where be our men?

160

146 First Lady. *My lord, . . . best*] "My lord, you form the most favourable impression of us." The line in the Folios was assigned to *1 Lord*, for which Johnson rightly substituted *1 Lady*.

148 *hold taking*] bear handling. There is a coarse innuendo. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, IV, i, 161: "A rotten case abides no handling."

157 *he'ld be cross'd then*] There is quibbling here. "To be crossed" sometimes means to be possessed of money or coins (which were stamped with crosses). The speaker means that Timon when all his money is spent would be glad to have money then as well as to have been crossed or thwarted in his prodigality now. Cf. *As you like it*, II, iv, 10: "I should bear *no cross*, if I did bear you."

158 *'T is pity . . . behind*] sc. whereby she might see the miseries that pursue her.

TIMON OF ATHENS

ACT I

SERV. Here, my lord, in readiness.

SEC. LORD. Our horses! • •

Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket

TIM. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you: look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

FIRST LORD. I am so far already in your gifts, —

ALL. So are we all.

Enter a Servant

SERV. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
newly alighted and come to visit you. 171

TIM. They are fairly welcome.

FLAV. I beseech your honour, vouchsafe me a word;
it does concern you near.

TIM. Near! why, then, another time I'll hear thee:
I prithee, let 's be provided to show them entertainment.

FLAV. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant

SEC. SERV. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius
Out of his free love hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver. 180

TIM. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

180 *advance*] honour by wearing. Cf. I, i, 175, *supra*: "You mend the
jewel by the wearing it."

181 *the presents*] the horses presented.

Enter a third Servant

How now! what news?

THIRD SERV. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

TIM. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received, Not without fair reward.

FLAV. [*Aside*] What will this come to? He commands us to provide and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer: 190

Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:
His promises fly so beyond his state
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word: he is so kind that he now
Pays interest for 't; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forced out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed 200
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

TIM. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

SEC. LORD. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

THIRD LORD. O, he's the very soul of bounty!

TIM. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'T is yours, because you liked it. 210

THIRD LORD. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

TIM. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine own: I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

ALL LORDS. O, none so welcome.

TIM. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends, 220
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
'Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

ALCIB. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

FIRST LORD. We are so virtuously bound —

TIM. And so am I to you.

SEC. LORD. So infinitely endear'd —

TIM. All to you. Lights, more lights! 230

216 *I'll call to you*] I'll summon you to my assistance at need.

220 *deal kingdoms*] deal out or distribute, like playing cards in a card game.

225-226 *a pitch'd field . . . defiled land*] The epithet "pitch'd," which, as applied to "field" means "fit for battle," punningly suggests the succeeding epithet "defiled"; cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 401-402: "this *pitch*, as ancient writers do report, doth *defile*."

230 *All to you*] All happiness to you. Cf. *Macb.*, III, iv, 92: "*all to all*."

SCENE II TIMON OF ATHENS

FIRST LORD. The best of happiness, honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

TIM. Ready for his friends.

[Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.]

APEM.

What a coil's here!

Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

TIM. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee. 240

APEM. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be bribed too,
there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then
thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon,
I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:
what needs these feasts, pomps and vain-glories?

TIM. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am
sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come
with better music. *[Exit.]*

APEM. So: thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt
not then: I'll lock thy heaven from thee. 250

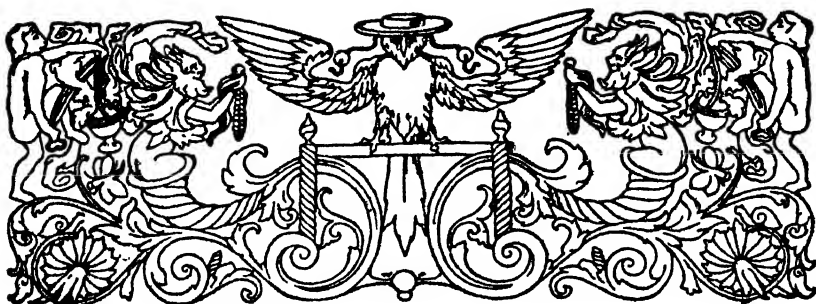
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! *[Exit.]*

234 *Serving of becks]* Offering of courtly salutations.

235 *their legs]* their courtly bows.

244 *give away thyself in paper]* be ruined by putting your name to paper bills.

250 *I'll lock thy heaven from thee]* I'll keep from you good counsel, which is your only salvation.



ACT SECOND — SCENE I

A SENATOR'S HOUSE

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand

SENATOR



AND LATE FIVE THOU-
sand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides
my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.
Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot
hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a
beggar's dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog
coins gold:
If I would sell my horse and buy
twenty moe

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight

9-10 *it foals me . . . horses*] it brings forth foals straight away and able
colts too. Thus the First and Second Folios. For *and able horses*
Theobald awkwardly read *Ten able horse*.

And able horses: no porter at his gate,
 But rather one that smiles and still invites
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
 Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
 Caphis, I say!

10

Enter CAPHIS

CAPH. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

SEN. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord
 Timon;

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased
 With slight denial; nor then silenced, when —
 “Commend me to your master” — and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit: I love and honour him,
 But must not break my back to heal his finger:
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief
 Must not be toss’d and turn’d to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:

20

12–13 *no reason . . . safety*] reason can detect no safe or secure foundation of his fortune. Hanmer first substituted *found* for the First Folio reading *sound*, which is unintelligible. The First Folio has the same misreading at II, ii, 136, *infra*.

16 *be not ceased*] be not stayed or stopped. “Cease” is frequently found as a transitive verb.

20 *uses*] needs.

22 *on his fracted dates*] on his broken promises to pay by the dates fixed in his bond. Cf. II, ii, 42, *infra*: “date-broke bonds.”

Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing, 30
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

CAPH. I go, sir.

SEN. "I go, sir!" Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

CAPH. I will, sir.

SEN. Go. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II — A HALL IN TIMON'S HOUSE

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand

FLAVIUS. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,

30-32 *When every . . . phoenix*] When every one of his borrowed feathers is transferred to the wing to which it naturally belongs, Timon, who flashes now a phoenix, will be left a bare nestling. "His own" (in line 30) is "its own" and "Which" (in line 32) means "Who." "Gull" was sometimes used for a young bird (cf. *1 Hen. IV*, V, i, 60: "that ungentle gull the cuckoo's bird,") as well as in the sense of "dupe" or "simpleton."

35 *have the dates in compt*] look well at the dates in computing the interest due. Theobald's correction of the Folio reading *have the dates in. Come.*

SCENE II — *A hall in Timon's house*] Thus Rowe indicated the scene for the first time. But at line 91, *infra*, Apemantus tells the fool he will go with him "to Lord Timon's," words which suggest that the scene should take place in a courtyard outside Timon's house, rather than in a hall within it.

SCENE II TIMON OF ATHENS

Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
 How things go from him; nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue: never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done? he will not hear till feel:
 I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
 Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, with the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO

CAPH. Good even, Varro: what, you come for money? 10

VAR. SERV. Is 't not your business too?

CAPH. It is: and yours too, Isidore?

ISID. SERV. It is so.

CAPH. Would we were all discharged!

VAR. SERV. I fear it.

CAPH. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, and others

TIM. So soon as dinner 's done, we'll forth again,
 My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?

4 *resumes*] assumes, takes. Rowe's correction of the Folio reading *resume*.

5-6 *never mind . . . so kind*] no man's mind was ever shown to be so unwise by the doing of acts of kindness.

8 *round*] blunt, outspoken.

10 *stage direction*) *with the Servants . . . Varro*] Thus Johnson. The Folios read *Isidore and Varro*. In the following lines the servants of these two men are addressed by their masters' names. In the Folio *stage directions* of Act III, Sc. iv, *infra*, Lucius' servant is similarly introduced in the name of his master, although Varro's servant is there distinguished as "Varros man."

15 *I fear it*] I doubt it.

CAPH. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

TIM. Dues! Whence are you?

CAPH. Of Athens here, my lord. 20

TIM. Go to my steward.

CAPH. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you'll suit
In giving him his right.

TIM. Mine honest friend,
I prithee but repair to me next morning.

CAPH. Nay, good my lord, —

TIM. Contain thyself, good friend.

VAR. SERV. One Varro's servant, my good lord, — 30

ISID. SERV. From Isidore; he humbly prays your
speedy payment.

CAPH. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants, —

VAR. SERV. 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord, six
weeks and past.

ISID. SERV. Your steward puts me off, my lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

TIM. Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

I'll wait upon you instantly. [*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, etc.*

[*To Flav.*] Come hither: pray you, 40

23 *To the succession . . . month*] Till the date of the new moon later
in this month.

26 *That . . . you'll suit*] That you will behave in a manner consistent
with your other noble qualities.

29 *Contain thyself*] Be calm.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

FLAV. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

TIM. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd.

[Exit.

FLAV. Pray, draw near.

[Exit. 50

Enter APEMANTUS and Fool

CAPH. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's ha' some sport with 'em.

VAR. SERV. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

ISID. SERV. A plague upon him, dog!

VAR. SERV. How dost, fool?

APEM. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

VAR. SERV. I speak not to thee.

APEM. No, 't is to thyself. [*To the Fool*] Come away.

ISID. SERV. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

42 *date-broke bonds*] Cf. "fracted dates," II, i, 22, *supra*. Steevens' emendation of *debt, broken bonds* of the Folios.

55 *How dost, fool?*] The fool is in the service of some well-known courtesan (see line 70, *infra*), and the circumstance gives point to much of the dialogue which follows. The page who enters at line 75, *infra*, belonged to the same questionable household.

APEM. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet. 60

CAPH. Where's the fool now? *

APEM. He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

ALL SERV. What are we, Apemantus?

APEM. Asses.

ALL SERV. Why?

APEM. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

FOOL. How do you, gentlemen?

ALL SERV. Gramercies, good fool: how does your 70 mistress?

FOOL. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

APEM. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page

FOOL. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

PAGE. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

APEM. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

72-73 *She's e'en setting . . . as you are*] She is preparing to fleece such innocents as you. There is a double allusion to the practice of plunging a freshly killed chicken into saucepans of boiling water before plucking them, and to the sweating tubs which were employed in the cure of venereal diseases.

73 *Corinth*] here used for a brothel. Milton in his *Apology for Smectymnuus* (1847, Works 81-82) calls dwellers in a brothel "young Corinthian laity."

75 *mistress*] Theobald's correction of the Folio *Masters*. Cf. line 103, *infra*, where *Masters* is again read by the Folios for *Mistress*.

SCENE II TIMON OF ATHENS

PAGE. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription 80
of these letters: I know not which is which.

APEM. Canst not read?

PAGE. No.

APEM. There will little learning die then, that day
thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibi-
ades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a
bawd.

PAGE. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt
famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

APEM. E'en so thou outrun'st grace. Fool, I will go 90
with you to Lord Timon's.

FOOL. Will you leave me there?

APEM. If Timon stay at home. You three serve
three usurers?

ALL SERV. Ay; would they served us!

APEM. So would I, — as good a trick as ever hang-
man served thief.

FOOL. Are you three usurers' men?

ALL SERV. Ay, fool.

99

FOOL. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant:
my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come
to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly and go
away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily
and go away sadly: the reason of this?

VAR. SERV. I could render one.

90-91 *I will go . . . Lord Timon's*] See note on the place of SCENE ii,
supra.

103 *mistress*] Theobald's correction of the Folio *Masters*; cf. line 75,
supra.

APEM. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

VAR. SERV. What is a whoremaster, fool? 109

FOOL. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'T is a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones moe than 's artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

VAR. SERV. Thou art not altogether a fool.

FOOL. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

APEM. That answer might have become Apemantus.

ALL. SERV. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon. 120

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS

APEM. Come with me, fool, come.

FOOL. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.]

FLAV. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

[Exeunt Servants.]

TIM. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me, That I might so have rated my expense As I had leave of means?

113 *moe than 's artificial one*] The philosopher's stone which might transmute base metals into gold was the great aim of alchemical research.

Cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, III, ii, 320.

127 *rated*] calculated or apportioned.

FLAV. You would not hear me,
At many leisuress I propos'd.

TIM. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took, 130
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

FLAV. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure 140
Not seldom nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now, too late! — yet now's a
time —

132 *And . . . minister*] And made that irresponsiveness or disinclination minister to your purpose.

136 *found*] The First Folio has the misprint *sound* as in II, i, 13, *supra*.

138 *so much*] such and such a sum.

144 *Though you . . . a time*] Thus the Folios. Hanmer suggested *Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time*, which is in agreement with the succeeding statement that Timon's assets reckoned at full are less than a half of his liabilities. If *yet now's a time* be retained, the meaning may be that though you now at last ("too late") listen to my remonstrances, yet it is now at a hopeless time (when recovery is impossible seeing that, etc.).

The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.* •

TIM. Let all my land be sold.

FLAV. 'T is all engaged, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length 150
How goes our reckoning?

TIM. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

FLAV. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

TIM. You tell me true.

FLAV. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept 160

145 *having*] wealth, property; so V, i, 16, *infra*.

147 *engaged*] pledged.

150-151 *and at length . . . reckoning?*] and what a wretched plight will result from the final settlement!

153 *a word*] Thus the First Folio, for which the later Folios awkwardly substitute *a world*. Flavius, of course, means that "world" is, after all, a mere word, and can be given away in a breath.

156 *If . . . falsehood*] If you suspect my economic management, or suspect me of dishonesty. The conjectural emendation of *falsehood* for *or falsehood* simplifies the sense.

159-160 *When all . . . feeders*] When all our domestic offices or apartments (*i. e.*, kitchens, stables, and storerooms) have been overwhelmed by riotous parasites. "Feeders," however, is sometimes applied to servants in great houses.

With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

TIM. Prithee, no more.

FLAV. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord
Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!

Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise, 170
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

TIM. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly 've I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,

168 *a wasteful cock*] a bed of waste straw. "Cock" is often found in the sense of a heap of straw or hay (as in *haycock*). These words cannot (as is usually held) mean literally the tap of a wine barrel running to waste. The apparent absurdity of Flavius' choice of such a place of retirement has prompted the emendation *wakeful couch*. But there is no need of change, if the words be rightly interpreted.

170 *Feast-won fast-lost*] Won by feasting, lost by fasting.

173 *These flies are couch'd*] These creatures of the hour retire to their winter's rest. For "flies" cf. III, vi, 96, *infra*.

175 *N. 'anous bounty . . . given*] No generosity prompted by vice has won my heart's sanction. Want of prudence, not want of virtue, has prompted my bounty.

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
 If I would broach the vessels' of my love,
 And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
 Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use 180
 As I can bid thee speak.

FLAV. Assurance bless your thoughts!

TIM. And in some sort these wants of mine are
 crown'd,
 That I account them blessings; for by these
 Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
 Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
 Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants

SERVANTS. My lord? my lord?

TIM. I will dispatch you severally: you to Lord Lucius: to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted with his honour to-day: you to Sempronius: commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents. 193

FLAM. As you have said, my Lord.

177 *Secure thy heart*] Make thy heart easy.

179 *try the argument of hearts*] test what hearts contain. The preliminary statement of the contents of a book was commonly known as "the argument."

182 *are crown'd*] are dignified, are made honourable.

184 *try*] test.

186 *Flaminius*] Rowe's correction of the Folio error *Flavius*.

Stage Direction] *Enter Flaminius . . . servants*] Rowe's expansion of the Folio stage direction *Enter three servants*.

FLAV. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

TIM. Go you, sir, to the senators —

Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing — bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

FLAV. I have been bold,
For that I knew it the most general way, 200
To them to use your signet and your name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

TIM. Is't true? can't be?

FLAV. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd — they know not —
Something hath been amiss — a noble nature
May catch a wrench — would all were well — 't is
pity: —

And so, intending other serious matters, 210
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

200 *most general way*] most compendious, or customary, way.

205 *at fall*] at the ebb, on the decline.

209 *catch a wrench*] go astray; get into difficulties.

210 *intending*] pretending; a common usage. Cf. *Rich. III.*, III, v, 8:
"Intending deep suspicion."

211 *hard fractions*] harsh fragmentary or abrupt remarks.

212 *With . . . nods*] With the barest of salutations and chilling nods;
"half-caps" means "caps barely touched in the way of courtesy";
"cap" is often used for "salute."

TIM. You gods, reward them!
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 't is cold, it seldom flows;
'T is lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
[To a Serv.] Go to Ventidius. [To Flav.] Prithee, be not
sad; 220
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee. [To Serv.] Ventidius lately
Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. [Exit Serv.] [To Flav.] That had,
give't these fellows
To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak or think 230
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

FLAV. I would I could not think it: that thought is
bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.]

221 *ingeniously*] The word here and elsewhere is used in much the same
sense as "ingenuously," which is substituted in the Fourth Folio
(for *ingeniously* of the three earlier Folios). The two forms are
often found quite indiscriminately.

227 *good necessity*] honest and genuine need.

233 *free*] liberal, generous.

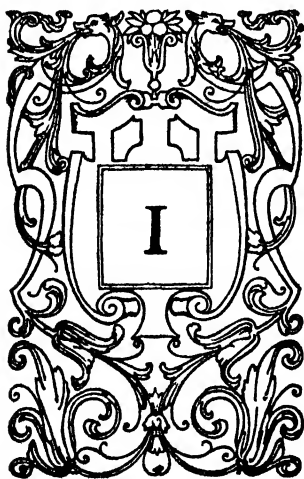


ACT THIRD — SCENE I

A ROOM IN LUCULLUS'S HOUSE

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a Servant to him*

SERVANT



HAVE TOLD MY LORD
of you; he is coming down to
you.

FLAM. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS

SERV. Here's my lord.

LUCUL. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

8 *very respectfully*] with great respect.

FLAM. His health is well, sir.

LUCUL. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

FLAM. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein. 20

LUCUL. La, la, la, la! "nothing doubting," says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 't is, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine

SERV. Please your lordship, here is the wine. 30

LUCUL. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

FLAM. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

LUCUL. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit — give thee thy due — and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [*To Serv.*]

19 *talents*] here incorrectly used in the sense of a coin of about a pound's value. See note on I, i, 98, *supra*.

27 *honesty*] generosity.

Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Serv.*] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou 40 comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

FLAM. Is't possible the world should so much differ, And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee! [*Throwing back the money.*]

LUCUL. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*]

FLAM. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

50

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,

43 *solidares*] coins of small value. The word is not known elsewhere.

It seems to be crudely compounded of "solidus" and "denarius."

Shakespeare may have confused "soldo," an Italian coin worth about a shilling, with "solidus," a gold coin of the later Roman empire worth about twelve shillings.

45-46 *the world . . . that lived*] the world should undergo so much change and we who were living in the old state should still be living in the new.

51 *Let molten coin be thy damnation*] It was a common belief that the covetous and avaricious were punished in hell by having molten coin poured down their throats.

52 *Thou disease of a friend*] Cf. *Lear*, II, iv, 220-221: "my daughter; Or rather a disease that's in my flesh."

I feel my master's passion! this slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of
nature 60
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

SCENE II — A PUBLIC PLACE

Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers

LUC. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

FIRST STRAN. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

LUC. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

SEC. STRAN. But believe you this, my lord, that not 10 long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to

55 *passion*] anguish.

56 *Unto his honour*] By way of adding to his repute. Lucullus has derived honour from having fed at Timon's table.

62 *his hour*] its hour, the hour of sickness.

borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity •belonged to't, and yet was denied.

LUC. How!

SEC. STRAN. I tell you, denied, my lord.

LUC. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and ²⁰ such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS

SER. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord!

LUC. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

SER. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent —

LUC. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared ³⁰ to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

SER. Has only sent his present occasion now, my

12 *so many*] Thus the Folios. Theobald substituted *fifty*, the sum mentioned III, ii, 19, *supra*; cf. line 23, *infra*.

21-22 *had he mistook him and sent to me*] had Timon realized that he had misapprehended Lucullus, and had applied to me instead.

lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

LUC. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

SER. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

40

LUC. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

SER. Upon my soul, 't is true, sir.

LUC. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do — the more beast, I say: — I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, 50 I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable

37 *fifty five hundred talents*] See note on III, i, 19, *supra*. Lucius is ironically suggesting that Timon cannot be without (*i. e.*, must be worth) any number of talents.

39 *If his occasion were not virtuous*] If his need were not due to reputable causes. Cf. II, ii, 227, *supra*.

40 *faithfully*] zealously.

45-47 *that I should purchase . . . honour*] that I should make a bargain which brought me an insignificant degree of honour, and thus forego the present opportunity of acquiring a great deal of honour.

gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

SER. Yes, sir, I shall.

LUC. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed; 60

And he that's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit.*]

FIRST STRAN. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

SEC. STRAN. Ay, too well.

FIRST STRAN. Why, this is the world's soul; and
just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him

'His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in

...y knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse;

Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money

Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;

70

And yet — O, see the monstrousness of man

When he looks out in an ungrateful shape! —

He does deny him, in respect of his,

What charitable men afford to beggars.

THIRD STRAN. Religion groans at it.

FIRST STRAN. For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,

Nor came any of his bounties over me,

To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,

64 *spirit*] Theobald's substitution for the Folio reading *sport*, which is difficult to explain.

73 *in respect of his*] in comparison with Lucius' own fortune. Lucius is so rich that Timon's demand is for him a mere beggar's pittance.

For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,*
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [Exeunt. 80

SCENE III — A ROOM IN SEMPRONIUS' HOUSE

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON's

SEM. Must he needs trouble me in't, — hum! —
'bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

SERV. My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied him.

SEM. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?

82-83 *I would have put . . . to him*] I would have treated the whole of my wealth as a fund for distribution, and bestowed the greater part of it on him. "Have return'd to" does not mean here "have been given back to," but "have fallen to him." Cf. *Hamlet*, I, i, 91-94: "a moiety . . . had return'd [*i. e.*, fallen] To . . . Fortinbras, Had he been vanquisher."

6 *touch'd*] tried or tested by the touchstone.

And does he send to me? Three? hum!
It shows but little love or judgement in him: 10
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me?
Has much disgraced me in't; I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter 20
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*
SERV. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did when he made man
politic; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think but

12 *Thrive, give him over*] Thus the First Folio. The later Folios read
That thriv'd, give him over. Johnson ingeniously substituted *Thrice*
give him over. Cf. Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, III, v, 11-13: "*Phy-*
sicians thus With their hands full of money, use to *give o'er Their*
patients."

20 *an argument of laughter*] a theme for laughter.

29-30 *he crossed himself by't . . . set him clear*] he defeated his own pur-
poses; and I cannot but think that in the end man's own villanies will
set him clear or free of the power of the devil (who will be beaten at
his own game in the long run, or outdone with his own weapons).

in the end the villanies of man will set him clear. How ³⁰
fairly this lord strives to appear, foul! takes virtuous
copies to be wicked; like those that under hot ardent
zeal would set whole realms on fire:

Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [*Exit.* ⁴⁰

SCENE IV — A HALL IN TIMON'S HOUSE

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting
TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants of TIMON's creditors,
waiting his coming out*

FIRST VAR. SERV. Well met; good morrow, Titus
and Hortensius.

TIT. The like to you, kind Varro.

HOR.

Lucius!

What, do we meet together?

LUC. SERV.

Ay, and I think

³¹⁻³² *takes virtuous copies to be wicked*] sets models or patterns of virtue before him so as to avoid following them, so as, contrarily, to be wicked.

³²⁻³³ *like those . . . on fire*] Allusion has been detected here to the perilous fanaticism of the convinced Puritan or Anabaptist.

³⁷ *wards*] bolts, locks.

⁴¹ *keep his house*] keep within doors (for fear of duns).

Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

HOR. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

FIRST VAR. SERV. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:
what's yours?

LUC. SERV. Five thousand mine. 30

FIRST VAR. SERV. 'Tis much deep: and it should
seem by the sum
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd. •

Enter FLAMINIUS

TIT. One of Lord Timon's men.

LUC. SERV. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my
lord ready to come forth?

FLAM. No, indeed he is not.

TIT. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.

FLAM. I need not tell him that; he knows you are
too diligent. [Exit. 40

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled

LUC. SERV. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

TIT. Do you hear, sir?

26 of this charge] of this employment or office.

31 much deep] very large.

32-33 Your master's . . . equall'd] Your master had greater confidence
in Timon than my master had. Otherwise my master's loan to him
would have been as large as your master's.

SEC. VAR. SERV. By your leave, sir, —
 FLAV. What do ye ask of me, my friend?
 TIT. We wait for certain money here, sir.
 FLAV.

FLAV. What do ye ask of me, my friend?

TIT. We wait for certain money here, sir.

FLAV. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,

'T were sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat? 50

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,

And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

LUC. SERV. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

FLAV. If 't will not serve, 't is not so base as you ;

For you serve knaves. [Exit.

FIRST VAR. SERV. How! what does his cashiered 60
worship mutter?

SEC. VAR. SERV. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS

TIT. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

SER. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't; for,

63 *Who can speak broader*] Who can speak more freely.

take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he's much out of health and keeps his chamber.

LUC. SERV. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:

And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

SER. Good gods!

TIT. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

FLAM. [*Within*] Servilius, help! My lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following

TIM. What, are my doors opposed against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house 80
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

LUC. SERV. Put in now, Titus.

TIT. My lord, here is my bill.

LUC. SERV. Here's mine.

HOR. And mine, my lord.

BOTH VAR. SERV. And ours, my lord.

74 *if it be so far beyond his health*] if it be that he is so far removed from health.

76 *make a clear way to the gods*] make his passage to heaven secure.

81 *my retentive enemy*] my enemy which keeps me prisoner.

87-88 *And mine, my lord . . . my lord*] The First Folio assigns the first of these two speeches to "1 Var.," i. e., Varro's first servant, and the second speech to "2 Var.," i. e., Varro's second servant. Capell gave the first speech to Hortensius, and Malone the second speech to the two servants of Varro speaking together. Both changes are necessary.

SCENE IV TIMON OF ATHENS

PHI. All our bills.

TIM. Knock me down with 'em : cleave me to the girdle. 90

LUC. SERV. Alas, my lord, —

TIM. Cut my heart in sums.

TIT. Mine, fifty talents.

TIM. Tell out my blood.

LUC. SERV. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

TIM. Five thousand drops pays that. What yours ? —
and yours ?

FIRST VAR. SERV. My lord, —

SEC. VAR. SERV. My lord, —

TIM. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon
you ! [Exit. 101

HOR. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their
caps at their money : these debts may well be called
desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [Exeunt.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS

TIM. They have e'en put my breath from me, the
slaves. Creditors ? devils !

FLAV. My dear lord, —

TIM. What if it should be so ?

FLAV. My lord, —

TIM. I'll have it so. My steward ! 110

FLAV. Here, my lord.

90 *Knock me down with 'em*] There is a pun on the word "bills" (line 89),
which meant not only paper accounts but the halberds or weapons
carried by constables and others.

92 *in sums*] into sums of money.

102-103 *may throw . . . money*] may go hang for their money ; a con-
temptuous colloquialism.

TIM. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius: all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.

FLAV. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

TIM. Be it not in thy care;
Go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. 120
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V — THE SENATE-HOUSE

The Senate sitting

FIRST SEN. My lord, you have my voice to it; the
fault's
Bloody; 't is necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

SEC. SEN. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

113 *Sempronius: all*] Thus the Third and Fourth Folios. The Second Folio has the misprint *Semprovius: All*. The First Folio presents the puzzling and unmetrical reading *Sempronius Vllorxa: All*. No satisfactory explanation of *Vllorxa* has been offered. It is possibly the printer's helpless attempt to present some word or words imperfectly erased in the manuscript, such as *All lords*. Small reliance can be placed on the suggestion that it is a corruption of some combination of the Roman numerals VII and X, *i. e.*, "VII or X or" which has been explained as "seven or ten others." The better plan is to follow the example of the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, and ignore the word.

1 *my voice*] my vote.

4 *him*] Hanmer's correction of the Folio *'em*.

Enter ALCIBIADES, attended

ALCIB. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

FIRST SEN. Now, captain?

ALCIB. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;

For pity is the virtue of the law,

And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy

10

Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood

Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth

To those that without heed do plunge into 't.

He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Of comely virtues: •

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice —

An honour in him which buys out his fault —

But with a noble fury and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe:

20

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger, ere 't was spent,

As if he had but proved an argument.

FIRST SEN. You undergo too strict a paradox,

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:

14 *setting his fate aside*] setting aside his evil fortune.

17 *buys out*] redeems.

21-*unnoted*] unnoticeable, imperceptible.

22 *behave*] Rowe's correction of the Folio reading *behoove*. "Behave" was occasionally used as a transitive verb in the sense of "make behave," "control." Cf. Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, II, iii, 40: "But who . . . his mynd *Behaves* [*i. e.*, controls] with cares."

24 *You undergo . . . paradox*] You undertake too difficult a paradox.

Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born: 30
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 't is to hazard life for ill!

ALCIB. My lord, —

FIRST SEN. You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

ALCIB. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me, 40
If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;

32 *breathe*] utter.

33 *His outsides*] Things that do not touch him inwardly.

34 *ne'er prefer . . . heart*] never take the injuries done him to heart,
never cherishes heartfelt resentment.

45 *Without repugnancy*] Without resistance.

48 *if bearing carry it*] if mere suffering of wrong carry the day, win the
victory.

And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
 Loaden with irons wiser than the judge, 50
 If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good:
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
 But in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.
 To be in anger is impiety;
 But who is man that is not angry?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

SEC. SEN. You breathe in vain.

ALCIB. In vain! His service done
 At Lacedæmon and Byzantium 60
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

FIRST SEN. What's that?

ALCIB. I say, my lords, has done fair service,
 And slain in fight many of your enemies:
 How full of valour did he bear himself
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

49 *the felon*] Thus Theobald and Johnson. The Folios read *the fellow*, and awkwardly place those words at the beginning of the next line.

54 *sin's extremest gust*] The outbreak or outrage of sin in its fullest development. "Gust" is probably used as in "a gust of wind." The word is also found in the sense of "gusto" or "relish" or "gratification," and if it be employed in that sense here, the line would mean that murder is sin's highest gratification.

55 *by mercy*] by your leave or pardon, as in the common expression "cry you mercy," *i. e.*, I beg your pardon (*Lear*, III, vi, 51). This is a simpler explanation than "by a merciful interpretation of law."

62 *I say . . . done*] The subject pronoun "he" is elided. The First Folio reads *Why say my Lords ha's*. Pope substantially devised the present reading.

SEC. SEN. He has made too much plenty with 'em;
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin,
That often drowns him and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury 70
He has been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions: 't is inferr'd to us,
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

FIRST SEN. He dies.

ALCIB. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him —
Though his right arm might purchase his own time
And be in debt to none — yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all 80
My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

FIRST SEN. We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

ALCIB. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

67 *He's a sworn rioter*] He's under oath to practice rioting.

72 *'t is inferr'd*] it is alleged or reported.

73 *his drink*] his fits of drunkenness.

75 *any parts*] any great qualities.

87 *spills another*] kills another.

SEC. SEN. How!

90

ALCIB. Call me to your remembrances.

THIRD SEN. What!

ALCIB. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

FIRST SEN. Do you dare our anger?
'T is in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

ALCIB. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

100

FIRST SEN. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain
thee,
Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell our
spirit,

He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt Senators.]

ALCIB. Now the gods keep you old enough, that you
may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out

93 *your age*] you in your age, your senility, your dotage; as in line 99,
infra.

102 *not to swell our spirit*] not further to excite our emotion, not to increase
our anger.

104-105 *that you may live . . . look on you*] that you may live till you are
only hideous skeletons, the sight of whom none can endure.

107 *told their money*] counted up their money.

Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment! 110
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [Exit.

SCENE VI — A BANQUETING-ROOM IN TIMON'S
HOUSE

*Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords,
Senators and others, at several doors*

FIRST LORD. The good time of day to you, sir.

SEC. LORD. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

FIRST LORD. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

115 *lay for hearts*] seek to win the affections of my soldiers.

116 *'Tis honour . . . odds*] Governments are commonly so ill-administered that there are few which it is not an honour to oppose.

4 *tiring*] tearing, devouring; the word is used of hawks attacking their prey. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 55-56: "an empty eagle . . . *Tires with her beak* on feathers, flesh and bone."

SCENE VI TIMON OF ATHENS

SEC. LORD. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

FIRST LORD. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge 10 me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

SEC. LORD. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

FIRST LORD. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

SEC. LORD. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you? 20

FIRST LORD. A thousand pieces.

SEC. LORD. A thousand pieces!

FIRST LORD. What of you?

SEC. LORD. He sent to me, sir, — Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants

TIM. With all my heart, gentlemen both: and how fare you?

FIRST LORD. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

SEC. LORD. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship. 30

7-8 *by the persuasion . . . feasting*] if one might be persuaded by his new series of feasts.

11 *conjured me beyond them*] urged me so much as to give them up.

15-16 *my provision was out*] I was unprovided with funds.

TIM. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men. — Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

FIRST LORD. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

TIM. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

SEC. LORD. My noble lord, —

TIM. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

40

SEC. LORD. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

TIM. Think not on't, sir.

SEC. LORD. If you had sent but two hours before —

TIM. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.
[*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together.

SEC. LORD. All covered dishes!

FIRST LORD. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

THIRD LORD. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

FIRST LORD. How do you? What's the news?

THIRD LORD. Alcibades is banished: hear you of it?

FIRST AND SEC. LORDS. Alcibiades banished!

THIRD LORD. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

FIRST LORD. How? how?

34-35 *if they will fare . . . sound*] if they will accept such harsh fare as the trumpet's sound.

46 *Let it not cumber . . . remembrance*] Do not trouble yourself by thinking of such matters, think of pleasanter things.

49 *Royal cheer*] See note on *Merch. of Ven.*, III, ii, 241: "royal merchant."

SEC. LORD. I pray you, upon what?

TIM. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

THIRD LORD. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

60

SEC. LORD. This is the old man still.

THIRD LORD. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

SEC. LORD. It does: but time will — and so —

THIRD LORD. I do conceive.

TIM. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with 70 thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be — as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods, — the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of 80

60 toward] at hand.

79 be — as they are] a contemptuous expression implying that they are disreputable.

fees] forfeits; those who are forfeit to the divine vengeance. Thus the Folios. Hammer suggested *foes*.

80 lag] dregs or leavings. Cf. 1 Hen. IV, V, i, 24: "the lag end of my

people, — what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.]

SOME SPEAK. What does his lordship mean?

SOME OTHER. I know not.

TIM. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm
water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last; 90
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. *[Throwing the water in their faces.]*

Live loathed, and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!

life." "The common lag of people" is equivalent to "the scum of the people."

81-82 *what is amiss . . . destruction*] supply what is missing in them to fit them for destruction.

90 *Is your perfection*] Is like you at your best.

91 *spangled you with flatteries*] Thus the Folios. Warburton suggested *spangled with your flatteries*.

96 *time's flies*] creatures of the hour. Cf. II, ii, 173, *supra*.

97 *minute-jacks*] time-servers. Figures that struck the bells or chimes in old clocks were called "*jacks of the clock*." Cf. *Rich. II*, V, v, 60: "his *Jack o' the clock*."

SCENE VI TIMON OF ATHENS

Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first — thou too — and thou: —
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none. 101

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.]

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! *[Exit.]*

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, etc.

FIRST LORD. How now, my lords!

SEC. LORD. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's
fury?

THIRD LORD. Push! did you see my cap?

FOURTH LORD. I have lost my gown. 109

FIRST LORD. He's but a mad lord, and nought but
humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day,
and now he has beat it out of my hat. Did you see
my jewel?

THIRD LORD. Did you see my cap?

SEC. LORD. Here 'tis.

FOURTH LORD. Here lies my gown.

FIRST LORD. Let's make no stay.

SEC. LORD. Lord Timon's mad.

THIRD LORD. I feel't upon my bones.

FOURTH LORD. One day he gives us diamonds, next
day stones. *[Exeunt.]*

98 *the infinite malady*] maladies of infinite variety.

108 *Push!]* Pish! a term of impatience.

111 *humour]* whim, caprice.

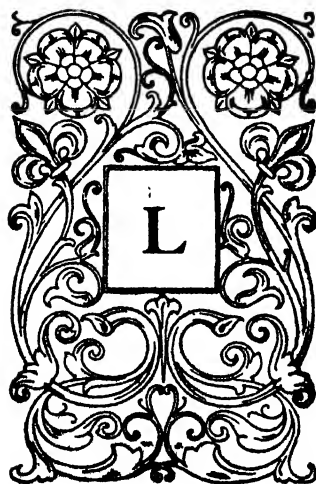


ACT FOURTH — SCENE I

WITHOUT THE WALLS OF ATHENS

Enter TIMON

TIMON



LET ME LOOK BACK UPON
thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves,
dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons,
turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children!
Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate
from the bench,
And minister in their steads!
To general filths
Convert o' the instant, green
virginity!

Do 't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,

6 *general filths*] common prostitutes.

7 *Convert*] Turn; used intransitively.

And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal! 10
 Large-handed robbers your'grave masters are
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed!
 Thy mistress is o' the brothel. Son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
 With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries, 20
 And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
 Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath, 30
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee

12 *pill*] pillage, rob.

18 *Son*] The Second Folio's correction of the First Folio's *Some*.

14 *lined*] padded, stuffed.

20 *confounding contraries*] opposites that lead to destruction.

21 *let*] Hanmer's correction of the Folio reading *yet*, which has been defended, the phrase being interpreted to mean "yet let not dissolution come, but the miseries of confusion continue."

25 *liberty*] licentiousness.

But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound — hear me, you good gods all! —
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low! 40
Amen. [Exit.

SCENE II — ATHENS

TIMON'S HOUSE

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants

FIRST SERV. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

FLAV. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

FIRST SERV. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

SEC. SERV. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes 10

34 *multiplying bans*] accumulating or accumulated curses.

10 *his familiars . . . fortunes*] those to whom his now buried fortunes
are familiar.

SCENE II TIMON OF ATHENS

Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants

FLAV. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

THIRD SERV. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck, 20
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

FLAV. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some.
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Servants embrace, and part several ways.]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us! 30
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?

15 *like contempt*] like an object of contempt. Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, v, 183:

"it cannot but turn him into a notable *contempt*."

20 *dying*] fatal, doomed.

To have his pomp and all what state compounds
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
 Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
 Who then dares to be half so kind again? 40
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord, blest to be most accursed,
 Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit. 50

SCENE III—WOODS AND CAVE, NEAR THE
 SEA-SHORE

Enter TIMON, from the cave

TIM. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,

35 *all what state compounds*] all that which composes dignity.

38 *blood*] disposition, propensity.

2 *Rotten humidity*] Dampness which rots. Cf. *Cor.*, II, iii, 31: "*rotten dews.*"

thy sister's orb] orb of the moon, which was commonly regarded as the sister of the sun.

SCENE III TIMON OF ATHENS

Whose procreation, residence and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar and deny 't that lord,
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

10

It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say "This man's a flatterer"? if one be,
So are they all; for every guise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;

5 *dividant*] divisible or divided.

6-8 *not nature . . . of nature*] human nature, the prey of all degrading diseases, cannot suffer excess of good fortune without evincing a disregard of natural ties.

9 *Raise me . . . lord*] "me" is the ethic dative. In "deny 't" the object "it" is "the excess of good fortune" implicitly derived from the previous sentence.

11 *native honour*] honour of the kind that is commonly hereditary.

12 *rother's*] Singer's emendation of the Folio reading *Brothers*. "Rother" though a somewhat archaic word is frequently found in Elizabethan literature in the sense of "horned beasts," especially oxen and cows. "Rother market" was and is the name of a chief thoroughfare — formerly the cattle-market — of Stratford-on-Avon. Golding's Ovid has the phrase "herds of *rother* beasts."

16-17 *every guise . . . below*] every degree of fortune is flattered or fawned upon by the one below it.

18 *all is oblique*] all is crooked: Pope's ingenious correction of the Folio reading *All's oblique*.

There's nothing level in our cursed natures
 But direct villany. Therefore be abhorr'd 20
 All feasts, societies and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
 Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!
[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
 I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!
 Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
 Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
 Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? Why,
 this 30

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:

19 *level*] in the straight line, without ups and downs; the converse of
 "oblique" (line 18).

22 *His semblable*] His like, his self. Cf. *Hamlet*, V, ii, 118: "His *semblable* is his mirror."

23 *fang*] seize or grip with the teeth.

27 *no idle votarist*] no insincere suppliant or worshipper. Timon means
 here that he is praying the earth to give him roots, and that he means
 what he says; gold will not serve his turn.

32 *Pluck stout men's pillows . . . heads*] An allusion to the method of hastening death which was said to be commonly practised by nurses. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, Act II, Sc. iii (ed. Gifford, p. 186): "in his next fit we may let him go. 'T is but to pull the pillow from his head, and he is throttled." *Stout men* — the old reading, for which *sick men* is often substituted — doubtless means men strong enough to resist disease, if they are nursed with proper care.

This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee and approbation
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices 40
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. [*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?
Thou'rt quick,

35 *hoar leprosy*] leprosy which makes the skin white as snow. Cf. 2 *Kings*, v, 27: "a leper as white as snow," and line 154, *infra*, where "hoar" means "strike with leprous disease."

38 *wappen'd*] incontinent, unchaste. The word is not found elsewhere, but is obviously formed from the verb "wap," which means "indulge in sexual intercourse." "Wapper'd" which is still in provincial use for "fatigued," "worn-out," is substituted by some editors. "Unwappered" with the meaning of "innocent," "untried," is found in *Two Noble Kinsmen*, V, iv, 10.

39 *the spital-house . . . sores*] the hospital with its sufferers from ulcerous sores.

40-41 *spices To the April day again*] invests with all the perfumed freshness of early spring once more. Cf. *Sonnet* iii, 10: "the lovely *April* of her prime."

42-44 *put'st odds . . . nature*] causest enmity among the noisy multitude of nations. I will make thee, gold, perform the office that rightly appertains to thee, i. e., of keeping thyself buried underground.

44 *quick*] alive.

But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. *[Keeping some gold.]*

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike manner;
 PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA*

ALCIB. What art thou there? speak.

TIM. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
 For showing me again the eyes of man!

ALCIB. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee, 50
 That art thyself a man?

TIM. I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

ALCIB. I know thee well;
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

TIM. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee
 I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
 With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
 Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
 Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine 60
 Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
 For all her cherubin look.

45 *thou'lt go, strong thief*] thou wilt retain thy powers of movement, thou
 powerful villain.

47 *earnest*] earnest-money, hansom; the sum of money paid as preliminary
 to a bargain. Cf. line 167, *infra*.

52 *I am misanthropos*] Cf. the marginal note in North's translation of
 Plutarch's Life of Mark Antony, ch. 38: "Antonius followeth the
 life and example of *Timon Misanthropos* the Athenian."

58 *gules*] the heraldic term for "red."

SCENE III TIMON OF ATHENS

PHRY. Thy lips rot off!

TIM. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

ALCIB. How came the noble Timon to this change?

TIM. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

ALCIB. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

TIM. None, but to maintain my opinion. 70

ALCIB. What is it, Timon?

TIM. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if
thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for
thou art a man!

ALCIB. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

TIM. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

ALCIB. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

TIM. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

TIMAN. Is this the Athenian minion whom the world 80
Voiced so regardfully?

TIM. Art thou Timandra?

TIMAN. Yes.

TIM. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;

63-64 *I will not . . . lips again*] I will not take away the venereal disease
from thy lips by kissing thee; rather let the disease continue to infect
thee. It was supposed that the communication to another of the
venereal infection left the infector free.

72-75 *Promise . . . a man*] Timon means that seeing that Alcibiades is
that detestable creature, man, he wishes him ill, whatever he does, —
whether he does or does not promise friendship, whether he performs
or does not perform acts of friendship.

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

TIMAN. Hang thee, monster!

ALCIB. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 90
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them —

TIM. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

ALCIB. I am thy friend and pity thee, dear Timon.

TIM. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

ALCIB. Why, fare thee well:

Here is some gold for thee.

TIM. Keep it, I cannot eat it. 100

ALCIB. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap —

TIM. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

ALCIB. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

TIM. The gods confound them all in thy conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

85 *salt*] lustful.

87 *the tub-fast and the diet*] Theobald's correction of the Folio reading *Fubfast*. The reference is to the curative bath regimen which was commonly prescribed for the venereal disease. "Tub-fast" means the abstinence from food which accompanied the bath treatment.

Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,
Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

ALCIB. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou
givest me,
Not all thy counsel. 130

TIM. Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon
thee!

PHR. AND TIMAN. Give us some gold, good Timon:
hast thou more?

TIM. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable;
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you; spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you, 140
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;

134 *to make whores, a bawd*] to induce a bawd to forswear her trade of making whores. The words are inverted.

135 *mountant*] a heraldic term for "lifted up."
oathable] capable of truthfully taking an oath.

139 *I'll trust to your conditions*] I'll trust to your dispositions. Timon means that he is aware that the women would be quite willing to swear that they would abandon their immoral courses; but that he'll trust to their natural inclinations to keep them what they are.

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats? yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead; — some that were hang'd,
No matter: — wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

PHR. AND TIMAN. Well, more gold: what then?
Believe't that we'll do any thing for gold.

TIM. Consumptions sow 150
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh
And not believes himself: down with the nose,

142 *Let your close fire . . . smoke*] Let your secret fire of lust prevail over
his cloudy talk.

143-145 *yet may your pains . . . of the dead*] yet your labours or pains
should for six months have quite a different character. They should
be applied to repair of the disorders of debauchery. Among other
things you must cover your ~~eyes~~ ^{ears} which your vicious indulgence
have made bald with false love obtained from the dead. Cf. *Sonnet*
lxviii, 5-7, "the golden tresses of the dead, The right of sepulchres,
were shorn away, To live a second life on second head."

147 *mire*] stick in the mire.

154 *quilllets*] quidlibets, nice legal points.

hoar the flamen] make the priest rotten with disease. "Hoar" as a verb
is rare. But the adjective in the sense of "rotten" is not uncommon.
Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, II, iv, 130: "an old hare *hoar* [i. e., white with
mouldiness]." At line 35, *supra*, the adjective "hoar" is applied to
"leprosy."

Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
 Of him that, his particular^a to foresee,
 Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians
 bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war 160
 Derive some pain from you: plague all;
 That your activity may defeat and quell
 The source of all erection. There's more gold:
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
 And ditches grave you all!

PHR. AND TIMAN. More counsel with more money,
 bounteous Timon.

TIM. More whore, more mischief first; I have given
 you earnest.

ALCIB. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Fare-
 well, Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

TIM. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more. 170

ALCIB. I never did thee harm.

TIM. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

ALCIB. Call'st thou that harm?

TIM. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
 Thy beagles with thee.

ALCIB. We but offend him. Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.*]

158-159 *him that . . . general weal*] the man who, in order to hunt after
 his private interests, abandons the scent of a public good. The
 metaphor is from dogs hunting.

165 *grave*] entomb.

167 *earnest*] earnest-money. Cf. line 47, *supra*.

174 *beagles*] a small breed of dogs following their masters very closely.

SCENE III TIMON OF ATHENS

TIM. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
[Digging.

Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue, 180
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and*conception womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above 190
Never presented! — O, a root! dear thanks! —
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;

181 *eyeless venom'd worm*] The blindworm, which, contrary to popular belief, is not venomous.

182 *crisp*] apparently "shining" as in "the *crisped* morn" in Robert An-ton's *The Philosopher's Satire*, 1616. Cotgrave *Fr. Engl. Dict.* explains "crespu" as "crisped, sleeked, shining." "Crisp" is more commonly applied to the clouds in the sense of "curled" or "wavy."

183 *Hyperion*] the sun-god.

186 *conception*] conceiving.

187 *bring out*] bear, give birth to.

190 *marbled mansion all above*] Cf. *Othello*, III, iii, 464: "by yond marble heaven." "Marble" or "marbled" was a conventional epithet for the firmament. It was regarded as solid and everlasting.

192 *marrows*] fat lands, which produce the "morsels unctuous" of line 194.

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, gréases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS

More man? plague, plague!

APEM. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

TIM. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee! 200

APEM. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfumes and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee, 210
And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;

201 *This is in thee . . . infected*] This is your nature merely infected
by disease; this is not your normal state.

203 *fortune*] Rowe's correction of the *future* of the Folios.

206 *their diseased perfumes*] their perfumed mistresses infected with
disease. Cf. *Othello*, IV, i, 144: "'T is such another fitchew! marry,
a perfumed one."

208 *the cunning of a carper*] the counterfeit of a faultfinder.

213 *told*] flattered.

Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bade welcome
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

APEM. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself,
 A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,
 That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
 And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
 To the conflicting elements exposed,
 Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;
 O, thou shalt find —

TIM. Thou flatter'st misery.

[91]

APEM. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

TIM. Why dost thou seek me 'out?

APEM. To vex thee.

TIM. Always a villain's office or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

APEM. Ay.

TIM. What! a knave too?

APEM. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 't were well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou 'ldst courtier be again, 240
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete,
The other at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

TIM. Not by his breath that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog. 250

237 *a knave too?*] Timon implies that he already knew Apemantus for a fool, but the admission that he is vexing him designedly proves him a knave in addition.

241-246 *Willing misery . . . worst, content*] Misery or beggary that is voluntarily assumed lives longer than (or surpasses) unstable pomp, and realises its aim first. The desire of pomp, though always receiving sustenance, is never satisfied; pursuit of misery or beggary readily obtains the height of its wish; the best condition of life, which inevitably lacks contentment, has a distracted and most wretched existence, a condition far worse than the worst and poorest condition when linked with a sense of contentment.

248 *by his breath that*] by the word of him who.

SCENE III TIMON OF ATHENS

Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
 In general riot, melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary,
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men 260
 At duty, more than I could frame employment;
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

251 *from our first swath*] from our earliest days, since we wore the swathing clothes of infancy.

251-252 *proceeded The sweet degrees*] gone through or experienced the pleasant grades (of life). The figurative language — "proceeded" and "degrees" — seems to be taken from academic graduation. At line 267, *infra*, "commence" continues the academic terminology. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, IV, iii, 114: "till sack *commences* it" and note.

253 *drugs*] Thus substantially all the Folios. Delius substituted *drudges* which seems to have been spelt *drugges* in early times. It is difficult to give "drugs" its ordinary meaning of "medicines" or "medicaments." It may mean here "commodities" in a very general sense. "Passive" means "obedient" or "submissive."

257 *icy precepts of respect*] cold precepts of prudence.

258-265 *But myself . . . that blows*] The meaning of this passage is clear, though the grammatical construction is elliptical. "But myself," the subject of the sentence, has no verb; these opening words are absorbed in a dependent chain of relative clauses, which fail to complete the sentence. "That" (*i. e.*, who) in line 262 is the relative, with "men" of line 260 for antecedent; it governs the verbs "have . . . fell" (*i. e.*, fallen) and "left" (line 264).

259 *confectionary*] store of sweetmeats.

Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag, 270
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee,
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

APEM. Art thou proud yet?

TIM. Ay, that I am not thee.

APEM. I, that I was
No prodigal.

TIM. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this! 280
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

APEM. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him a root.*]

TIM. First mend my company; take away thyself.

APEM. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

265 *I, to bear this*] My endurance of this. The construction is still irregular.

270 *that poor rag*] a contemptuous term of abuse.

282 *my company*] Rowe's change for the Folio reading *thy company*.

SCENE III TIMON OF ATHENS

TIM. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

APEM. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

TIM. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

APEM. Here is no use for gold.

TIM. The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm. 290

APEM. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

TIM. Under that's above me. Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

AP^{EM}. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where I eat it.

TIM. Would poison were obedient and knew my mind !

APEM. Where wouldst thou send it?

TIM. To sauce thy dishes. 298

APEM. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou know'st none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

TIM. On what I hate I feed not.

APEM. Dost hate a medlar?

TIM. Ay, though it look like thee.

284 *botch'd*] roughly patched.

292 *Under that's above me*] Cf. *Cor.*, IV, v, 38: "Under the canopy [*sc.* of heaven]."

800-301 *thy gilt*] thy gilded splendour.

302 *curiosity* | finical delicacy, fastidiousness.

306 *Ay, though it look like thee]* Timon is ironical. He would hate a medlar though it looked as pleasant as Apemantus.

APEM. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

TIM. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved? 311

APEM. Myself.

TIM. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

APEM. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

TIM. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

APEM. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men. 320

TIM. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

APEM. Ay, Timon.

TIM. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou

308-309 *What man . . . his means*] What spendthrift didst thou ever know who was beloved after his means were exhausted?

321 *confusion*] ruin, destruction.

SCENE III TIMON OF ATHENS

shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

342

APEM. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

TIM. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

APEM. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

351

332-333 *the unicorn*] a fabulous animal of great ferocity. Its death usually came through the impalement of its single horn on a tree, when charging its natural foe, the lion. Cf. *Jul. Cæs.*, II, i, 204: "*unicorns* may be betray'd with trees."

337 *german to the lion*] brother to the lion, who, suffering no rivalry, was in the habit of slaying all claiming fraternal relationship.

339 *remotion*] seclusion.

348 *Yonder . . . painter*] Thus the First Folio. But the poet and the painter do not appear till the beginning of the next act, — at an interval of some 300 lines. The words are possibly an accidental survival of the first draft of the play by another hand, which Shakespeare revised.

TIM. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

APEM. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

TIM. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

APEM. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

TIM. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

APEM. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

TIM. If I name thee.

360

I'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

APEM. I would my tongue could rot them off!

TIM. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

APEM. Would thou wouldst burst!

TIM. Away, thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

[Throws a stone at him.]

APEM. Beast!

TIM. Slave!

370

APEM. Toad!

TIM. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

[To the gold] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

355 *the cap*] the chief.

SCENE III TIMON OF ATHENS

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler 380
 Of Hymen's purest³⁸⁰ bed! thou valiant Mars!
 Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
 That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
 That solder'st close impossibilities,
 And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
 To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
 Think thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire!

APEM. Would 't were so! 390
 But not till I am dead. I'll say thou hast gold:
 Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

TIM. Throng'd to!

APEM. Ay.

TIM. Thy back, I prithee.

APEM. Live, and love thy misery!

TIM. Long live so, and so die! [*Exit Apemantus.*] I
 am quit.

Moe things like men? Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti

FIRST BAN. Where should he have this gold? It is
 some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder:
 the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends,
 drove him into this melancholy.

380 *son and sire*] Rowe's correction of the Folio reading *Sunne and fire*.

387 *touch of hearts*] touchstone of hearts.

395 *Moe*] The Folio reading for *More*. Cf. line 431, *infra*. This line is
 wrongly given to Apemantus in the Folios.

SEC. BAN. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure. 400

THIRD BAN. Let us make^e the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

SEC. BAN. True; for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

FIRST BAN. Is not this he?

BANDITTI. Where?

SEC. BAN. 'Tis his description.

THIRD BAN. He; I know him.

BANDITTI. Save thee, Timon.

TIM. Now, thieves? 410

BANDITTI. Soldiers, not thieves.*

TIM. Both too; and women's sons.

BANDITTI. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

TIM. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat. Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth a hundred springs; The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

FIRST BAN. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As beasts and birds and fishes. 421

TIM. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;

401 *make the assay upon him*] make trial of him.

414 *meat*] Thus the Folios. The sense is adequate. Hanmer substituted *men*, a quibble implying that the banditti lack manly character, and also want to feed on men, as Timon bids them at line 423, *infra*.

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

430

423 *Yet thanks . . . con*] Yet I must give you thanks, must acknowledge myself grateful. To "con thanks" is a common phrase.

426 *limited*] regulated by law or prescription.

427 *subtle*] deceitful, treacherous.

431 *More*] Cf. line 395, *supra*.

432 *villany*] Rowe's correction of *villaine* of the Folios.

protest] promise, vow. Thus the Folios. Theobald needlessly substituted *profess*.

433 *I'll example you with thievery*] I'll give you instances (from nature) authorising your thievery.

437-440 *The sea's a thief . . . excrement*] These lines are an obvious reminiscence of Anacreon's Ode "On the necessity of drinking," (XXI), which was popular in poetry of the French Renaissance, being translated by both Ronsard and Remy Belleau. Ronsard's rendering opens thus (Works, ed. Blanchemain, 1857, II, 286):

"La terre les eaux va boivant,
L'arbre la boit par sa racine

The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a 'composture stol'n
 From general excrement: each thing's a thief: 440
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away,
 Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats:
 All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it: steal not less for this
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
 Amen.

THIRD BAN. Has almost charmed me from my pro-
 fession by persuading me to it. 450

FIRST BAN. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he
 thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

La mer éparsé boit le vent,
 Et le soleil boit la marine;
 Le soleil est beu de la lune;
 Tout boit, soit en haut ou en bas."

437-438 *whose liquid surge . . . tears*] This is a poetized account of the moon's responsibility for the tides. The rising of the tidal waves of the sea is presented as the effect of the salt tears shed by the moon. Shakespeare, with an eye to the bond between the moon and the sea, constantly applies the epithet "watery" to the moon. Cf. *Rich. III*, II, ii, 69-70: "That I being govern'd by the *watery moon* May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world." *Wint. Tale*, I, ii, 1: "the *watery star*." *Mids. N. Dr.*, II, i, 162; *Rom. and Jul.*, I, iv, 62: "moonshine's *watery beams*."

439 *composture*] composition, manure.

446 *not less*] Rowe inserted *not*, which the Folios omit by error.

451 *in the malice of mankind*] in or on account of his malignant hate of mankind (not out of any kindness to us).

452 *mystery*] profession, calling.

SCENE III TIMON OF ATHENS

SEC. BAN. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

FIRST BAN. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*]

Enter FLAVIUS

FLAV. O you gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!
Has caught me in his eye: I will present

460

456 *may be true*] may turn honest.

461 *What an alteration of honour*] What an alteration from a state of honour (to one of disgrace).

465-466 *How rarely . . . enemies !*] How happily or admirably does the injunction to love one's enemies agree with the fashion of the time! The sentiment, which has here an ironical significance, is somewhat anachronistic on pagan lips.

467-468 *Grant I . . . those that do*] Grant that I may ever love and woo those who always profess to mean me mischief rather than those who do me mischief after false professions of kindness. Cf. the proverb very familiar in both France and Spain: "Defend me from my friends; from my enemies I can defend myself."

469 *Has caught*] The pronoun "he" is understood.

My honest grief unto him, and, as my lord, 470
Still serve him with my life. My*dearest master!

TIM. Away! what art thou?

FLAV. Have you forgot me, sir?

TIM. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

FLAV. An honest poor servant of yours.

TIM. Then I know thee not:

I never had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

FLAV. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief 480
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

TIM. What, dost thou weep? come nearer; then I
love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!

FLAV. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.

TIM. Had I a steward 490
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?

474 *grant'st*] The Folios read absurdly *grunt'st*.

484-485 *whose eyes . . . sleeping*] whose eyes never flow, never yield to tears, but through lust and laughter. The emotions of pity are quiescent, are inactive.

489 *entertain me*] take me into service, engage me.

491 *so comfortable*] so comforting, so kindly.

SCENE III TIMON OF ATHENS

It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
 Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
 Was born of woman.
 Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
 You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
 One honest man — mistake me not — but one;
 No more, I pray, — and he's a steward.
 How fain would I have hated all mankind!
 And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
 I fell with curses.

500

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,
 Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
 For many so arrive at second masters,
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true —
 For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure —
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
 If not a *usuring* kindness and as rich men deal gifts,
 Expecting in return twenty for one?

510

FLAV. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
 Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:
 Ye should have fear'd false times when you did
 feast:

492 *It almost turns . . . mild*] Hanmer first substituted *mild* for the Folio reading *wild*, which might well stand. The reading *wild* gives the line the sense "It almost drives mad my nature already exposed by misfortune to the risk of losing its balance." "Turns . . . mild," which would mean "makes gentle," "softens," seems to weaken the significance of the passage.

509 *a usuring kindness*] a usurious, avaricious kindness.

512 *suspect*] suspicion; so again at line 514.

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I 'ld exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

520

TIM. Look thee, 't is so! Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: the gods, out of my misery,
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy;
But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men,
Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deniest to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell, and thrive.

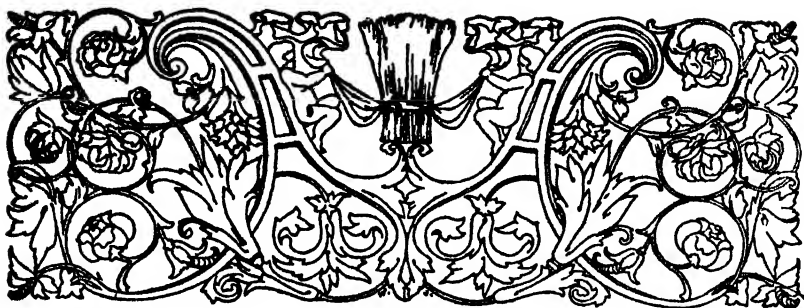
FLAV. O, let me stay
And comfort you, my master.

TIM. If thou hatest curses
Stay not: fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

514 *Suspect . . . is least*] Suspicion is always present where wealth and position are at the lowest ebb.

526 *But thus condition'd . . . from men*] But on these conditions, thou shalt build or abide apart from the habitations of mankind.



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I — THE WOODS
BEFORE TIMON'S CAVE

Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON watching them from his cave

PAINTER



S I TOOK NOTE OF
the place, it cannot be far where
he abides.

POET. What's to be thought of
him? does the rumour hold for
true, that he's so full of gold?

PAIN. Certain: Alcibiades re-
ports it; Phrynia and Timandra
had gold of him: he likewise
enriched poor straggling soldiers
with great quantity: 't is said he
gave unto his steward a mighty
sum.

POET. Then this breaking of his has been but a try
for his friends.

10

1-2 *As I took note . . . abides*] The painter had obviously already dis-
covered Timon's retreat and has learnt of his recent interviews with
Alcibiades, the Banditti and the steward. Cf. lines 5-8, *infra*. Ape-

PAIN. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 't is not amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

POET. What have you now to present unto him?

PAIN. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

POET. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent ²⁰ that's coming toward him.

PAIN. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it.

[*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*]

TIM. [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself. 30

mantus' remark: "Yonder comes a poet and a painter" (III, iv, 348, *supra*, and note) in no way accounts for their actual arrival on the scene.

11 *a palm*] Cf. *Psalm* xcii, 12: "The righteous shall flourish like the *palm tree*."

15 *load our purposes*] fill up, thoroughly fulfil, our purposes; *purposes* has been unconvincingly proposed for *purposes*.

16 *his having*] his wealth; so II, ii, 145, *supra*.

24-26 *but in the plainer . . . out of use*] except among the lower orders the performance of one's promise is quite out of fashion.

POET. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

TIM. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

POET. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late. 40

PAIN. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

TIM. [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's
gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'T is thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye 50
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.*]

POET. Hail, worthy Timon!

PAIN. Our late noble master!

32 a personating of himself] a presentation of his own case.

42 black-corner'd night] night which is obscure as a dark corner or which creates dark corners. Many changes have been suggested for black-corner'd, e. g., black-curtain'd, black-colour'd, but none carries conviction.

45 at the turn] as you turn in your walk.

TIM. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

POET. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures — O abhorred spirits! —
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough —
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

60

TIM. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

PAIN. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

TIM. Ay, you are honest men.

PAIN. We are hither come to offer you our service. 70

TIM. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

BOTH. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

TIM. Ye're honest men: ye've heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest men.

PAIN. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

TIM. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit

62 *I am rapt*] I am amazed, I am beside myself.

78 *Thou draw'st a counterfeit*] Thou canst paint a portrait. "Counterfeit"
is often seriously used thus. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, III, ii, 115: "Fair

Best in all Athens: thou'rt indeed the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

PAIN.

So, so, my lord.

80

TIM. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

BOTH.

Beseech your honour

To make it known to us.

TIM.

You'll take it ill.

BOTH. Most thankfully, my lord.

TIM.

Will you, indeed?

BOTH. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

90

TIM. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave
That mightily deceives you.

BOTH.

Do we, my lord?

TIM. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured
That he's a made-up villain.

Portia's *counterfeit*." But Timon here has an eye to the word's other meaning of "cheat." See line 79, *infra*.

80 *Thou counterfeit'st most lively*] Thou art a thorough imposter.

83 *even natural in thine art*] A poet by nature, with a quibble on "natural"
in the sense of "idiot."

93 *cog*] cheat.

94 *patchery*] roguery. Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, II, iii, 67: "Such *patchery* . . .
and such knavery!"

96 *a made-up villain*] probably, a finished villain.

PAIN. I know none such, my lord.

POET. Nor I.

TIM. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught, 100
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

BOTH. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

TIM. You that way, and you this, but two in company:

Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves:
[To Painter] You have work for me, there's payment:
hence! 111

[To Poet] You are an alchemist, make gold of that:
Out, rascal dogs!

[Beats them out, and then retires into his cave.]

100 *in a draught*] in the jakes.

101 *Confound . . . course*] Destroy them by some means.

104-106 *You that way . . . keeps him company*] You go that way and you go this way; then each of you will be two in company, though each of you will be apart and quite alone. Yet an arch-villain (*i. e.*, the evil part of each of yourselves), will be a companion for each of you. Cf. Timon's admonition, line 99, *supra*: "Rid me these villains from your companies."

110 *there's gold*] Timon throws a stone.

111 *You have work for me*] You have to rid yourselves of the villainous vice that goes in your company. Hanmer read *You have work'd for*

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators

FLAV. It is in vain that you would speak with
Timon

For he is set so only to himself
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

FIRST SEN. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

SEC. SEN. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 't was time and griefs 120
That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to
him,
And chance it as it may.

FLAV. Here is his cave.
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians
By two of their most reverend senate greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

me and Malone You have done work for me. But no change is absolutely necessary. Neither is it essential to follow the suggestion of the Globe Editors in inserting the stage direction [*To Painter*] here and [*To Poet*] in the next line. No such directions appear in any earlier edition. Both remarks are equally applicable to the Poet and to the Painter and are doubtless addressed to them jointly.

114 *Enter Flavius and two Senators*] Many modern editors begin a new scene here.

115 *set so only to himself*] wrapped up so entirely in himself.

TIMON *comes from his cave*

TIM. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak, and
be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each false 130
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

FIRST SEN. Worthy Timon, —

TIM. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

FIRST SEN. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

TIM. I thank them, and would send them back the
plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

FIRST SEN. O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators with one consent of love

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie 140

For thy best use and wearing.

SEC. SEN. They confess

Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:

Which now the public body, which doth seldom

129 *comfort'st*] Pope's emendation of the First Folio's *comforts* which
seems the better reading.

131 *cauterizing*] a searing with hot iron. The First Folio read *cantherizing*
which the later Folios mispell *Catherizing*. But the First Folio reading,
though attempts have been made to justify it, seems to be a misprint
suggested by some confused reminiscence of the word *Cantharides*.

138 *one consent*] one united voice, from the Latin "concentus."

142 *too general, gross*] too common, too patent.

143-149 *Which now . . . by the dram*] The grammatical construction is
irregular here. "Which" has no strictly grammatical place in the
sentence and is merely conjunctive, cf. V, ii, 7, *infra*. The mean-

Play the recanter, feeling in itself
 A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
 Of it own fail, restraining aid to Timon;
 And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
 Together with a recompense more fruitful
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
 Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth, 150
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
 And write in thee the figures of their love,
 Ever to read them thine.

TIM. You witch me in it,
 Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
 Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
 And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

FIRST SEN. Therefore, so please thee to return with
 us

And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
 Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name 160
 Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back
 Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
 Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
 His country's peace.

ing is that, in regard to all that is past, the senate, which seldom
 admits itself in the wrong, feeling conscious of the need of Timon's
 aid, has recognised its own failure or fault in withholding aid from
 Timon; and sends forth, to make their sorrowful submission, to-
 gether with a recompense that shall more than counterpoise their
 offences, though weighed with the most scrupulous exactness.

160 *Allow'd with absolute power*] Privileged with the possession of absolute
 power.

161 *Live with*] Remain invested with.

SEC. SEN. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

FIRST SEN. Therefore, Timon, —

TIM. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards, 170
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There 's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you 180
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

FLAV. Stay not; all 's in vain.

TIM. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

178 *a whittle*] a clasp-knife or pocket-knife. The word is still in dialect use.

181 *prosperous gods*] gods who are propitious, who bring prosperity. Cf.

Othello, I, iii, 244: "To my unfolding lend your *prosperous* ear."

184 *my long sickness*] the long disease of life.

FIRST SEN. We speak in vain.

TIM. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

FIRST SEN. That's well spoke.

TIM. Commend me to my loving countrymen, —

FIRST SEN. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

SEC. SEN. And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

TIM. Commend me to them;
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath. 201

FIRST SEN. I like this well; he will return again.

TIM. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree .

From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself: I pray you, do my greeting. 210

FLAV. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall
find him.

TIM. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain! 220
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Retires to his cave.]

FIRST SEN. His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

SEC. SEN. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

FIRST SEN. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

208 *take his haste*] hasten; the converse of "take his time."

214 *the beached verge . . . flood*] Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, II, i, 85: "the beached margent of the sea."

215 *embossed froth*] swollen surf.

218 *sour*] Rowe's correction of the Folio reading *four*.

225 *strain*] labour at with all energy.

226 *dear*] dire or desperate.

SCENE II TIMON OF ATHENS

SCENE II — BEFORE THE WALLS OF ATHENS

Enter two Senators and a Messenger

FIRST SEN. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his
files
As full as thy report?

MESS. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

SEC. SEN. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

MESS. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, 10
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

FIRST SEN. Here come our brothers.

1 *Thou hast painfully discover'd*] *Thou hast made grievous disclosures.*
files] musters, numbers of his army.

7 *Whom*] The relative here is merely conjunctive like "which" in V, i, 143,
supra.

in general part] in the public cause.

8 *made a particular force*] had a private or personal effect, appealed to
our private sentiments. The repetition of *made* in the next line seems
awkward, and has suggested the change here to *had*; "particular"
(i. e., private) is the opposite of "general" (i. e., public) in line 7.

Enter Senators from TIMON

THIRD SEN. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—THE WOODS—TIMON'S CAVE, AND A
RUDE TOMB SEEN

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON

SOLD. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:

15 *fearful scouring*] the rushing about of terror-stricken fugitives.

3-4 *Timon is dead . . . live a man*] These lines are sometimes regarded as the opening words of an inscription by Timon himself which he has set on the outer wall of the cave, and the soldier is thought to be deciphering them with difficulty. But such an explanation is difficult to reconcile with lines 5-6, where the soldier says he cannot read what is written on the tomb and takes an impression of the writing in wax for his captain to decipher. (See also V, iv, 67-9, *infra*.) Probably the soldier is expressing his own opinion, in view of his failure to get any response to his call, when he says "Timon is dead," while in his remark "some beast read this; there does not live a man" he is peevishly complaining of his inability to read the inscription, which (he thinks) only a beast, and not a man, is likely to interpret. For *read this* Theobald substituted *rear'd this* which is unconvincingly interpreted to mean that as no man is living in the cave some beast must have built up Timon's tomb.

SCENE IV TIMON OF ATHENS

Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

[*Exit.* 10

SCENE IV — BEFORE THE WALLS OF ATHENS

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES with his powers

ALCIB. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. *[A parley sounded.]*

Enter Senators upon the walls

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traversed arms and breathed
Our sufferance vainly: now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself "No more:" now breathless wrong 10
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

8 aged] veteran, expert.

Sc. III. 10 mark] aim, goal.

Sc. IV. 4-5 *making your wills . . . justice*] making your pleasures,
your indulgences, the bound or standard of justice.

7 traversed] submissively folded or crossed.

8 *sufferance*] suffering.

flush] ripe.

१ *crouching marrow*] vigour which is bent down by oppression.

13 *horrid flight*] flight caused by horror or terror.

FIRST SEN. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

SEC. SEN. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised means: 20
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

FIRST SEN. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your griefs: nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

SEC. SEN. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread: 30
By decimation and a tithed death —
If thy revenges hunger for that food

18 *Above their quantity*] "Their" probably refers to "thy first griefs" of line 14.

24 *griefs*] Theobald's correction of the Folio reading *grief*.

26 *private faults in them*] personal faults of those who caused your griefs.

27 *motives . . . went out*] instigators of your first expulsion.

28-29 *Shame . . . hearts*] The extremity of shame that they wanted cunning or were so stupid as to banish you has broken their hearts.

SCENE IV TIMON OF ATHENS

Which nature loathes — take thou the destined tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

FIRST SEN. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

40

SEC. SEN. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to't with thy sword.

FIRST SEN. Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

SEC. SEN. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

50

36 *square*] fair, right.

37 *revenges*] Steevens' emendation of the Folio reading *revenge*. The
change improves the metre.

47 *rampired*] "Rampire" is a common form of "rampart."

ALCIB. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and, to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream 60
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

BOTH. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

ALCIB. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators' descend, and open the gates.*]

Enter Soldier

SOLD. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which

55 *Descend*] The First Folio misprints *Defend*. The senators are "on the walls" (see stage direction, l. 2, *supra*). They have been speaking from the balcony at the back of the stage (cf. *Tit. Andr.*, I, i, 1, and note, and *K. John*, II, i, 201 *seq.*
uncharged ports] unassailed gates.

58 *to atone*] to reconcile.

62 *render'd to your*] Lord Chedworth's emendation of the difficult old readings *remedied to your* in the First Folio and *remedied by your* in the later Folios. "Remedied to" has been explained as "redressed according to." But the sense is rather strained.

63 *At heaviest answer*] To make fullest reparation.

66 *the very hem*] the extreme margin.

SCENE IV TIMON OF ATHENS

With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

ANCIB. [*Reads*]

"Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft: 70
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass and stay not here thy gait."

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead 80
Is noble Timon: of whose memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,

70-73 *Here lies a wretched corse . . . not here thy gait*] In North's translation of the account of Timon given by Plutarch in his *Life of M. Antonius*, these four lines are found *verbatim*, with the difference that *wretches* there takes the place of *caitiffs* (l. 71), and that each of the two couplets is presented separately as an alternative epitaph on Timon of different authorship. Plutarch assigns the first two lines to Timon himself and the second two lines to the poet Callimachus. The dramatist could only have joined the two couplets together by an hasty oversight. There is no logical connection between them. The second line of the first couplet which bids the reader "Seek not my name," manifestly contradicts the first line of the second couplet which opens with "Here lie I, Timon."

76 *brain's flow*] flow of tears. "Brain" is not uncommonly found in this connection. Cf. Drayton's *Miracles of Moses*, Bk. 3, l. 417: "the fountains of his brain."

77 *rich conceit*] a fruitful imagination.

TIMON OF ATHENS

ACT V

And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]

83 *stint*] stop.

84 *leech*] physician.

85 *strike*] strike up, sound. Cf. *Rich. III*, IV, iv, 148: "*strike*
alarums, drums," and *Hen. VIII*, I, iv, 108: "Let the music
knock it."

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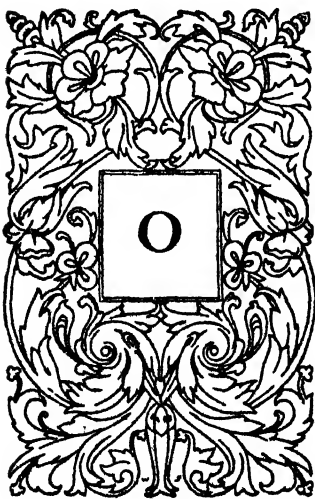
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INTRODUCTION

I



ON 20 May, 1608, when Shakespeare's active professional career was drawing to a close, and he was within eight years of his death, Edward Blount, a London stationer or publisher, obtained a license from the Stationers' Company to publish two works, one entitled "The Booke of Pericles Prince of Tyre," and the other "A Booke called Antony and Cleopatra." The precise significance of these entries in the Stationers' Company Register is open to question. Although Shakespeare's name is not mentioned, it may be assumed that both the "bookes" are the plays similarly entitled which came from Shakespeare's pen. But in neither case have publications

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of "Pericles" or "Antony and Cleopatra" bearing the date 1608 come to light. Of "Pericles" two editions appeared during the next year 1609, both being published, not by Blount, but by a fellow stationer, Henry Gosson. Of "Antony and Cleopatra" no separate quarto edition is known of that or any later year. The earliest extant copy is in the First Folio collection of Shakespeare's plays, which was issued in 1623. There "The Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra" fills the last place but one in the concluding section of tragedies, the last place being occupied by the romance of "Cymbeline," which has no just place in the tragic category.

In the absence of any printed copy of the tragedy dated in 1608 or thereabouts, doubt is inevitable whether Blount, or any friend in the trade, took practical advantage of the printing license of that year. Yet so many books that are known to have come from the press in Shakespeare's era now either survive in single copies, or have disappeared altogether, that it would be rash, in view of the positive evidence that a quarto edition was contemplated, to deny point-blank its production during Shakespeare's lifetime. The existence of an edition of "Titus Andronicus" of 1594, when a printing license was registered, was long questioned, because every copy had vanished, yet some two years ago an exemplar was unexpectedly discovered in Sweden. The analogy suggests that, in spite of the absence at the moment of any early quarto of "Antony and Cleopatra," the piece may have been published in 1608

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or soon after, and it is within the range of possibility that a copy may yet come to light.¹

Internal evidence fully supports the assignment of the play's composition to the year 1608. Definite characteristics of style and metre show that "Antony and Cleopatra" followed the great series of tragedies, "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," and "King Lear," which are known to have occupied Shakespeare's pen during the six preceding years. In wealth of thought and subtlety of characterisation "Antony and Cleopatra" may perhaps be judged to resemble those tragic masterpieces too closely to support precise conclusions as to narrow differences of date. But the contrast in metre and style between this piece and those five achievements in tragedy is marked enough to exclude the theory that it was undertaken either previously or contemporaneously. After all allowance is made for the strength of family resemblances, the metre and style of "Antony

¹ It is worthy of notice, however, that, when the First Folio was in course of preparation, Edward Blount, who not only held the license of 1608 for the play of "Antony and Cleopatra," but was one of the syndicate of publishers responsible for the Folio, obtained with his partner Isaac (son of William) Jaggard, a license for sixteen pieces by Shakespeare to be included in the great collection, or for "soe manie of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men" (*i. e.*, not already fully licensed). Fifteenth on this list stands "Anthonie and Cleopatra." The license which Blount had obtained for its publication in 1608 had not been cancelled in the interval, and its repetition in the Stationers' Register for 1623 may be due to inadvertence. But the re-entry suggests that the printers of "Antony and Cleopatra" in the First Folio were unacquainted with a previously printed version, and worked from the theatrical manager's manuscript copy.

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So, too, Enobarbus, when dying a remorseful deserter,
bids the moon

“throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts.” (IV, ix, 15-18.)

So boldly does the dramatist defy the beaten track
alike of imagery and syntax.

The irregularities of the metre are in keeping with the boldness and unexpectedness of the figurative phraseology. The pauses are distributed over the blank-verse lines with lawless variety, and the metrical licenses that Shakespeare allowed himself at earlier stages of his career are altogether exceeded. In far more instances than in any earlier play prepositions or unemphasised pronouns end the line, so that many passages are only preserved from the effects of prose by the poetic force of the enveloping sentiment. One of Antony's latest speeches contains these lines:—

“Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, — which now
Is come indeed — when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come.”
(IV, xiv, 62-67.)

Only the hand of a master in the full tide of its cunning
could venture with impunity on the startling experiments
in prosody which abound in this play.

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III

• Like the stirring crisis of Julius Cæsar's death, the story of Antony's love of Cleopatra passed from classical history into the vague floating tradition of medieval Europe. Dante in one line of his "*Divina Commedia*" makes mention of Cleopatra as a heroine of sin; in another place he claims for her destiny the compassion of the world. "*Lussuriosa*" and "*trista*" are the epithets which Dante links with her name. Chaucer more generously assigns her the first place in his "*Ballade of Good Women*," and dwells on her loving fidelity almost to the exclusion of her illicit passion:

"And she hir death receyueth with good chere
For loue of Antony that was hir so dere."

Shakespeare near the outset of his career echoed the indistinct note of medieval legend when he joined Cleopatra with Dido, Helen, Hero, and Thisbe in Mercutio's sportive catalogue of ancient queens of love.

Plutarch's graphic record of Antony's infatuation (in his biography of Antony) first taught Western Europe in the early days of the Renaissance the whole truth about the Queen of Egypt. The Greek biographer established her vogue in modern poetry and drama. Italy and France assimilated the story many years before it reached literary England. Early experiments in the Renaissance drama of both Italy and France

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anticipated Shakespeare in dramatising the historic tragedy of "Antony and Cleopatra," and these efforts long enjoyed an European repute.

The earliest dramatic version of the Plutarchan narrative came from an Italian pen about 1540. The author, Giraldi Cinthio of Ferrara, is best known by that collection of prose tales "*Hecatommithi*," which supplied Shakespeare with the plots of "*Othello*" and "*Measure for Measure*." But in his own country Cinthio acquired equal fame as a dramatist. Shakespeare may have known something of him in that capacity. Giraldi Cinthio based on his novel of "*Measure for Measure*" a romantic comedy, with which there is reason for believing that Shakespeare had as close an acquaintance as with Cinthio's novel on the same theme. Cinthio's tragedy of *Cleopatra* opens with the heroine's lamentations over Antony's defeat at the battle of Actium. In succeeding scenes her lover suspects her of playing him false, and she invents a report of her death which, contrary to her design, impels him to suicide. But it is Cleopatra's (not Antony's) fortune which absorbs Giraldi's interest. With the opening of the second act Antony disappears. The four remaining acts portray Cleopatra's unassisted negotiation with the victorious Romans and her final escape by a self-inflicted death from the threatened humiliation of a captive's rôle in a Roman triumph. The unities are carefully respected. The scene throughout is Alexandria. The crises of the action are narrated and are not presented scenically. A chorus of Cleopatra's waiting-women moralise her fate.

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Her monologues breathe a pathetic dignity, but the piece adheres too strictly to the Senecan model to give it much genuine vitality.¹

From Italy, France doubtless derived the impulse to deal dramatically with Cleopatra's fate. No less than three tragedies concerning her were produced in France in the second half of the sixteenth century. All are on Giraldi's classical plan. The monologues attain almost epic dimensions, and the visible action is almost wholly limited to sighs and tears. The topic enjoys the distinction of having inspired the first regular tragedy in French literature. This piece, "Cleopatre Captive," by Estienne Jodelle, was published in 1552. Antony is only represented by his ghost, who rehearses in the first act his relations with Cleopatra and the circumstances of his death. The dramatic interest is confined to the tragic episode of Cleopatra's fall.

Within twenty years of Jodelle's effort the chief dramatist of the French Renaissance, Robert Garnier, handled the theme on new lines. He concentrated his attention on Antony's fortunes, and gave Cleopatra a subsidiary place in the dramatic scheme. The action was restricted to the interval between the battle of Actium and Antony's suicide. Garnier's tragedy is called "Marc Antoine," and ends with the queen's cry of despair on learning of her lover's death. Like Giraldi and Jodelle, Garnier is a faithful disciple of Seneca, and the

¹ Cleopatra's story was familiar to Tasso who in *Gerusalemme Liberata*, 1575 (bk. xx. st. 118), devotes a stanza to her flight from the battle of Actium.

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moral significance of the episode gains in emphasis by his duplication of the chorus. Not only a body of Egyptians, but a troop of Cæsar's soldiers, shrewdly comment on the fatal issue of the story. With scholarly frankness Garnier acknowledges indebtedness not only to Plutarch's "Life of Antony," but to "the fifty-first book of Dion Cassius' history."

Finally the inferior hand of Nicolas de Montreux took up the parable of Cleopatra in 1594. His five-act tragedy of "Cleopatre," alike in construction and plot, closely follows the footsteps of Jodelle's "Cleopatre Captive."¹

It was such French efforts which gave the cue to the dramatic versions of Cleopatra's history in Elizabethan England, which preceded Shakespeare's work. The earliest of these English experiments was a translation of Garnier's tragedy. This came from the accomplished pen of Sir Philip Sidney's sister, Mary, Countess of Pembroke. It was published in 1592, when Shakespeare had just established his fame with his tragedy of purer love—"Romeo and Juliet." Although the poet Daniel praises the facility of the countess, who proved for him a generous patroness, her rendering of the French drama leaves an impression of stilted and

¹ It is irrelevant to the present survey to pursue the Cleopatra chain of French tragedy through the numerous links of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (see pp. xlix and l, *infra*). But it may be noted that there came from the Paris press in 1578—midway between Garnier's and Montreux's activities—a narrative poem of amorous warmth entitled "Delicieuses amours de Marc Antoine et Cleopatre," by Guillaume Belliard of Blois.

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grotesque formality which does injustice to the simplicity of Garnier's classical French. Two years later, by way of sequel to the countess' work, her protégé Daniel issued an original tragedy of "Cleopatra," which carried the tale from Antony's suicide to Cleopatra's. Although no mere translator, the English poet is loyal to French guidance and to the Senecan pattern. Literary facility is apparent in all Daniel's verse, and if dramatic feeling be lacking, his play shows poetic conception of his heroine's impassioned temperament. Nor was Daniel willing to drop the topic with the completion of his "Cleopatra." He pursued it some five years later in an imaginary verse-letter from Antony's wife Octavia to her husband; there the Egyptian enchantress is a very shadowy figure of maleficence. A humble camp follower of the Elizabethan army of poets and dramatists, one Samuel Brandon, emulated Daniel's example, and contrived, in 1598, to shift to Octavia the dramatic interest of Antony and Cleopatra's story in "The tragi-comedie of the virtuous Octavia." Brandon's catastrophe is the death of Mark Antony, and Octavia's jealousy of Cleopatra is the main theme. To this piece Brandon appended in the published volume a poetic correspondence on the Ovidian pattern between his heroine and her husband. Modest as is the value of Brandon's efforts, they testify to the variety of aspect which the historic facts offer the dramatic craftsman.

There are touches in all this pre-Shakespearean literature of Antony and Cleopatra which faintly suggests

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Shakespeare's design. Daniel's stiff pen seems to adumbrate fragments of Shakespeare's language. But Plutarch is the universal inspirer, and most of the resemblances between the "Antony and Cleopatra" of Shakespeare and the like efforts of his predecessors may all be accidental coincidences due to the general dependence on Plutarch's expansive treasury of fact and observation. The interest of the cognate work of earlier pens does not reside in Shakespeare's direct indebtedness. The main thing to note is that Italians, Frenchmen, and Englishmen anticipated Shakespeare in discovering the adaptability of Cleopatra's story to purposes of high tragedy. In his choice of the topic, he was a conscious imitator. The circumstance offers one more example of Shakespeare's tendency to follow the path to which others pointed the way, and his eagerness to identify himself with the contemporary trend of taste and sentiment. But in his "Antony and Cleopatra," if anywhere, he proved the well-worn theme to be an Ulysses' bow which none but he could bend to true effect.

For one thing, the plan which all his predecessors followed was distinguished by a simplicity which was foreign to his complex conception of drama. They drew a sharp distinction between the queen's fate and that of her paramour. Her experience appealed to the sixteenth-century pioneers with a force which that of Antony failed to command. Most of the earlier playwrights exclude Antony altogether from their "dramatis personæ," and concentrate their vision on

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Cleopatra's sufferings, after he has passed away. On the other hand the single piece (by Garnier) which deals at all exhaustively with Antony's fortune is content to draw the curtain with his death and to take leave of a living Cleopatra. Of the many crucial differences in workmanship between Shakespeare and his predecessors, the most palpable and not the least suggestive is the evenness with which Shakespeare divides his energies between hero and heroine, and the completeness with which he unifies the twofold tragedy.

IV

On North's spirited translation of Plutarch's *Lives* Shakespeare based his great Roman trilogy of "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Coriolanus." Not merely does he depend in all the three pieces on Plutarch for his facts, but he accepts North's phraseology wherever it can be made to serve his dramatic purpose. All the poet's historical knowledge of Antony's fatal entanglement in Cleopatra's toils comes from Plutarch's "Life of Antony." The subtly stirring topic would seem to have matured in his mind slowly. On the opening section of Plutarch's biography of Antony he had levied heavy loans six years before in "Julius Cæsar." From a later page of the memoir he introduced into the more recent tragedy of "Macbeth" a pointed reference to Antony's ill-omened rivalry with

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Octavius Cæsar,¹ and on a digression in Plutarch's text he based his lurid sketch of the misanthropy of Timon of Athens. However rapid his methods of final execution, a close preliminary study of his authority brought him to that "brighter heaven of invention" in which was forged his ultimate conception of Antony and Cleopatra.

Marked as is the contrast in tone and temper between the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" and that of "Antony and Cleopatra," historic links bind the two pieces closely together. Barely a page of Plutarch intervenes between Antony's order for the honourable burial of Brutus on the battlefield at Philippi, with which "Julius Cæsar" closes, and the victor's first acquaintance with the Egyptian siren Cleopatra, with which "Antony and Cleopatra" opens. Many episodes of Philippi are recalled in the second drama. Cleopatra in a playful mood girds herself with her lover's "sword Philippan." In the crisis of his fate the thoughts of Antony and his companions turn involuntarily to his past triumph over "mad Brutus" and "pale Cassius," and the irony of

¹ In "Macbeth," III, i, 54-57, the Scottish king justifies his fear of Banquo by quoting the soothsayer's warning to Antony (as reported by Plutarch) of Octavius Cæsar's fated triumph. Macbeth is afraid that Banquo will overcome him as Octavius Cæsar overcame Mark Antony. His "genius" or daimon is (he believes) controlled by the "genius" or daimon of Banquo:

"There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and under him
My genius is rebuked, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar."

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his final fortune is accentuated by the reminiscence. "Antony and Cleopatra" is well entitled to rank as the epic sequel of Shakespeare's first endeavour in the dramatisation of Roman history.

Shakespeare loyally follows for the most part the lines of Plutarch's biography. No incident can he be said to invent. With the self-confidence of genius, he neglects no phrase nor hint of Plutarch which has left its impress on his memory. Many trifling details, which bring Cleopatra's idiosyncrasy into relief, come unaltered from the Greek author: how she loves to wander through the streets at night, and note "the qualities of people"; how in a spirit of bravado she hops forty paces in the public highway; how when she resolves on death she pursues "conclusions infinite of easy ways to die." All the extravagant revelry of the Egyptian court is borrowed without modification. The superb description of the barge in which the Queen journeys down the river Cydnus to meet Antony is Plutarch's language. The supernatural touches, which complicate the tragic motive, are not original. It is Plutarch's soothsayer who warns Antony that his genius or daimon is under the sway of Octavius. Antony's soldiers hear in Plutarch as in the play mysterious music, which they interpret as a sign that the god Hercules, who had hitherto protected their general, was now bidding him farewell.

At times, even in the heat of the tragedy, the speeches of the hero and heroine and of their attendants are transferred bodily from North's prose. Two illustrations of

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the dramatist's bold fidelity are characteristic. In both the play and the biography, Antony in his dying moments calls for wine, and bids Cleopatra seek safety of Cæsar, but trust none about Cæsar but Proculeius. Plutarch continues his narrative thus: "And for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrowe for the miserable chaunge of his fortune at the end of his dayes: but rather that she should thinke him the more fortunate, for the former triumphe and honors he had received considering that while he lived he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome not cowardly, but valiantly, a Romane by another Romane." Shakespeare's words in the same situation run:

The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest, and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. (IV, xv, 51-58.)

At a later stage of the drama, Cæsar's soldiers break into Cleopatra's place of refuge to find her dead, and they warmly rebuke her faithful handmaiden Charmian, who is dying at her mistress' side. What follows is reported by Plutarch thus: "One of the soldiers seeing her, angrily said unto her: 'Is that well done, Charmian?' 'Very well,' said she again, 'and meet

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for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings.' She said no more, but fell down hard by the bed."

Shakespeare paraphrases the passage in these lines:

FIRST GUARD. What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

CHARMIAN. It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[*Dies.*

(V, ii, 323-326.)

The extent to which the dramatist saturated himself with Plutarchan detail may be gauged by the circumstance that he christens an attendant at Cleopatra's court with the name of Lamprius (I, ii, 1 Stage Direction). The nomenclature only becomes intelligible when we learn that Plutarch's grandfather of similar name (Lampryas) is parenthetically cited by the biographer as hearsay authority for some backstairs gossip of the palace at Alexandria.

Not that Shakespeare accepts the whole of the episode which Plutarch narrates. Although he adds nothing he makes substantial omissions, and it must be admitted that his method of selection does not always respect the calls of perspicuity. Eleven years (41 B. C.-30 B. C.) intervened in history between the first meeting of Antony and Cleopatra, and the disasters that overtake them at and after the battle of Actium. It is foreign to Shakespeare's purpose to offer a complete picture of the period. Substantially he confines himself to the first year and the last. He frankly blots out of the centre of the story

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nine or ten years of Antony's career. That period is crowded with events of political, military, and personal importance. Antony's arrival in his seat of government at Athens, in the company of his wife Octavia, is followed in the play, without break, by his final return to Cleopatra's palace at Alexandria and by that rupture with Octavius Cæsar, which issues in the battle of Actium. Shakespeare ignores the nine years' interval during which Antony, having negotiated with Octavius at Rome the reconstitution of the triumvirate, conducted a prolonged war in Parthia and Armenia. There at the head of a "great and puissant army" of 115,000 men, "made all Asia to tremble." Antony's private life during the same period is excluded from Shakespeare's canvas: how, in the course of eight years of conjugal calm, Octavia bore him two daughters; how a quarrel then led to a formal divorce in Rome, and how Antony, on being finally released from matrimonial ties, resumed openly guilty relations with Cleopatra after a prolonged interruption. Nor does Shakespeare take cognisance of the eight or nine months which separate Antony's defeat at Actium from his rout under the walls of Alexandria. During that interval, which the play leaves out of account, Antony, according to Plutarch, lived in retirement on an uninhabited island off the Greek coast where he emulated the misanthropic eccentricities of Timon of Athens. With that episode Shakespeare proved himself familiar in his play of "Timon of Athens."

Thus deliberately does Shakespeare cut adrift a com-

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plex series of events. The excision is inevitable for the adequate reason from the dramatic point of view that no portion of the omitted details directly concern his heroine Cleopatra. At the same time the neglected incident leaves in his play many jagged edges which impair the general coherence and symmetry. There is evidence that the dramatist abandons Plutarch's guidance with hesitation and on no deliberate plan. He makes hurried and fragmentary allusion to Plutarchan episode with which he deals either very perfunctorily or not at all. Irrelevance must be laid to his charge when, at the opening of the third act, he shifts without warning the scene from Pompey's galley off Misenum to a plain in Syria, and makes Antony's officer Ventidius, while celebrating the defeat of the Parthians, excuse himself from pursuing his advantage for fear of exciting Antony's jealousy. The innuendo, which is intelligible in Plutarch's expansive context, conflicts with the chivalric tenour of Antony's generalship, which goes unquestioned elsewhere in the play. Shakespeare has nothing to tell us of Antony's personal interposition in the Parthian campaign save the baldest mention of his brave indifference to "Parthian darts." Elsewhere Shakespeare pursues his master along other superfluous lines to no greater purpose. The feast of the triumvirs on board Pompey's galley off Misenum gives Shakespeare a welcome opportunity of illustrating his original faculty of humour, and he develops to rare effect Plutarch's bare hint that the rival statesmen "made great cheer" and "fell to be merry with Antonius' love with Cleo-

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patra." But Pompey and his pirates have no just tie with the main thread of the dramatic action. Shakespeare fails to explain the hollowness of the convivial reconciliation, and a casual or parenthetical reference to Pompey's subsequent defection and ruin is a lame epilogue to this diversion. In an inevitable correspondence with the digressive tendency of the middle currents of the piece is the constant oscillation of scene from one distant part of the world to another. The primary issues justify migrations between Alexandria and Rome, and between Athens and Actium (off the coast of Epirus); but the topography is unduly embarrassed when we journey from Rome to Misenum or to Syria for the sake of incident which lacks relevance to the central threads.

Defects as well as merits must be admitted in the dramatist's employment of Plutarch's narrative, yet in any final estimate of the play Shakespeare's relations with Plutarch acquire a very secondary significance. It is Shakespeare's own dramatic and poetic instinct which gives the tragedy its value in literature. The dramatist's mind is concentrated on the infatuation of Antony and Cleopatra and with magnificent freedom and originality he expands and develops Plutarch's presentation of the impassioned intrigue. He sets his own independent valuation on most of the amorous incident which he assimilates. The converse of the lovers owes little to Plutarch, and elsewhere he strikes many a new note, of which the Greek writer is incapable. The varied scenes between Cleopatra and her handmaidens strike a key

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which is foreign to Plutarch's spirit. All the humorous episode stands on the same footing. Plutarch gives no suggestion of Enobarbus' ironical humour, nor of the Aristophanic revelry which seals the peace between Sextus Pompeius and the triumvirs, nor of the comic loquacity of the country bumpkin, from whose hands Cleopatra receives the deadly asp. By such embellishments Shakespeare broadens the dramatic tone without striking any jarring note. It was not Plutarch's tuition which endowed him with that magical gift of humour whereby he reconciled art with life.

High as is the level of interest that is maintained through Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, it is Shakespeare's glory to have lifted the whole scheme of the story to a new elevation and to have invested it with a vivid splendour of action and diction, which leaves Plutarch's page by comparison tame and lifeless. The leading events and characters, which Shakespeare drew from North's English rendering of the Greek biography, are, despite his liberal borrowings of phrase and fact, re-incarnated in the crucible of the poet's imagination, so that they glow in his verse with a heroic and poetic glamour of which Plutarch gives faint conception. It is beyond the capacity of Plutarch's simple prose to convey that imperial sense of spaciousness which moves the Shakespearean arena. "Realms and islands" are involuntarily acknowledged to be fit counters in the games of this scenic world. "Kingdoms and provinces" are recognised to be "kissed away" by right of nature. The hero and heroine seem created to bestride oceans, to

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make their sons “kings of kings,” and to have kings for their servitors. Yet such is the dramatist’s mastery of his art that without evoking any glimmer of incongruity he contrives that his expansive setting of an heroic age should frame a human story of elemental passion, which owes its triumph to its fidelity to nature. The poignancy of the tragic pathos gains much and loses nothing from the magnificence of the environment. The play is the most stirring of all the chapters in Shakespeare’s largely designed history of the human heart.

In spite of grave defects of construction — of the puzzling oscillation of the scene through the middle portion of the play, and the abrupt interpolation of barely relevant incident — the tragic intensity, which colours the main thread, gives the drama essential unity. The main path is clear of entanglement. All the scenes which Antony and Cleopatra dominate show Shakespeare’s mastery of dramatic emotion at its height, and render the piece, for all the ambiguities and distractions of subsidiary scenes, a triumph of perfect art.

The keynote is struck with exceptional dramatic vigour in the opening speech of the play when Antony’s friend and follower Philo describes in masterly phrase “this dotage of our general’s.” No drama, in the range of Shakespeare’s work, has a more imposing prologue. Without delay there enters the general Antony — “the triple pillar of the world” — in the embraces

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of Cleopatra his royal temptress, "his serpent of old Nile." In four lines they express their measureless love. With Cleopatra's opening words to Antony in this brief dialogue: "If it be love indeed, tell me how much," the spectator or reader is plunged into the full tide of the passionate flood, and until the final catastrophe is reached there is no flagging of his interest in the dramatist's exposition of the protagonists' destiny.

It is in his portrait of Cleopatra that Shakespeare's varied powers show themselves in the play to fullest effect. Graphic as is the portrait of Antony, it is of less versatile interest, and there are a few signs of inconsistency in its development. Although Shakespeare exhibited a gigantic strength elsewhere, it is doubtful if any of his creations, male or female, deserve a rank in his great gallery higher than that of his queen of Egypt for artistic completeness of conception or sureness of touch in dramatic execution. "She is a wonderful piece of work" whom "age cannot stale."

Chaste women may resent the common verdict that Cleopatra finally embodies the quintessence of the feminine temperament, that she is, in the vulgarised phrase of philosophy, "the eternal feminine." She is a courtesan of oriental voluptuousness, albeit a courtesan of genius. She ministered to the pleasures of Julius Cæsar and Cneius Pompeius, before she met Antony and atoned for her frailties by a devotion entailing death. The sexual instinct has moulded her life. "Though you can guess," Antony tells her, "what temperance

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should be, you know not what it is." She is "with Phœbus' amorous pinches black, and wrinkled deep in time." It is doubtful whether any real value attaches to the penitent note which escapes her in moments of depression. There is a hollow sound in her plea that she is

"e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares." (IV, xv, 73-75.)

Sincerity seems lacking to her confession :

"I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex." (V. ii, 121-123.)

A truer key might be detected in her despairing exclamation "My desolation does begin to make a better life," but the words form the exordium of a vow, not of reformation, but of suicide. She is in fact to the last proud of all her past conquests. The reminiscence of her girlish triumph over "broad-fronted Cæsar" and "great Pompey" stirs in her to the end a spirit of exultation. In the presence of death she cannot free herself of the thought of passion. When her handmaiden Iras falls dead at her feet before the fatal poison has done its work upon herself, there is an equivocal significance in the regretful accents with which she conjures up a picture of Iras' arrival in heaven before her:—

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"If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have." (V, ii, 299-301.)

So long as the breath is in her body, the fleshly impulse can never be wholly quiescent.

Yet without extenuating Cleopatra's frailties, or identifying her sex with all of them, it is difficult to deny that her "infinite variety" reflects on an expansive canvas almost every phase of the feminine spirit save that cast in the virginal or conventual mould. Cleopatra's characteristics may rarely be all present together, at any rate in the same degree of intensity. But few women can be truly judged to be strangers to the whole category. Cleopatra is the sport of sensation. Self-repression or self-control is difficult for her. She cannot restrain spasmodic outbreaks of ill-temper. Tears follow laughter involuntarily. Displeasure or anger slackens her bodily faculty. She faints with nervous facility. Her fears in critical situations, however fleeting, are incapable of concealment.

At the same time she is insatiably curious, incurably frivolous and playful. Her love of pleasure and her frank delight in amusement or social diversion are seasoned by keen enjoyment of a crude practical joke. Her yearning for admiration impels her to such eccentric feats as hopping forty paces in the public street. Her self-indulgence tends to ostentation, but it is coloured by an æsthetic sense, an artistic temperament. The rich habiliment which is needful to her

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happiness must be tasteful. The luxury of beautiful art pervades her palace. On the approach of death she arrays herself in her crown "and best attires." Her instinctive dread of squalor and of squalid company is prominent among the incentives to suicide.

It is inevitable that womanliness of Cleopatra's type should exert supreme power of allurements over men, and her dominant aim in normal life is to give her fascination free scope for activity. Capable of almost every mood she is to men irresistible in them all. "Everything becomes" her, — "to chide, to laugh, to weep; every passion fully strives in" her "to make itself admir'd." Her caprices exercise a witch's spell and she is fully aware of their potency. She is "cunning past man's thought," and she modulates her coqueties to enforce her magnetic attractions. Laughter is always at her command. She can laugh her lover out of patience, and then laugh him into patience. But she can be grave on occasion, and her gravity can work more mischief than her levity. Mere submissiveness has small place in her armoury. She recognises that such favours as she has to bestow are valued at a higher rate when they are delayed. She has no faith in the virtue of a coming-on disposition. Cleopatra is a mistress of the derisive or contradictory method of solicitation. If her lover be sad she dances; if he be mirthful she suddenly falls sick. To her handmaiden's counsel to cross Antony in nothing she quickly retorts: "Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him." When her lover next joins her, she lets loose

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upon him all her power of biting raillery. But she is nothing if not variable, and before the scene closes she is showering upon Antony the tenderest sympathy and admiration. Whether she rage or caress, her charm preserves its magic and works the same conquest.

The tragic crisis of Cleopatra's fate brings into relief other capacities than those of ensnaring the hearts of men by coquetry and caprice. Her nature is never wholly selfish. She is always tender and generous to her handmaidens. Finally, when she realises the overmastering force of love, which her wiles evoke in Antony, she braces her energies to make an adequate requital. In the ruin of her fortunes she admits the impulse to save herself by exerting her old blandishments on the conqueror of her lover and herself. But she quickly abandons the design of self-interest, and with an earnestness and a courage which seem new to her resolves to share her lover's fate. In the light of her past, her motives must always be subject to some suspicion, and it may be open to question whether her grief for the death of Antony be a stronger inducement to her heroic suicide than the threatened humiliation of figuring in Octavius Cæsar's triumph at Rome. But the fine feeling which impregnates all her closing utterances entitles her to the benefit of the doubt. Her nature betrays all its versatility in her last moments. Her love of ostentation requires that she should die in royal robes with the crown on her head. Her playfulness is not exhausted. She trifles with the rustic who brings her the asp which is the instrument of her de-

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struction. Even when the deadly worm is drinking her life-blood, and consciousness is fading, she whispers with a jesting pathos:—

“Dost thou not see the baby at my breast
That sucks the nurse asleep?” (V, ii, 307-308.)

Her houri-like fascination is, indeed, almost a match for death itself. As Octavius Cæsar views her dead body, he pronounces the only elegy that might appear possible:

“She looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace,” (V, ii, 343-345.)

But although Cleopatra is of the earth, at the end she shows herself far from earthy. The unimaginative peasant is moved at sight of her in her adversity to exclaim that “a woman is a dish for the gods.” Her “passions” seem ultimately sublimated into “the finest parts of pure love.” There is nothing common or unclean in her challenge of death. She meets her doom with the cry:

“Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.” (V, ii, 285-288.)

It is almost adequate comment on Antony's character to affirm that he is a worthy companion of Cleopatra. The dramatic and poetic feeling, with which his portrait is instinct, only falls below that of his paramour in the occasional introduction of some slight irrelevance

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of detail. Shakespeare's dependence on Plutarch led him to identify Antony with one or two episodes which seem to harmonise imperfectly with the main dramatic intention.

There attaches to Shakespeare's Antony in the eye of the Shakespearean student one interest to which his Cleopatra has no claim. The conception of his personality continues a previous study of his moral development. Shakespeare has already depicted Antony at an earlier stage of his career. Antony fills a prominent part in Shakespeare's first Roman play of "Julius Cæsar." There he figures as a young man, loving sport and frivolity, in whom the shock of a great catastrophe evokes unsuspected ability, energy, and resourcefulness. Under the stress of the sudden crisis of Julius Cæsar's assassination, Antony becomes a great orator and an astute statesman. The development, too, of more personally attractive characteristics is stimulated by the stir of the mighty events. A sincere devotion to his patron, the assassinated dictator, is combined with a magnanimous bearing to the men who committed the murder in the name of liberty and met ruin in battle at Antony's hand. Antony, as Shakespeare painted him in youth, has some affinity with Prince Hal, whose love of wild frolic and low company, whose addiction to riots, banquets, and practical joking yielded to the touch of responsibility. But the contrast is more significant than the resemblance. The moral revolution worked in Prince Hal by his accession to royal power proved permanent. There was no backsliding. Once for all,

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“Consideration, like an angel came,
And whipped the offending Adam out of him.”

In Antony's case the influence of the “offending Adam” was only temporarily stayed. Subsequent circumstance impelled new and more perilous activities of vicious propensities. In “Antony and Cleopatra,” Antony's lower nature triumphs over his better instincts, and, although his sin takes a heroic colour and moves pity rather than blame, he treads from the first the path of degeneracy with a boldness which gives slender hope of rehabilitation.

Antony loses the world for love. A soldier and a politician of high capacity, he has won in the interval between the period of the two plays every material reward of political or military ambition. A third part of the world is under his sway. Yet his triumphs have not engendered undue vanity or self-conceit. His worldly success has brought with it no haughtiness of demeanour nor overweening pride. He remains to the end through all the steps of his elevation a generous master to those who serve him loyally. In the field he shares with his men all campaigning hardships. The evidence, which Plutarch advances, of Antony's cruel treatment of his foes is ignored by Shakespeare, and there is a consequent inconsistency in the dramatist's appropriation from Plutarch's pages of the complaint of Antony's lieutenant Ventidius that his general is jealous of his subordinate's military victories. Everywhere else in the play a rare magnanimity distinguishes Antony's

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relations with his officers and men. Of a naturally convivial temperament, he enjoys social entertainment and can on occasion drink deep. His tastes, indeed, show no great refinement. Even in his imperial station he will at times indulge an original predilection for low, roistering company. But there is in Antony's moral constitution another defect which age and great position are destined to intensify. He has always been, in more than the average degree, susceptible to the charms of women. He is "our courteous Antony whom ne'er the word of 'no' woman heard speak." His matrimonial experiences were unfortunate. His first wife, "the shrill-tongued Fulvia," refused to identify herself with his interests, and engaged in factious political intrigue which embarrassed his public life. With chivalric generosity he recognised in her "a great spirit." But his joyless domestic experience was calculated to accentuate the sensual flaw. His second marriage with the placid Octavia was a mere move in the political game. His treatment of her is not lacking in characteristic courtesy. But before his union with her he had passed under Cleopatra's spell, and no call of duty, even in the absence of his enchantress, could liberate him from her toils.

Antony's infatuation for Cleopatra began when he was well advanced in middle age. He was over fifty when his passion reached its height. His head was grizzled and his brown hair was streaked with gray. The pre-eminent skill which Shakespeare brought to his portrayal of Cleopatra lends conviction to the com-

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pleteness of the sway which she exercises over her elderly lover. Antony abandons himself to her witchery with a desperate sincerity. Every object and every obligation which were unconcerned with Cleopatra pass from his range of vision. His whole nature is subdued to the delicious poison of her love. In her embraces he exclaims with perverse exaltation :

“ Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall ! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is to do thus ; when such a mutual pair
And such a twain can do’t, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.” (I, i, 33-40.)

In his lucid intervals his conscience warns him :

“ These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.” (I, ii, 113-114.)

For a moment he seeks escape from the Egyptian snare. By a mighty effort he obeys Octavius Cæsar’s summons to Rome and makes a despairing endeavour to play his just part in the affairs of the world, of which he is still “ the triple pillar.” But the link with Cleopatra is indissoluble. A separation only serves to fan the flame of his passion. He returns to her side and finds his bondage more enthralling than before.

Flashes of Antony’s martial spirit illumine the progress of his ruin. Recollections of his early prowess

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momentarily renew his courage, and sear his mind with the thought of his "most unnoble swerving." His impetuous challenge of Octavius Cæsar to single combat shows that his faith in his swordsmanship is still alive. But there is no redemption for him when, weakly permitting Cleopatra to accompany him to the battle of Actium, he follows in the track of her vessel when she flies from the enemy in panic fear. Passion has rendered him effeminate; he has tied his heart to her rudder by strings, which he cannot break. She exerts on his spirit so absolute a supremacy that her "beck might from the bidding of the gods command" him. One tear from her eye in acknowledgment of his reproof repays him for all he has lost.

Thus Antony moves onward to his relentless destiny. No torturing humiliation is spared him. Under the growing strain of accumulated disaster he mistakes an innocent exchange of courtesies between Cleopatra and Octavius' messenger for a declaration of affection. Then jealous anger encourages the belief, which Cleopatra goes a little way to justify, that she for whom he has yielded his reputation is a traitor. The stress of the new emotion robs him of the last shreds of self-respect. But before the inevitable end is reached, a false report of Cleopatra's death rekindles the heat of his passion. Life without Cleopatra becomes unthinkable. His spirit sinks past recovery, and he falls upon his sword. Even in his attempt at suicide an adverse fate pursues him. His wound does not prove fatal immediately, but death's postponement gives him the

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opportunity of a final reconciliation with his love, of which the dramatist takes 'marvellous advantage.

It is observable that the notes of roughness and sensuality in Antony's temper are ultimately mellowed by a vein of poetry, which lends a singular beauty to all his farewell utterances. Herein he resembles Shakespeare's Richard II and Macbeth, in both of whom a poetic temperament is quickened by despair. The great dialogue in which Antony takes leave of his faithful servant Eros abounds in delicate imagery, touched by the truest emotion. Each speech of Antony seems in this scene to take a finer poetic hue than the one that preceded it, and the utterances form as a whole a graduated crescendo of poetic splendour. The great simile drawn from the shifting shapes of clouds, "black vespers' pageants" would appear unsurpassable until we reach the glorious deliverance which begins

"Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep." (IV, xiv, 35-36.)

That outburst ends with the lines

"Eros! — I come, my queen. Eros! — Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours." (IV, xiv, 50-54.)

Yet even the poetic sensibility of this poignant pathos seems excelled a few lines below in Antony's cry

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“I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into ’t
As to a lover’s bed.” (IV, xiv, 99–101.)

Antony’s dying spirit of resignation silences all censure, and extorts assent to the charitable verdict which is pronounced on his chequered life by Mæcenas and Agrippa:

MÆCENAS.	“His taints and honours Waged equal with him.
- AGRIPPA.	A rarer spirit never Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us Some faults to make us men.” (V, i, 30–33.)

VI

Though it is only on the characters of Antony and Cleopatra that Shakespeare has bestowed the full measure of his power, there are few in the great crowd of the “*dramatis personæ*” who have not caught something of the spacious humanity with which the whole scheme of the tragedy thrills. Charmian and Iras, the queen’s attendants, mingle frivolity and fidelity with a realism which gives them a breathing individuality; they speak, albeit in a minor key, their mistress’s magic language. Charmian and Iras have a fit counterpart in Antony’s faithful servant Eros, whose speech comes direct from the heart. The same note of vigorous emotion is sounded with appropriate modulation even by such items of the rank and file as the schoolmaster of Cleopatra’s children, Euphronius, or Octavius’

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officers, Dolabella and Proculeius. The cast of the play is indeed innocent of walking ladies and walking gentlemen; however small the part, it is vivified by individually expressive sentiment.

Four personages are entitled to a closer examination. Octavius, Octavia, Lepidus and Enobarbus fill a place in the tragic story of small moment, compared with that of the hero and heroine. Yet any survey of the play, however perfunctory, compels some study of their distinguishing traits.

Viewed as dramatised history the ultimate significance of the tragedy centres in the triumph of Octavius, who is left by the catastrophe the supreme conqueror. All the obstacles to his singleness of dominion are swept away by the progress of events, and the scene closes on his unimpeded path to the imperial throne under the proud title of Augustus. There is irony in the completeness of Octavius' victory. The blood of his granduncle, Julius Cæsar (as we are reminded), "drenched the Capitol," because "courtiers of beautiful freedom . . . would have one man but a man." All the efforts of "the honest Roman Brutus" and of his friend "the lean and wrinkled Cassius" end in acclaiming the tyrant's heir "sole sir of the world."

The character of Octavius lacks the amplitude or warmth of colour which distinguishes his chief rival Antony. In "Julius Cæsar" he figures as a self-confident youth, who, despite a tendency to petulant obstinacy, is an admiring disciple of his brilliant colleague, Antony. The older man exerts on him a

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fascination, of which the effect, however dimmed by divergence of fortune and interest, is never quite obliterated. It is as a characterless "boy" with a pronounced prejudice against incurring undue danger,—"he at Philippi kept his sword e'en as a dancer,"—that Octavius always presents himself to Antony's mind, and that conception of him aggravates the torture of defeat at the "boy's" hand. But it is only Antony's perverted judgment that can detect in the adult Octavius inexperience or incapacity. Responsibilities have generated strength of will, self-control, and a calculating prudence. He has grown thoroughly alive to the grandeur of the undivided sway which Antony's delinquencies place within his grasp. Antony's abilities are beyond his scope. He is his inferior in soldierly resource. But in the qualities which go to form statesmen—in unimaginative solidity of outlook and in formidable common-sense—he is Antony's superior. His personal temperament renders irreparable the breach with his old master as soon as it begins. Excesses of all kinds are repugnant to him. He deprecates heavy drinking in the name of conviviality. Antony's self-indulgence and moral weakness excite his scorn and anger, and put it beside the question that he should show him mercy when he has him in his power. Stern of purpose, keensighted in his own interest, and astute in policy, he cherishes, at the same time, a certain magnanimity of temper, which preserves his action from any suspicion of malice or pettiness. He has no lack of the common measure of human affections. He

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treats his sister, Octavia, with brotherly tenderness, and he pays generous tributes to the memory of his fallen foes. Genuine emotion shakes his utterance in his magnificent apostrophe of the dead Antony. His boyish admiration for the tutor of his youth flashes anew, through his splendid cry: —

“The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.” (V, i, 17-19.)

His thoughts turn involuntarily to the days when they worked and fought side by side. The ruin of his “mate in empire” draws from him “tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts.” So, too, when his astute plan of bringing Cleopatra alive to Rome to grace his triumph is foiled by her suicide, it is sincere pity for her sad fate and no mean sense of personal disappointment that gives the key to his elegiac epilogue. But Octavius’ reward is out of all proportion to his personal character or achievements. He, indeed, has better right than any other personage in the tragedy to the title of “the man of destiny” or child of circumstance. He wins the imperial crown largely by force of “natural luck” (II, iii, 26). Luck is always on his side. “The very dice obey him” (*ib.* 34 *et seq.*). If we are disinclined to assign (with Cleopatra) his triumph (V, ii, 284) wholly to “the luck of Cæsar,” it is impossible to assign his ascendancy to private merit or to personal charm.

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"Admired Octavia," Octavius' sister, who for purposes of policy becomes Antony's wife, is a slighter sketch, but she is limned in sufficient detail to make her an effective foil of the great heroine. Octavius calls her in all sincerity "a piece of virtue," and she is as liberally gifted with the feminine virtues which make for the purity of home life as her rival is endowed with the charms which expose domestic peace to fatal peril. Her voice is low. Her eyes carry a demure expression. She is slow in her gait. She suffers in silence, and her sorrows seek no solace in passionate outcry. Her grief resembles, in the eye of observers, a feather of swan's-down

"That stands upon the swell at full of tide,"
And neither way inclines." (III, ii, 48-50.)

Seriousness is the predominant note of her being. It is natural that the frivolous-minded should regard her as distant and dull. One critical observer credits her with "a holy, cold, and still conversation," another remarks of her that "she shows a body rather than a life, a statue than a breather." The contrast between the staid womanliness of Antony's neglected wife and the vitality of his mistress is brought into high relief by Cleopatra's frequent confessions of dread at meeting in the day of her ruin "the sober eye of dull Octavia" (V, ii, 54-55). "If knife, drug, serpents have edge, sting, or operation," Cleopatra threatens to escape the humiliation of facing Octavia "with her modest eyes and still conclusion Demuring upon her." (IV, xv, 25-29.)

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Two other minor personages, Lepidus and Enobarbus, are equally worthy of study. Their characters are virtually Shakespeare's own creation and owe little or nothing to Plutarch's suggestion. Both add dramatic variety to the tragic canvas. The triumvir Lepidus is an inanimate historic figure. Although his ambition was scarcely smaller than that of his colleagues, his lack of intellectual or military capacity deprives his career of genuine interest. Without historic authority Shakespeare in "Antony and Cleopatra" casts him in the mould of Polonius. He had already figured in "Julius Cæsar" as a "slight unmeritable man" whom Antonius scornfully likens to a theatrical "property." In "Antony and Cleopatra" he moves across the stage as a senile twaddler asking foolish questions and acquiescing in intentionally foolish answers. He professes extravagant esteem and affection for men of influence, and his obsequiousness exposes him to the just taunt that he has the body of a beetle without the wings. His wits are easily fuddled by drink, and although still "a triple pillar of the world," he is finally carried to bed in a drunken stupor by a slave. His subsequent deposition from power and his exile find obscure and incidental mention in the play. He is undeserving of prolonged notice, and Shakespeare is content to indicate that he meets an appropriate fate.

On Enobarbus Shakespeare bestows some of his finest insight. His full name in the tragedy is Domitius Enobarbus. In Plutarch Antony has two captains, one named Domitius, and the other named Domitius Enobarbus, both of whom enjoy their commander's

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confidence. Domitius ultimately deserts Antony's service without forfeiting Antony's good-will. Domitius Enobarbus survives Antony and marries one of his daughters by Octavia. But though Shakespeare's Enobarbus must be regarded as the offspring of this double parentage, the links which bind him to his prototypes are negligible. Shakespeare's Enobarbus is a rough soldier imbued with a robust common-sense and a sturdy ironical humour. He is a sworn foe to sophistries and illusions. He is no believer in the comfortable doctrine that "truth should be silent." Indeed his frank criticism of passing events invests him through the early portions of the play with the function of a chorus who sardonically warns the protagonists of the destiny awaiting their delinquencies and follies. This was a new adaptation of the choric principle in drama, and Shakespeare seems to have been well satisfied with the first experiment. He repeated it in "Coriolanus," the play on which he next worked. There the choric function is performed by the shrewd, yet kindly, Menenius. Enobarbus is crosser-grained than his successor, but he does not yield to Menenius in the broad humanity of his sympathies. His devotion to his master Antonius finally tears his heart asunder when Antony wantonly abandons his better self past recall. Enobarbus' sobriety of judgment then comes into conflict with his tenderness of heart. His mother-wit will not suffer him to serve fools :

"The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly." (III, xiii, 42-43.)

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At the last he deserts his master. But he has underestimated the force of his love. In the enemy's camp "he joys no more," and dies of remorse "a master leaver and a fugitive." Few passages in Shakespeare are more pathetic than Enobarbus' dying speech.

VII

Although Shakespeare's tragedy is by far the finest pronouncement on the historic theme of Antony's relations with Cleopatra, it was by no means the last word. In the historic chronicle of dramatic literature, it forms but the central link in a chain of dramatic effort which was already prolonged before Shakespeare's tragedy came into being, and underwent a more memorable extension subsequently. In France the series of dramas on the subject of Cleopatra knew no interruption from the time of Jodelle and Garnier in the sixteenth century to that of Marmontel in the eighteenth or to that of Madame De Girardin and Sardou in the nineteenth. In Germany the budding drama of the seventeenth century sought nourishment in the Queen of Egypt's passion as early as 1660 in the stilted "Cleopatra" of Daniel Casper von Lohenstein. Two other German dramatists — Cornelius von Ayrenhoff in 1783 and Julius Reichsgraf von Soden in 1793 — emulated this awkward experiment, and they were followed by a more notable writer, August von Kotzebue, who in 1801 gave Antony and Cleopatra leading rôles in his tragedy of "Octavia." Meanwhile the torch lit in Italy by

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Cinthio passed to the hand of Cardinal Delfino in 1660 and to that of Alfieri, who in 1775 first tried his hand at tragedy in his "Antonio e Cleopatra."¹

In England "the greatest dramatic wits of our nation" after Shakespeare's life ended sought fresh inspiration in the history of Antony and Cleopatra. A tragedy, "A False One," by Fletcher and Massinger, the chief of Shakespeare's immediate successors, restricts itself to that amour of Cleopatra with Julius Cæsar which preceded Antony's infatuation. The authors in their prologue gave the audience the somewhat doubtful assurance

"We treat not of what boldness she did dye,
Nor of her fatal love to Antony.
What we present and offer to your view,
Upon their faiths the Stage yet never knew."

There followed unimpressive versions of Shakespeare's main plot by the voluminous classicist Thomas May in 1639 and by the laureate of Restoration profligacy, Sir Charles Sedley, in 1667. Both writers crudely and frigidly echo the Shakespearean note. The only tragedy of that period on the subject of Antony and Cleopatra which claims critical interest is Dryden's drama "All for Love" (1678). Dryden affirmed that he wrote quite independently of "the divine Shakespeare," though he professed to imitate his style.

¹ An especially full survey of the dramatic literature on the subject of Antony and Cleopatra, which succeeded Shakespeare's play, will be found in Mr. H. H. Furness' admirable edition of that piece (1907) in his new "Variorum Shakespeare."

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The progress of Dryden's story is varied by an open quarrel between Antony and his lieutenant Ventidius, while Antony's wife Octavia and his mistress Cleopatra meet to exchange furious reproaches. Students of Dryden are agreed that "All for Love" is the writer's masterpiece in drama. None would deny high dramatic spirit to many of Dryden's scenes. The unities are more carefully respected by Dryden than by Shakespeare, and the dramatic construction thereby gains in consistency. But the characterisation and the pervading temper set Dryden's endeavour in a category very inferior to that in which Shakespeare's luxuriance of dramatic power gives him pre-eminence.

More recent plays on the subject by Englishmen include a tragedy by Henry Brooke called "Antony and Cleopatra," which was printed in 1778, but was never acted, and a romantic version of Cleopatra's amour with Julius Cæsar called "Cæsar and Cleopatra" by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, which was published in 1898, and has been several times represented on the stage. Walter Savage Landor's "Antony and Cleopatra" (c. 1840) although it is entitled "a dialogue in verse" is a brief and spirited drama in twelve scenes, in which nearly all the characters in Shakespeare's play find place.

The looseness of construction, which characterises Shakespeare's play, probably accounts for the sporadic favour which has been extended to it by theatrical managers in England. The multitude of the "dramatis personæ," and the numerous scenic divisions, which

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reach a total of forty-two, present, too, obstacles to its representation on the stage, in spite of the attraction for actor and actress of the characters of Antony and of Cleopatra. Dryden's "All for Love" in the later years of the seventeenth century and throughout the eighteenth altogether outstripped Shakespeare's tragedy in theatrical popularity in London. Garrick achieved in 1758 a very limited measure of success in a revision of Shakespeare's play by the Shakespearean scholar, Edward Capell. Other adaptations were made for stage purposes by John Philip Kemble in 1813, and by Macready in 1833, both of whom won applause in the part of Antony, although their performances were few. More notable was the revival of the piece in its original shape by Samuel Phelps in 1850, when Miss Glyn supplied an interpretation of the rôle of Cleopatra which holds a prominent place in the stage-history of the play. Later English revivals have largely depended for their impressiveness on the sumptuousness of the scenic setting. Among the most recent productions in England Mr. Beerbohm Tree's presentation of the tragedy at His Majesty's Theatre, London, in the winter of 1906-1907, is entitled to honourable mention.

In continental Europe, where public taste encourages the theatrical representation of Shakespeare's plays with simple scenic accessories, "Antony and Cleopatra" is far more frequently acted than in English-speaking countries. The tragedy is permanently enrolled in the repertory of the great acting companies of Germany.

SIDNEY LEE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

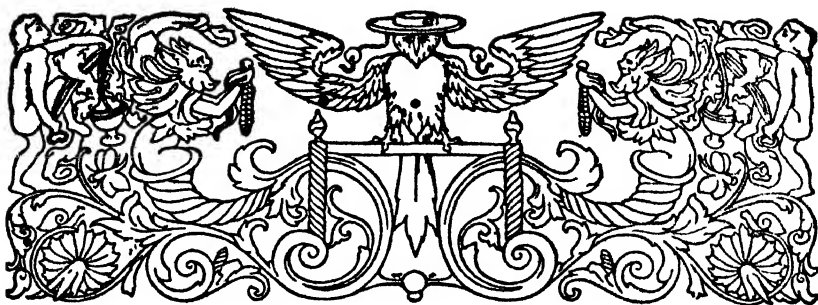
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, SEXTUS POMPEIUS.	}	triumvirs. .
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, VENTIDIUS, EROS, SCARUS, DERCETAS, DEMETRIUS, PHILO, MÆCENAS, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, PROCULEIUS, THYREUS, GALLUS, MENAS, MENECRATES, VARRIUS,		
TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar. CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony. SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army. EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.	}	friends to Cæsar.
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, a eunuch, SELEUCUS, DIOMEDES, A Soothsayer. A Clown.		
	}	attendants on Cleopatra.
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Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *In several parts of the Roman empire*

¹ This play was first printed in the First Folio of 1623. "Actus Primus. Scena Prima" heads the text. but there is no other indication of Act or



ACT FIRST — SCENE I — ALEXANDRIA
A ROOM IN CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO

PHILO



AY, BUT THIS DOTAGE
of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those
his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters
of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars,
now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their
view
Upon a tawny front: his cap-
tain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great
fights hath burst

The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

⁴ *plated*] armour-clothed. Cf. *Rich. II.*, I, iii, 28: "*plated in habiliments of war.*"

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT I

Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her

10

Look, where they come:

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

CLEO. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

ANT. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

CLEO. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

ANT. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant

ATT. News, my good lord, from Rome.

ANT. Grates me: the sum.

6 a tawny front] Cleopatra was of pure Greek blood, and though of dark complexion could only in the way of exaggerated depreciation be described as of "a tawny visage."

8 reneges all temper] renounces all his wonted disposition.

9-10 the bellows . . . gipsy's lust] Cf. Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, II, ix, 30:

"bellows which did styre Continually and cooling breath inspyre."

"Gypsy" is a vague term of contempt; see *Rom. and Jul.*, II, iv, 41:

"Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gypsy."

12 The triple pillar] The third pillar, one of three. Cf. *All's Well*, II, i, 107: "a triple eye." Antony was one of the triumvirs, Octavius and Lepidus being the other two.

15 There's beggary . . . reckon'd] Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, II, vi, 32: "They are but beggars that can count their worth." The proverbial phrase is common in Latin poetry. Cf. Ovid's *Metam.*, xiii, 824: "pauperis est numerare pecus" and Martial, *Epigr.*, vi, 34: "pauca cupit qui numerare potest."

16 bourn] boundary, limit.

18 Grates me: the sum] This jars on me; let me have the substance

SCENE I ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

CLEO. Nay, hear them, Antony:
 Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows 20
 If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
 His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
 Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
 Perform 't, or else we damn thee."

ANT. How, my love!

CLEO. Perchance! nay, and most like:
 *You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
 Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
 Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? both?
 Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
 Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine 30
 Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
 When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

ANT. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
 Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.
 Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
 Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair [Embracing.
 And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,

in brief. Thus the First Folio. For *Grates me* the later Folios
 read *Rate me* which might mean "enumerate." No change is
 needful.

19 *them*] the news (in plural). Cf. the corresponding passage in North's

Plutarch: "Very ill *news* were brought him."

23 *Take in*] Conquer, subdue; cf. III, vii, 23, and III, xiii, 83, *infra*.

28 *process*] summons, citation; a legal term.

31 *homager*] one who owes homage.

34 *ranged*] well-ordered, well-built.

35 *dungy earth*] Cf. *Wint. Tale*, II, i, 157: "the whole *dungy* earth."

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

[Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.]

DEM. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

PHI. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

DEM. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! *[Exeunt.]*

60

SCENE II — THE SAME

ANOTHER ROOM

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer

CHAR. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the sooth-
sayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew

54 *qualities*] dispositions.

58 *that great property*] that characteristic of greatness.

60 *approves*] attests, corroborates.

SCENE II. *Enter Charmian . . . Soothsayer*] The Folios add to these characters Enobarbus (who obviously makes his first entry at line 10, *infra*), together with Lamprius, Rannius, Lucillius, and Mardian the Eunuch, none of whom appear in the scene itself, and only one of whom, Mardian the Eunuch, figures elsewhere in the play. Lamprius or Lampryas is casually noticed by Plutarch; he was the biographer's grandfather, and while a student at Alexandria, made friends with one of Mark Antony's cooks, who showed him over Antony's kitchens. Rannius and Lucillius are superfluities for whom it is difficult to account.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT I

this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

ALEX. Soothsayer!

SOOTH. Your will?

CHAR. Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know things?

SOOTH. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

ALEX. Show him your hand. 10

Enter ENOBARBUS

ENO. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

CHAR. Good sir, give me good fortune.

SOOTH. I make not, but foresee.

CHAR. Pray then, foresee me one.

SOOTH. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

CHAR. He means in flesh.

IRAS. No, you shall paint when you are old.

CHAR. Wrinkles forbid!

ALEX. Vex not his prescience; be attentive. 20

CHAR. Hush!

SOOTH. You shall be more loving than beloved.

CHAR. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

4-5 *must charge . . . garlands*] must wear the signs of conjugal dishonour as though they were a desirable ornament. *Charge* is Theobald's and Warburton's reasonable emendation of the Folio reading *change*, which could only give the weak meaning that Charmian's supposititious husband would have to exchange his marks of conjugal disgrace for the garlands or chaplets of conjugal honour.

23 *I had rather heat my liver with drinking*] The liver was held to be the

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ALEX. Nay, hear him.

CHAR. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

SOOTH. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve. 30

CHAR. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

SOOTH. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

CHAR. Then belike my children shall have no names: prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

SOOTH. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

seat of love, and was judged at the same time to be sensitive to the effects of wine. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, i, 81: "let my liver rather heat with wine."

27-28 *a child . . . do homage*] A somewhat blasphemous reference to *Matthew*, ii, 8, where Herod says: "Go and search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him, bring me word again that I may come and worship him also." For another reference to Herod of Jewry, cf. III, iii, 3, *infra*.

29 *companion me . . . mistress*] Were she to become wife of Octavius, Charmian would naturally be of the same rank as Cleopatra.

31 *I love long life better than figs*] A proverbial expression. Figs are often reckoned poisonous and a means of shortening life.

34 *my children shall have no names*] my children shall be bastards. Cf. *Lucrece*, 522: "Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy."

37 *fertile*] Theobald's correction of the Folio reading *foretell*, which has been interpreted as "If I should foretell all your wishes."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT I

CHAR. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

ALEX. You think none but your sheets are privy to
your wishes. 40

CHAR. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

ALEX. We'll know all our fortunes.

ENO. Mine and most of our fortunes to-night shall
be — drunk to bed.

IRAS. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

* CHAR. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

IRAS. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

CHAR. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognos-
tication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but
a worky-day fortune. 50

SOOTH. Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS. But how, but how? give me particulars.

SOOTH. I have said.

IRAS. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

CHAR. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better
than I, where would you choose it?

IRAS. Not in my husband's nose.

CHAR. Our worse thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,
— come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a

38 *for a witch*] As you are a wizard, who is privileged to say disagreeable
things.

48-49 *if an oily palm . . . prognostication*] Cf. *Othello*, III, iv, 33-35:

"This hand is moist, my lady. . . . This argues fruitfulness and
liberal heart."

49 *I cannot scratch mine ear*] I am a helpless fool; a proverbial phrase.

50 *worky-day*] work-a-day, every-day, ordinary.

58-59 *Alexas, — come*] The Folios treat Alexas as the name of the speaker
to whom the rest of the speech is assigned. Theobald rightly con-

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee ! and ⁶⁰ let her die too, and give him a worse ! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold ! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight ; good Isis, I beseech thee !

IRAS. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people ! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded : therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly !

CHAR. Amen.

70

ALEX. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do 't !

ENO. Hush ! here comes Antony.

CHAR. Not he ; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA

CLEO. Saw you my lord ?

ENO. No, lady.

CLEO. Was he not here ?

CHAR. No, madam.

CLEO. He was disposed to mirth ; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus ! 80

tinued the words to Charmian, in agreement with the context. All the speeches of Alexas in the Folios are headed "Alex" not "Alexas."

60 cannot go] cannot bear children.

sweet Isis] The Egyptian deity, who divided divine power with her brother god, Osiris.

65-66 that prayer of the people] that prayer of the public, that generally approved prayer.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT I

ENO. Madam?

CLEO. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's
Alexas?

ALEX. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

CLEO. We will not look upon him: go with us.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY with a Messenger and Attendants

MESS. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

ANT. Against my brother Lucius?

MESS. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar,
Whose better issue in the war from Italy 90
Upon the first encounter drave them.

ANT. Well, what worst?

MESS. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANT. When it concerns the fool or coward. On:
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

MESS. Labienus —

This is stiff news — hath with his Parthian force
Extended Asia from Euphrates,

88 *the time's state*] the state of affairs.

89 *jointing*] conjoining, combining.

98 *Extended*] Seized upon (in the legal sense). Cf. the substantive "*Extent*," i. e., "legal seizure," in *As you like it*, III, i, 17: "Make an *extent* upon his house and lands."

Euphrates] Accented on the first and third syllables. "Asia" is a trisyllable.

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia,

100

Whilst —

ANT. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

MESS. O, my lord!

ANT. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue:

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us
Is as our earring. Fare thee well awhile.

MESS. At your noble pleasure. *[Exit.]*

ANT. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there! 110

FIRST ATT. The man from Sicyon, is there such an
one?

SEC. ATT. He stays upon your will.

ANT. Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

102 *home*] directly, without mincing matters.

106-108 *O, then we bring forth . . . earring*] The meaning is "when we are immersed in sloth and luxury, and our active mental faculties are stagnating, then we engender weeds (instead of fruits), but a plain statement of our sinfulness is as the ploughing up of the fallow soil in us, and a stirring of the hope of harvest." "Earring" in the sense of "ploughing" is common. *Minds* is Hanmer's correction of the Folio reading *winds*, which has been explained unconvincingly as a figurative reference either to brisk, searching winds which make the earth fruitful, or to the rough breath of public censure, which prevents the growth of moral weeds.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT I

Enter another Messenger

What are you ?

SEC. MESS. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

ANT. Where died she ?

SEC. MESS. In Sicyon :

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. *[Gives a letter.]*

ANT. Forbear me.

[Exit Sec. Messenger.]

There's a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it :
What our contempts do often hurl from us, 120
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself : she's good, being gone ;
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off :
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now ! Enobarbus !

Re-enter ENOBARBUS

ENO. What's your pleasure, sir ?

ANT. I must with haste from hence.

ENO. Why then we kill all our women. We see how

118 *Forbear me]* Leave my presence.

121-123 *the present pleasure . . . opposite of itself]* the immediate pleasure,
by change of circumstance, by a revolution of fortune's wheel, becomes
the very opposite of a joy, is converted into grief.

124 *could pluck]* would willingly pluck.

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

132

ANT. I must be gone.

ENO. Under a compelling occasion let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

ANT. She is cunning past man's thought.

141

ENO. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

ANT. Would I had never seen her!

ENO. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

150

ANT. Fulvia is dead.

ENO. Sir?

ANT. Fulvia is dead.

ENO. Fulvia!

ANT. Dead.

ENO. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man

138-139 upon far poorer moment] for far less reason, upon far smaller motive.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT I

from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

ANT. The business she hath broached in the state 165
Cannot endure my absence.

ENO. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

ANT. No more light answers. Let our officers 170
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too

158-160 *it shows to man . . . make new*] This act of the deities (in depriving a man of his wife) recalls to the bereaved husband the existence of earthly tailors, who can always replace a worn-out article of apparel with a *fit* one. There is comfort in the reflection that when old robes are worn out, there are members of the community ready to make new ones.

161 *a cut*] a wound from a blow; with a quibble on the word in the sense of "the cut" or shape of clothes.

172 *expedience*] hasty departure.

173 *leave*] Pope's correction of the Folio reading *love*, which would make the sentence mean "and prevail on her love to consent to our parting."

174 *urgent touches*] pressing motives.

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Of many our contriving friends in Rome
 Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
 Hath given the dare to Cæsar and commands
 The empire of the sea: our slippery people,
 Whose love is never link'd to the deserver 180
 Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
 Pompey the Great and all his dignities
 Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
 The sides o' the world may danger. Much is
 breeding.

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence. 190
 ENO. I shall do 't. [Exeunt.]

176 *contriving friends*] friends actively managing affairs.

178 *the dare*] the challenge.

181-183 *begin to throw . . . his son*] begin to confer the title of Pompey the Great, and all his honours upon his son.

183 *his son*] Sextus Pompeius, mentioned in line 177, *supra*, who was now collecting a great fleet which was soon to be defeated by Octavius and Lepidus. His only brother Cneius had been killed at the battle of Munda, 45 B. C.

185 *main*] pre-eminent, leading.

185-186 *whose quality . . . danger*] whose power increasing at its present rate may endanger the empire to its utmost limits.

187-188 *like the courser's hair . . . poison*] Reference is here made to the belief that horse-hair may, if laid in water, turn into a poisonous serpent.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT I

SCENE III — THE SAME

ANOTHER ROOM

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRIS, and ALEXAS

CLEO. Where is he ?

CHAR. I did not see him since.

CLEO. See where he is, who 's with him, what he does :
I did not send you : if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing ; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick : quick, and return. [*Exit Alexas.*]

CHAR. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

CLEO. What should I do, I do not ?

CHAR. In each thing give him way, cross him in
nothing.

CLEO. Thou teachest like a fool : the way to lose him. 10

CHAR. Tempt him not so too far ; I wish, forbear :
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Enter ANTONY

CLEO. I am sick and sullen.

ANT. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose, —

3 *I did not send you*] Act as if I did not send you. Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*,
IV, ii, 71 : "We met by chance ; you did not find me here."

11 *I wish, forbear*] I commend forbearance.

SCENE III ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

CLEO. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

ANT. Now, my dearest queen, —

CLEO. Pray you, stand farther from me.

ANT. What's the matter?

CLEO. I know, by that same eye, there's some good
news.

What says the married woman? You may go: 20
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 't is I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

ANT. The gods best know —

CLEO. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

ANT. Cleopatra, —

CLEO. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness, 30
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

ANT. Most sweet queen, —

CLEO. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,

16 *the sides of nature*] Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, iv, 92-93: "There is no woman's
sides Can bide the beating of so strong a passion."

27-31 *Why should I think . . . swearing*] Cf. I, i, 42-43, *supra*, and note.

29 *Riotous madness*] Cleopatra is crediting herself with the self-decep-
tion of a frenzied insanity.

32 *colour*] pretext, pretence.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT I

Then was the time for words: no going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

ANT. How now, lady!

CLEO. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know 40
There were a heart in Egypt.

ANT. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey, 50
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;

36 *our brows' bent*] the arch of our eyebrows.

37 *a race*] a smack or flavour. The word is specially applied to the taste of wine. Cf. Massinger, *New Way*, I, iii, "rich canary . . . of the right race."

40 *thy inches*] thy stature, thy size.

44 *in use*] in pledge, not in absolute possession, a legal phrase.

45 *civil swords*] civil warfare.

46 *the port of Rome*] Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber, which Sextus Pompeius' fleet was approaching.

48 *scrupulous*] captious.

SCENE III ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

And quietness grown sick of rest would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

CLEO. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

ANT. She 's dead, my queen:
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awaked: at the last, best;
See when and where she died.

CLEO. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

ANT. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear, which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence

53 *purge*] seek a cure.

54-55 *My more particular . . . going*] More immediate reason for going,
a reason which would render my departure safe as far as you are
concerned. For "safe" as a verb, cf. IV, vi, 26, *infra*: "you *saved* the
bringer."

58 *It does . . . die?*] Age exempts me from the childishness of believing
all I hear. I cannot believe that Fulvia is dead.

61 *garboils*] tumults, commotions. Cf. II, ii, 71, *infra*.
at the last, best] "at the last" means merely, "finally." "Best" seems
here a vocative term of endearment like "dearest," and the semi-
colon may well be replaced by a comma. Cf. *Hamlet*, II, ii, 120:
"but that I love thee best, *O most best*, believe it."

63 *sacred vials*] the bottles filled with tears of kinsfolk, placed by Romans
in the urns containing the ashes of their dead friends.

67 *are, or cease*] go on or end.

Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war 70
As thou affect'st.

CLEO. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be: I am quickly ill and well,
So Antony loves.

ANT. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

CLEO. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

ANT. You'll heat my blood: no more. 80

CLEO. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

ANT. Now, by my sword, —

CLEO. And target. Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

72-73 *I am quickly ill and well, So Antony loves*] Cleopatra's health is quick to recover from illness if Antony be steadfast in his love. Some editors place a colon after *well*, giving the sentence the meaning "Antony's love is fluctuating as my health."

74 *give true evidence to*] accept true testimony for.

75 *So Fulvia told me*] A bantering way of saying "I understood as much from your relations to Fulvia." Cleopatra had no personal intercourse with Antony's wife.

78 *Belong to Egypt*] Belong to me, the Queen of Egypt.

81 *this is meetly*] this is pretty fair; you'll act better with more practice.

84 *this Herculean Roman*] According to tradition recorded by Plutarch,

SCENE III ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ANT. I'll leave you, lady.

CLEO. Courteous lord, one word.
 Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
 Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it:
 That you know well: something it is I would, —
 O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
 And I am all forgotten.

90

ANT. But that your royalty
 Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
 For idleness itself.

CLEO. 'Tis sweating labour
 To bear such idleness so near the heart
 As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
 Since my becoming's kill me when they do not

the "family of the Antonii were descended from one Anton, the son of Hercules . . . whereof the family took name. This opinion did Antonius seek to confirm in all his doings." Cf. IV, xii, 44, *infra*, where Antony apostrophises "Alcides (*i. e.*, Hercules), thou mine ancestor."

84-85 *does become . . . chafe*] Cleopatra here lightly indicates a change of mood. She bids Charmian note that Antony is taking her chaff of him too seriously, is actually moved to anger by taunts which are not seriously meant.

90-91 *O, my oblivion . . . forgotten*] O, my forgetful memory is deserting me just like Antony himself, and I have lost memory of everything.

91-93 *But that your royalty . . . itself*] If it were not that your queenly majesty renders frivolity or frivolous discourse "your subject," holds it at your beck and call, I should imagine that you were frivolity itself, that you were the incarnation of levity.

96 *my becoming's*] my graces and prerogatives, the qualities that fit my state.

96-97 *kill me . . . to you*] are death to me when they do not appear well in your eyes.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT I

Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;
 Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
 And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
 Sit laurel victory! and smooth success 100
 Be strew'd before your feet!

ANT. Let us go. Come;
 Our separation so abides and flies,
 That thou residing here go'st yet with me,
 And I hence fleeting here remain with thee.
 Away! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV — ROME

CÆSAR'S HOUSE

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, reading a letter, LEPIDUS, and
 their train*

CÆS. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
 It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
 Our great competitor: from Alexandria
 This is the news: he fishes, drinks and wastes
 The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike

100 ~~laurel~~] Thus the First Folio. The later Folios read *Lawrell'd*.

103-104 *That thou residing . . . with thee*] The sentiment is very common in love-poetry: cf. *Sonnet* xlvii, 10: "Thyself away art present still with me." See also Plautus, *Mercator*, III, iv, 2: "Si domi sum, foris est animus: sin foris sum, animus domi est." (If I am at home, my mind's abroad; if I am abroad, my mind's at home.)

3 *Our*] an accepted correction of the Folio reading *One*.

competitor] associate, partner, colleague. Cf. V, i, 42, *infra*: "my brother my *competitor*."

SCENE IV ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall find
there

A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

LEP. I must not think there are 10
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary
Rather than purchased, what he cannot change
Than what he chooses.

CÆS. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amisss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffet 20
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish, — yet must Antony

9 *abstract*] epitome.

12 *the spots of heaven*] the comet-like blazes in the sky, rather than the stars which can hardly be likened to blemishes. But cf. *Hamlet*, V, ii, 247-249: "in my ignorance Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night, Stick fiery off indeed." The enveloping "blackness" is the domestic crisis evoked by Sextus Pompeius' menaces.

14 *purchased*] acquired by evil means.

18 *To give a kingdom for a mirth*] To give away a kingdom for a joke.

19 *keep the turn . . . slave*] drink glass for glass with a low companion.

20 *stand the buffet*] get to blows.

22 *composure*] constitution, character.

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
 So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
 Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
 Call on him for 't: but to confound such time
 That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud
 As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid 30
 As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger

LEP. Here's more news.

MESS. Thy biddings have been done; and every
 hour,
 Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
 How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
 And it appears he is beloved of those
 That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports

24 *soils*] Malone's correction of the Folio reading *foyls*, which, however, well suits the context in its sense of "disgrace" or "stigma."

25 *So great . . . lightness*] Such heavy burden, or responsibility from his ~~levity~~.

26 *vacancy*] leisure.

28 *Call on him*] Call him to account.

confound] consume, waste; as at I, i, 45, *supra*. The context gives "confound such time" here the significance of "ignore such calls of time" (or such emergencies).

31 *boys, who, being mature in knowledge*] boys, who being quite old enough to know better. "Boys" is often used by Shakespeare for "young men," who are endowed with a certain experience of life.

38 *fear'd Cæsar*] adhered to Cæsar from fear, not love.

SCENE IV ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

• CÆS. I should have known no less: 40
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

MESS. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads 50
They make in Italy; the borders maritime

39 *discontents*] malcontents.

41-44 *It hath been taught . . . lack'd*] We have learnt from the beginning of time that the man in power enjoyed love up to the very moment that he gained power, and the man whose fortune has declined, who was never loved till his ill-fortune made him not worth anybody's affection, becomes loved as soon as his power has gone, as soon as his power is missed. Cf. *Cor.*, IV, i, 15: "I shall be loved when I am *lack'd*." *Dear'd* is Warburton's change for *fear'd* of the Folios; but *fear'd* is intelligible, and suggests that the dispossessed and discredited ruler, who never won his people's love, might come to be feared or respected owing to a popular demand for his return to power.

45 *a vagabond flag upon the stream*] a wandering rush or reed floating on the stream.

46 *lackeying*] dancing attendance on like a lackey. Theobald's emendation of the Folio reading *lacking*.

49 *ear*] plough. Cf. I, ii, 108, *supra*: "ear[ing]."

Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

CÆS.

Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more 60
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsedst. On the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this —
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now —
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek 70
So much as lank'd not.

LEP.

'Tis pity of him.

52 *Lack blood . . . revolt*] Turn pale at the thought of it, and youth in the first flush of manhood rises in rebellion.

56 *wassails*] revelings. Pope's emendation of the Folio reading *vassails* or *vassals*.

57 *Modena*] here wrongly accented on the second syllable like "Verona."

All these details of Antony's conduct come verbatim from Plutarch.

59 *whom*] The antecedent is "famine."

62 *the gilded puddle*] from the reddish, gold-coloured slime observable on stagnant pools.

71 *lank'd*] shrank, showed lankness.

SCENE V ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

CÆS. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 't is time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

LEP. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

CÆS. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell. 80

LEP. Farewell, my lord: what you shall know mean-
time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

CÆS. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V — ALEXANDRIA

CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN

CLEO. Charmian!

CHAR. Madam?

CLEO. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

CHAR. Why, madam?

79 *To front*] In order to meet.

84 *I knew it for my bond*] I regarded it as my bounden duty.

4 *mandragora*] an herb, of which the infusion was a powerful opiate.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT I

CLEO. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

CHAR. You think of him too much.

CLEO. O, 't is treason !

CHAR. Madam, I trust, not so.

CLEO. Thou, eunuch Mardian !

MAR. What 's your highness' pleasure ?

CLEO. Not now to hear thee sing ; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has : 't is well for thee, 10

That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections ?

MAR. Yes, gracious madam. .

CLEO. Indeed !

MAR. Not in deed, madam ; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done :
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

CLEO. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now ? Stands he, or sits he ?
Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ? 20
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !
Do bravely, horse ! for wot'st thou whom thou movest ?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of mēn. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring "Where's my serpent of old Nile ?"

11 *unseminar'd*] emasculated. Shakespeare seems to have coined the word.

23 *The demi-Atlas*] Atlas bears the globe on his shoulders. Antony shares the burden with Octavius.

24 *burgonet*] helmet.

SCENE V ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

For so he calls me: now I feed myself
 With most delicious poison. Think on me,
 That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black
 And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
 When thou wast here above the ground, I was 30
 A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
 Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
 There would he anchor his aspect and die
 • With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS

ALEX. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

CLEO. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
 Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
 With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

ALEX. Last thing he did, dear queen,
 He kiss'd — the last of many doubled kisses — 40
 This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

CLEO. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

31 *great Pompey*] Cneius Pompeius, son of Pompey the Great, is referred to. Pompey the Great only reached Egypt as a refugee to be slain on landing. Cf. *supra*, I, ii, 183, note.

33 *anchor his aspect*] Cf. *Sonnet cxxxvii*, 5-6: "If eyes . . . Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride."

36-37 *that great medicine . . . gilded thee*] An allusion to the philosopher's stone, the chemical material or elixir which by its touch was reckoned by alchemists able to convert base metal into gold. Cleopatra attributes alchemical effects of the elixir to association with Antony.

40 *He kiss'd . . . kisses*] He kissed over and over again with doubled and redoubled warmth.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT I

ALEX. • “Good friend,” quoth he,
“Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.” So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh’d so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb’d by him.

CLEO. What, was he sad or merry? 50

ALEX. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

CLEO. O well divided disposition ! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man ; but note him :
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his ; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy ; but between both.

43 *firm*] constant.

44 *at whose foot*] by way of sequel to that.

45 ~~piece~~] ~~increase~~, make addition to.

48 *arm-gaunt*] Thus the Folios. Many changes, including *armgirt*, *termagant*, *arrogant*, *rampant*, have been suggested. The context requires that Antony's steed should be highbred, strong, and spirited. "Arm-gaunt" has been strained to imply long service in war which has rendered the animal gaunt. On the whole it seems prudent to reject *arm-gaunt* for *arm-girt*, i. e., caparisoned in armour or warlike equipment.

50 *beastly dumb'd*] was made inaudible by the beast's neighs. Theobald substituted *dumb'd* for *dumbe* of the Folios.

SCENE V ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

60

ALEX. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

CLEO. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

CHAR. O that brave Cæsar!

CLEO. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

CHAR. The valiant Cæsar!

CLEO. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

70

CHAR. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

CLEO. My salad days,
When I was green in judgement: cold in blood,

59 *mingle*] combination.

61 *So does it . . . else*] As it does (*i. e.*, becomes) no man else.

63 *thick*] so fast, so quick in succession.

71 *paragon*] compare or parallel.

73-74 *My salad days, . . . judgement*] The punctuation in the Folios placed a comma instead of a colon after *judgement*. In any case Cleopatra is talking interjectionally. She reproaches Charmian for talking of the days of her extreme youth, before her judgment had ripened. There is a coldness of temper in quoting talk of so distant a past.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT I

To say as I said then ! But come, away ;
Get me ink and paper :
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt.*

77 *several*] separate, individual.

78 *Or I'll unpeople Egypt*] Even if I shall send away as messengers all
my people.

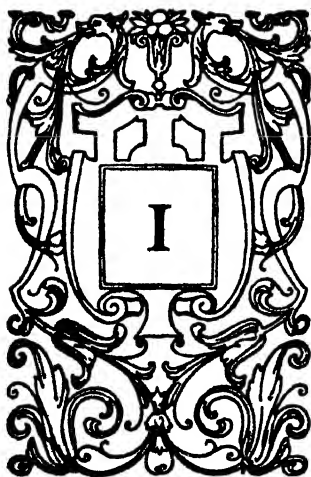


ACT SECOND — SCENE I — MESSINA

POMPEY'S HOUSE

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS, in warlike manner

POMPEY



IF THE GREAT GODS BE
just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

MENE. Know, worthy Pom-
pey,
That what they do delay, they
not deny.

POM. Whiles we are suitors to
their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

MENE. We, ignorant of our-
selves,
Beg often our own harms, which
the wise powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

POM. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT II

My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope 10
 Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
 In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
 No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
 He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
 Of both is flatter'd, but he neither loves,
 Nor either cares for him.

MEN. Cæsar and Lepidus
 Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

POM. Where have you this? 't is false.

MEM. From Silvius, sir.

POM. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
 Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love, 20
 Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!
 Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
 Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
 Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;

10 *crescent*] growing.

11 *it*] The antecedent is implied in "My powers are crescent" and may be defined as "the crescent force on my side," which it is hoped will, like the moon, grow from the crescent stage to the full.

15 *he neither loves*] he loves neither Cæsar nor Antony.

20 *Looking for*] Waiting for, expecting.

21 *Salt*] Wanton, lustful.

waned] faded. The Folios read *wand* by which "waned" seems intended. Cf. *Hamlet*, II, ii, 547: "all his visage *wann'd* (i. e., paled)." Pompey is speaking disrespectfully of Cleopatra.

23 *Tie up the libertine . . . feasts*] Keep the debauchee occupied by a host of luxurious entertainments. The strained figure comes from the practice of tying up, by a loose chain, cattle put out to grass.

SCENE I ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

That sleep and feeding may, prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter VARRIUS

How now, Varrius!

VAR. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 't is 30
A space for farther travel.

POM. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

MEN. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that 's dead did trespasses to Cæsar; 40

26-27 *may prorogue . . . dulness*] may keep his sense of honour stagnating till it sink into oblivious lethargy. •

31 *A space for farther travel*] A space of time has elapsed for a longer journey than that from Egypt to Rome.

35-36 *let us rear . . . opinion, that*] let us hold our reputation in higher esteem seeing that.

37 *Egypt's widow*] Cleopatra had been married at the instance of Julius Cæsar to her brother Ptolemy.

38-39 *I cannot hope . . . together*] I cannot expect Cæsar and Antony to greet each other with much friendliness.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT ~~41~~

His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

POM. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'T were pregnant they should square between them-
selves;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas.

50

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — ROME

THE HOUSE OF LEPIDUS

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS

LEP. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

ENO. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head

41 *warr'd*] The Second Folio's correction of the First Folio reading *war'd*. Cf. II, ii, 46-47, *infra*: "Your wife and brother Made wars upon me."

45 *'T were pregnant . . . themselves*] It were evident, or obvious, that they should quarrel amongst themselves.

50-51 *It only stands . . . to use*] Our lives wholly depend upon our using.

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

And speak as loud as Mars, By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.

LEP. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

ENO. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

LEP. But small to greater matters must give way.

ENO. Not if the small come first.

LEP. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS

ENO. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA

ANT. If we compose well here, to Parthia
Hark, Ventidius.

CÆS. I do not know,
Mæcenas; ask Agrippa.

LEP. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not

7-8 *Were I the wearer . . . to-day*] Were the speaker Antony, he would not show Cæsar the courtesy of making a careful toilet for the meeting. Cf. Enobarbus's description of Antony at line 228, *infra*: "Being barber'd ten times o'er."

9 *stomaching*] quarreling or resentment.

15 *If we compose . . . Parthia*] If we make a satisfactory arrangement here, we must go off to Parthia straightway.

16-17 *I do not know . . . Agrippa*] Cæsar is continuing a conversation with Mæcenas which has begun before their entry.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT II

A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate 20
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

ANT. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies and to fight,
I should do thus. [Flourish.]

CÆS. Welcome to Rome.

ANT. Thank you.

CÆS. Sit. 30

ANT. Sit, sir.

CÆS. Nay, then.

ANT. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

CÆS. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

25 *Nor curstness grow to the matter*] Nor let scolding, ill-humoured speech
be added to the real subject of our difference.

27 *I should do thus*] I should act in the friendly spirit that Lepidus has
recommended.

30-32 *Sit . . . Nay, then*] Antony with somewhat strained courtesy
requests Cæsar to seat himself first. Cæsar complies, deprecating
any discussion on so trifling a point of ceremony.

36 *say myself*] declare myself.

38 *derogately*] disparagingly.

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ANT. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?

40

• CÆS. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

ANT. How intend you, practised?

CÆS. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

ANT. You do mistake your business; my brother
never

Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

50

43 *practise on my state*] conspire against my position.

47-48 *their contestation . . . for you*] their quarrel had you for its theme.

The construction is irregular. The context shows that the words do not mean, as their order literally suggests, that the quarrel was the cause of Antony's treasonable activity.

50 *urge me in his act*] use my name by way of justifying his action.

51 *true reports*] true reporters; abstract for concrete.

54-55 *against my stomach . . . your cause*] against the inclination likewise of me who was committed to the same cause as yourself.

56-58 *If you'll patch . . . with this*] If you'll manufacture, or piece out,

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ENO. Would we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women! 70

• ANT. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say, I could not help it.

CÆS. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

ANT. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted and did want 80
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

CÆS. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

the spirit of my wife, Fulvia, in a wife of your own. Then you
might govern a third part of the world with the ease that you could
guide your horse with the aid of a snaffle, but you could never rule
such a wife with that sort of facility.

70 *with the women*] with the women on their side.

71 *garboils*] tumults, disturbances. Cf. I, iii, 61, *supra*.

78 *gibe my missive*] ridicule my messenger.

79 *fell . . . admitted*] came upon me, before he was formally introduced.

80-81 *did want . . . morning*] was not quite myself in the morning.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT II

LEP. Soft, Cæsar!

ANT. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar; 90
The article of my oath.

CÆS. To lend me arms and aid when I required them;
The which you both denied.

ANT. Neglected rather,
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do 100
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

LEP. 'Tis noble spoken.

MÆC. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

89-90 *The honour . . . lack'd it*] The theme of honour, my regard for my oath, which he now speaks of, is a sacred matter, a matter of supreme moment, assuming that I committed any breach of my sworn obligation.

94-95 *when poison'd hours . . . knowledge*] when dissipation had estranged me from a sense of what I owed myself.

98 *without it*] without proper regard for my honesty.

100 *the ignorant motive*] the unconscious and involuntary instigator.

104 *The griefs between ye*] Your grievances against one another.

106 *Speaks to atone you*] Calls for a reconciliation.

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

LEP. **Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.**

ENO. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

• ANT. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

ENO. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

ANT. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

ENO. Go to, then; your considerate stone.

CÆS. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

AGR. Give me leave, Cæsar. 120

CÆS. Speak, Agrippa.

AGR. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

114 *your considerate stone*] I will be as silent as a respectful stone; I will be respectfully dumb.

117-118 *our conditions . . . acts*] our natures so different in their workings.

119 *What hoop . . . stanch*] Cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, IV, iv, 43-47: "A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in, That the united vessel of their blood . . . Shall never leak."

122-123 *Thou hast a sister . . . Octavia*] According to Plutarch "Octavia [was] the eldest sister of Cæsar, not by one mother, for she came of Ancharia and Cæsar, himself, afterwards of Accia."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT. II

CÆS. Say not, so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

ANT. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

AGR. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers and to knit your hearts 130
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter., By this marriage
All little jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other and all loves to both 140
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

ANT. Will Cæsar speak?

CÆS. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

125-126 *your reproof . . . rashness*] reproof or rebuke of you were fitly
merited by such rashness. *Reproof* is Hanmer's correction of the
Folio reading *proof*.

137 *which . . . dangers*] which now bring dangers along with them.

138-139 *truths would be tales . . . truths*] true reports of dangerous
jealousies would then be treated as idle tales where as now imperfect
tales of such jealousies pass for full and true reports, and do as much
mischief.

ANT. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good?

ANT. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand: 150
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!

LEP. Happily, amen!

LEP. Time calls upon's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

160-162 *I must thank . . . defy him*] I must give him bare thanks lest I should be condemned for failing to remember benefits. Following that expression of gratitude, I am prepared to offer him defiance.

ANT. Where lies he?
CÆS. About the Mount Misenum.
ANT. What's his strength
By land?
CÆS. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.
ANT. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
CÆS. With most gladness; 170
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.
ANT. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
LEP. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.
[Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.
MÆC. Welcome from Egypt, sir.
ENO. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenus! My
honourable friend, Agrippa!
AGR. Good Enobarbus!
MÆC. We have cause to be glad that matters are so
well digested. Your stayed well by 't in Egypt. 180

180 *digested*] The First Folio has *digested*, a form of the word well recognised at the time.

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ENO. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

MÆC. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

ENO. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

MÆC. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

ENO. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus. 191

AGR. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

ENO. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were
silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
The water which they beat to follow faster, 200
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see

188-189 *if report be square to her*] if report be fair to her, if report do her justice.

195-200 *The barge . . . undid did*] This description is taken from Plutarch with small verbal changes.

203 *cloth-of-gold of tissue*] plain cloth thickly embroidered with gold. North uses the expression here.

The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did.

AGR. O, rare for Antony!

ENO. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides, 210
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings: at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,

205 *outwork nature*] Cf. *Cymb.*, V, v, 163-165: "for feature, laming The shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*, Postures beyond brief *nature*."

208 *glow*] heat, warm; Rowe's correction of the Folio reading *glove*.

210 *Nereides*] sea nymphs who attend on Neptune. North translates Plutarch thus: "the nymphs Nereids (which are the mermaids of the waters)."

211 *tended her i' the eyes*] waited on her every look. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV, iv, 6: "We shall express our duty in *his eye*."

212 *made their bends adornings*] made their obeisances with a grace which added ornament to the scene. These words have been very fully discussed by commentators, and several changes have been suggested. But the general intention is obvious. The succeeding lines emphasise the beautiful effects which were produced by the acts of service rendered by Cleopatra's attendants.

215 *yarely frame the office*] deftly perform the tasks they undertake.

217 *wharfs*] banks. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, v, 33: "*Lethe wharf*."

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy, 220
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

AGR. Rare Egyptian!

ENO. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

AGR. Royal wench! 230
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

ENO. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

MÆC. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENO. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale

222 *made a gap in nature*] The air feared to create a vacuum, which nature
was currently credited with abhorring.

228 *barber'd ten times o'er*] Cf. lines 7-8, *supra*.

229 *ordinary*] properly a dinner at a tavern, for which there is a fixed
charge.

236 *breathless . . . forth*] out of breath did breathe forth power, did
continue to exert her influence. Thus the old reading. Daniel
ingeniously, but not quite convincingly, substituted *pour breath* for
power breathe.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT. II

240

Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

MÆC. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

AGR. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

ENO. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — THE SAME

CÆSAR'S HOUSE

Enter ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between them, and*
Attendants

ANT. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

OCTA. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

ANT. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come

244 *riggish*] wanton, immodest.

247 *lottery*] prize.

6 *I have not kept my square*] I have not strictly kept to the path of duty.

SCENE III ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Good night, sir.

CÆS. Good night.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Enter Soothsayer

ANT. Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt? 10

SOOTH. Would I had never come from thence, nor
you thither!

ANT. If you can, your reason?

SOOTH. I see it in my motion, have it not in my
tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.

ANT. Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher,
Cæsar's or mine?

SOOTH. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:

Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is 20

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel

11-12 *nor you thither*] nor you had gone thither.

14 *my motion*] my emotion, the movement of my mind. The word is not
uncommon in such a sense. The suggested change to *notion* is
unnecessary.

20 *Thy demon . . . which keeps thee*] that demon or controlling genius,
that spirit of thine which looks after thee. Shakespeare was very
familiar with the Greek notion that man's conduct was under the
influence of a daimon, or supernatural emissary, who resided in a
man's heart. Cf. *Macb.*, III, i, 55-56: "My *Genius* is rebuked, as
it is said Mark Antony's was by Cæsar." Cf. North's Plutarch: "*Thy*
demon, that is to say, the good angel and *spirit which keepeth thee.*"

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT II

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

ANT. Speak this no more.

SOOTH. To none but thee; no more but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him, 30
But he away, 't is noble.

ANT. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him. [*Exit Soothsayer.*]
He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine
When it is all to nought, and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace, 40
I' the east my pleasure lies.

23 *Becomes a fear*] Is subject to fear, becomes a thing frightened.

28 *thickens*] becomes dark. 'Cf. *Macb.*, III, ii, 50: "Light *thickens*."

37-39 *His cocks do win . . . at odds*] Plutarch mentions that Antony and Cæsar indulged in quail-fights as well as in cock-fights and that Antony invariably lost the match. "Inhoop'd" is supposed to refer to the enclosure or ring within which quails, like cocks, fought matches. Cf. Sir John Davies's *Epigrams* (1596): "*Cocking in hoops* is now all the play."

SCENE IV ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Enter VENTIDIUS

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV — THE SAME

A STREET

Enter LEPIDUS, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA

LEP. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,
hasten
Your generals after.

AGR. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

LEP. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

MÆC. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

LEP. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You 'll win two days upon me.

MÆC. }

AGR. }

Sir, good success!

LEP. Farewell.

[Exeunt. 10]

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT II

SCENE V — ALEXANDRIA

CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS

CLEO. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

ALL. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN the Eunuch

CLEO. Let it alone; let 's to billiards: come, Char-
mian.

CHAR. My arm is sore: best play with Mardian.

CLEO. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?

MAR. As well as I can, madam.

CLEO. And when good will is show'd, though't come
too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:

Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there, 10

My music playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say "Ah, ha! you're caught."

CHAR. 'T was merry when

1 *moody*] sad, melancholy

3 *billiards*] This game was familiar to the Elizabethans. Cf. Florio, *Ital.-Engl. Dict.* (1598): "Trucco — a kinde of play with balles upon it, called billiards." Cleopatra's reference to the game is anachronistic.

10 *angle*] fishing-rod.

SCENE V ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

CLEO. That time — O times! —

I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

20

Enter a Messenger

O, from Italy!

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

MESS.

Madam, madam, —

CLEO. Antonius dead! If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss: a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

30

MESS. First, madam, he is well.

CLEO.

Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use

To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

22 *tires*] head-dresses.

23 *his sword Philippan*] the sword that Antony wore at Philippi.

33 *well*] at rest, happy. The euphemistic phrase was in common use for
"dead" in Elizabethan English. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, V, i, 30: "Rejoice
the former queen is *well*."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT II

MESS. Good madam, hear me.

CLEO. Well, go to, I will;

But there 's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful, — so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes, 40
Not like a formal man.

MESS. Will 't please you hear me?

CLEO. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

MESS. Madam, he's well.

CLEO. Well said.

MESS. And friends with Cæsar.

CLEO. Thou'rt an honest man.

MESS. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

CLEO. Make thee a fortune from me.

MESS. But yet, madam, —

CLEO. I do not like "But yet," it does allay 50
The good precedence; fie upon "But yet"!
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,

38 *so tart a favour*] so sour an expression (is not needed). Cleopatra suspects the messenger wears so hangdog a look because he brings ill-tidings.

41 *a formal man*] a man in his senses. See note on *Meas. for Meas.*, V, i, 234.

50-51 *it does allay . . . precedence*] it modifies the pleasurable effect of what precedes.

SCENE V ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Cæsar,
In state of health, thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.

MESS. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

CLEO. For what good turn?

MESS. For the best turn i' the bed.

CLEO. I am pale, Charmian.

MESS. Madam, he's married to Octavia. 60

CLEO. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[Strikes him down.]

MESS. Good madam, patience.

CLEO. What say you? Hence,
[Strikes him again.]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

[She hales him up and down.]
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

MESS. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.

CLEO. Say 't is not so, a province I will give thee
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage, 70
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

MESS. He's married, madam.

CLEO. Rogue, thou hast lived too long. [Draws a knife.]

64 unhair thy head] scalp thee.

71 boot thee] endow thee in addition.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT II

MESS. Nay, then, I'll run.
What mean you, madam? 'I have made no fault. [*Exit.*

CHAR. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself: °
The man is innocent.

CLEO. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call. 80

CHAR. He is afeard to come.

CLEO. I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

MESS. I have done my duty.

CLEO. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do, 90
If thou again say "Yes."

MESS. He 's married, madam.

83-84 *since I myself . . . the cause*] Cleopatra possibly means that she gave Antony the opportunity of his marriage by suffering him to leave her.

SCENE V ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

CLEO. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

MESS. Should I lie, madam?

CLEO. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

MESS. I crave your highness' pardon.

CLEO. He is married?

MESS. Take no offence that I would not offend
you:

To punish me for what you make me do 100
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

CLEO. O, that his fault should make a knave of
thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence:

92 *hold there still*] keep to that tale.

96 *Narcissus*] the beautiful youth of Greek mythology who loved his own image. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 161-162: "Narcissus . . . died to kiss his shadow in the brook." Shakespeare has a third reference to Narcissus in *Lucrece*, 265.

97 *Thou wouldst appear most ugly*] Cf. *K. John*, III, i, 37: "This news hath made thee a most ugly man."

99 *Take no offence . . . offend you*] Do not be offended because I am reluctant to offer you offence by answering your question again.

102-103 *O, that his fault . . . sure of!*] This passage is difficult, and none of the many suggested changes give any help. Cleopatra means that Antony's offence makes in Cleopatra's eyes a knave of him who brings the ill-tidings; the messenger, a mere bearer of news, is not identical with the bad news, of the truth of which he is assured.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT II

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.]

CHAR. Good your highness, patience.

CLEO. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

CHAR. Many times, madam.

CLEO. I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint: O Iras, Charmian! 't is no matter.

110

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination; let him not leave out

The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.

[Exit Alexas.]

Let him for ever go: let him not — Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way 's a Mars. [To Mardian] Bid you Alexas

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

[Exeunt.]

104-105 *The merchandise . . . Are*] A noun of multitude taking a plural verb.

105 *lie they upon thy hand*] keep them on your hands without being able to sell them.

112 *feature*] shape, form.

116-117 *Though he be painted . . . a Mars*] An allusion to a duplicate or convertible picture, noticed among others by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which may present from one point of view a lion, on the other side a lamb.

SCENE VI ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

SCENE VI—NEAR MISENUM

Flourish, Enter POMPEY and MENAS from one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MÆCENAS, with Soldiers marching

POM. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

CÆS. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

POM. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was 't
That moved pale Cassius to conspire, and what
Made the all-honour'd honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,

10

10 *factors*] agents.

13 *ghosted*] haunted. Cf. *Cymb.*, II, iii, 139: "I am *sprited* with a fool."

14 *labouring for him*] labouring in behalf of Cæsar, working so as to
avenge Cæsar's murder (which in itself went some way to avenge
Pompey's ruin).

15 *pale Cassius*] Plutarch credits Cassius with a pallor, which especially
moved Julius Cæsar's suspicions.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT II

POM. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
ANT. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you, 30
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;
For I have gain'd by 't.

CÆS. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

POM. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

LEP. Well, met here.

POM. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

CÆS. That's the next to do.

POM. We'll feast each other ere we part, and let's 60
Draw lots who shall begin.

ANT. That will I, Pompey.

POM. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

ANT. You have heard much.

POM. I have fair meanings, sir.

ANT. And fair words to them.

POM. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried —

54 counts] marks, lines.

68-70 *Apollodorus . . . mattress*] According to Plutarch, Cleopatra, on
being driven from Alexandria when Julius Cæsar arrived there,

SCENE VI ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ENO. No more of that: he did so.

POM. What, I pray you?

ENO. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress. 70

POM. I know thee now: how farest thou, soldier?

ENO. Well;

And well am like to do, for I perceive

Four feasts are toward.

POM. Let me shake thy hand;

I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,

When I have envied thy behaviour.

ENO. Sir,

I never loved you much, but I ha' praised ye

When you have well deserved ten times as much

As I have said you did.

POM. Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

80

Will you lead, lords?

CÆS. }

ANT. }

LEP. }

POM.

Show us the way, sir.

Come.

[Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.]

MEN. *[Aside]* Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty. — You and I have known, sir.

ENO. At sea, I think.

induced a friendly Sicilian, Apollodorus, to tie her up in a mattress or flock bed, and to carry her back to the city like a large bundle, and to deposit her secretly in Julius Cæsar's quarters.

83 *have known]* have made one another's acquaintance.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT II

MEN. We have, sir.

ENO. You have done well by water.

MEN. And you by land.

ENO. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

MEN. Nor what I have done by water.

ENO. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

MEN. And you by land.

ENO. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

MEN. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

ENO. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

MEN. No slander; they steal hearts.

ENO. We came hither to fight with you.

MEN. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

ENO. If he do, sure he cannot weep 't back again.

MEN. You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

ENO. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

MEN. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

ENO. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

97 *All men's faces are true*] Cf. *Macb.*, I, iv, 11-12: "There's no art To find the mind's construction in the face."

99 *No slander . . . hearts*] There is no slander in that remark; fair women are thieves of hearts.

SCENE VI ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

MEN. Pray ye, sir?

ENO. 'T is true.

110

MEN. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

ENO. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

MEN. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

ENO. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold and still conversation.

MEN. Who would not have his wife so?

120

ENO. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

MEN. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

ENO. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

131

MEN. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

114-115 *I think the policy . . . marriage*] I believe the political ends had a larger hand in making the marriage.

119 *conversation*] behaviour.

127 *occasion*] convenience.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT II

SCENE VII—ON BOARD POMPEY'S GALLEY, OFF MISENUM

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet

FIRST SERV. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

SEC. SERV. Lepidus is high-coloured.

FIRST SERV. They have made him drink alms-drink.

SEC. SERV. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out "No more;" reconciles them to his entreaty and himself to the drink.

FIRST SERV. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion. 10

SEC. SERV. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

FIRST SERV. To be called into a huge sphere, and not

SCENE VII (Stage Direction) *a banquet*] the dessert following the great meal.

2 *plants*] humourously used for the soles of the feet, like the Latin "*plantae*."
5 *alms-drink*] dregs, drink offered beggars. Apparently Lepidus has been induced to drink the leavings in his host's glasses in the drunken way of good fellowship.

6-7 *As they pinch . . . disposition*] As they press one another to drink to the full extent of each one's ability, as they invite one another to drink, in the way of challenging their prowess as toppers. "Pinch" has much the same significance as in the common phrase "*to pinch courtesy*," i. e., to strain ceremony. There seems small authority for giving "pinch" here the sense of "banter" or "twit."

13 *partisan*] halberd.

SCENE VII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other captains

ANT. [*To Cæsar*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow
o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells, 20
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and doze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

LEP. You've strange serpents there.

ANT. Ay, Lepidus.

LEP. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud
by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

ANT. They are so.

POM. Sit, — and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

LEP. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er
out. 30

16 *disaster the cheeks*] disfigure, destroy the cheeks (in the absence of eyes). Cf. *Rich. III*, I, iv, 29-31: "in ~~those~~ holes *Where eyes* did once inhabit, there were crept, As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems."

(Stage Direction) *A sennet*] A set of notes on the trumpet.

18 *By certain . . . pyramid*] Marks were scratched on the Pyramids to indicate the height of the river Nile at full tide.

20 *foison*] abundance. The word is French.

30 *I'll ne'er out*] Lepidus appears to mean that he will not leave the party. Enobarbus in the next line takes his words to mean that he will never be free of the effects of this debauch.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT II

ENO. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

LEP. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

MEN. [*Aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

POM. [*Aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

MEN. [*Aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

POM. [*Aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon. —

This wine for Lepidus! “

LEP. What manner o' thing is your crocodile? 40

ANT. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

LEP. What colour is it of?

ANT. Of it own colour too.

LEP. 'T is a strange serpent.

ANT. 'T is so. And the tears of it are wet.

CÆS. Will this description satisfy him?

ANT. With the health that Pompey gives him, else 50 he is a very epicure.”

31 *you'll be in*] you'll be under the influence of drink.

33-34 *pyramises*] Lepidus' drunken plural of "pyramis" instead of the correct "pyramides" which is found in V, ii, 61, *infra*. "Pyramis" was commonly used in Elizabethan English for "pyramid," in agreement with classical usage.

43 *it own organs*] "it" is the old form of "its." Cf. line 46: "it own colour."

SCENE VII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

POM. [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you. — Where's this cup I call'd for?

MEN. [*Aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

POM. [*Aside to Men.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter?
[*Rises, and walks aside.*]

• MEN. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

POM. Thou hast served me with much faith. What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

ANT. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

MEN. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

POM. What say'st thou?⁶⁰

MEN. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

POM. How should that be?

MEN. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

POM. Hast thou drunk well?

MEN. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

POM. Show me which way.

⁶⁷ *Whate'er . . . sky inclips*] Whatever the ocean surrounds (with its palings) or the sky embraces.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT II

MEN. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable; 70
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

POM. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on 't! In me 't is villany;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

MEN. [*Aside*] For this 80
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

POM. This health to Lepidus!

ANT. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

ENO. Here 's to thee, Menas!

MEN. Enobarbus, welcome!

POM. Fill till the cup be hid.

ENO. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.]

MEN. Why?

ENO. A' bears the third part of the world, man;
see 'st not?

72 *All there is thine*] The speaker points to Antony and Caesar.

76 *Mine honour, it*] My honour comes before my profit. My profit is not
a primary consideration.

81 *thy pall'd fortunes*] thy drooping, impaired fortunes.

SCENE VII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

MEN. The third part then is drunk : would it were all, 90
That it might go on wheels !

ENO. Drink thou ; increase the reels.

MEN. Come.

POM. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

• ANT. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho !
Here's to Cæsar !

CÆS. I could well forbear 't.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.

ANT. Be a child o' the time.

CÆS. Possess it, I'll make answer :
But I had rather fast from all four days 100
Than drink so much in one.

ENO. [To Antony] Ha, my brave emperor !
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink ?

POM. Let's ha't, good soldier.

ANT. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

91 *go on wheels*] whirl round, change its course. The expression "The world runs on wheels" was a colloquialism for topsy-turvydom.

92 *increase the reels*] The general sense is "increase the tipsy merriment, keep up the fun." "Reels" which is suggested by Menas' mention of "wheels" refers to the dances of that name, which are marked by giddy movement. Cf. Enobarbus' suggestion of a dance, line 110, *infra*.

95 *Strike the vessels*] Broach the casks. Cf. Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, Act V, Sc. x: "Home Launce and *strikes* a fresh piece of wine."

98 *Be a child o' the time.*] Comply with the humour of the minute.

99 *Possess it*] Be master of the season, make it subservient.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT II

ENO. All take hands.
 Make battery to our ears with the loud music:
 The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;
 The holding every man shall bear as loud
 As his strong sides can volley. 110
[Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.]

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
 Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
 In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
 With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
 Cup us, till the world go round,
 Cup us, till the world go round!

CÆS. What would you more? Pompey, good night.
 Good brother,
 Let me request you off: our graver business

109 *holding*] burden or chorus.

bear] Theobald's correction of the Folio reading *beat*. "To *bear* the burden," i. e., "to join in the chorus," was a common phrase of the day. Yet *beat* harmonises with the speaker's injunction to "make *battery* to our ears" in line 107, and may mean "strike up." Cf. *Hen. VIII*, I, iv, 108: "Let the music *knock* it."

112 *pink eyne*] "pink" is an epithet commonly applied to small eyes, half-shut eyes.

113 *fats*] an old form of "vats."

118 *you off: our*] Rowe's doubtful correction of the somewhat difficult Folio reading *you of our* which gives, however, the sense: "Let me make inquiry of you about our graver business, which frowns at this levity."

SCENE VII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;
 You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb 120
 Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
 Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
 Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.
 Good Antony, your hand.

POM. I'll try you on the shore.

ANT. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

POM. O Antony,

You have my father's house, — But, what? we are
 friends.

Come, down into the boat.

ENO. Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

MEN. No, to my cabin.

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell 130

To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out!

[*Sound a flourish, with drums.*]

ENO. Hoo! says a'. There's my cap.

MEN. Hoo! Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*]

122-123 *the wild disguise . . . Antick'd us all*] this mad disguise of
 liquor has almost made all of us buffoons.

124 *I'll try you*] I'll make trial of your hospitality.

126 *my father's house*] Cf. II, vi, 27, *supra*.

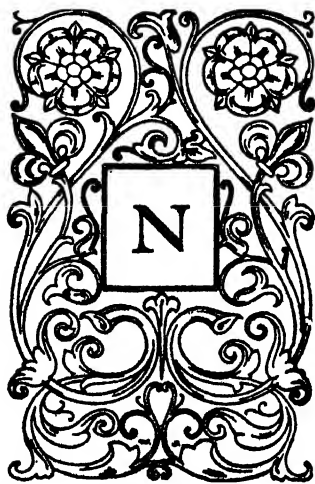


ACT THIRD — SCENE I

A PLAIN IN SYRIA

Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him

VENTIDIUS



NOW, DARTING PARTHIA,
art thou struck; and now
Pleased fortune does of Marcus
Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the
king's son's body
Before our army. Thy Paco-
rus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

SIL. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood
thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow;
spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
[78]

SCENE I ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head. 10

VEN.

O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve 's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour. 20
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,

1-5 *Now, darting Parthia . . . Marcus Crassus*] Parthia was famed for the skill of her horsed bowmen, who, while they pretended to be flying, would dart backwards on their foe showers of arrows. Cf. IV, xiv, 70: "Parthian darts." Ventidius' decisive defeat of the Parthians and slaughter of the Parthian king Pacorus took place in B. C. 39, precisely fourteen years after King Pacorus' father Orodes had destroyed the Roman general Marcus Crassus and a great Roman army. (See Plutarch's *Life of Marcus Crassus*.)

12-13 *a lower place . . . an act*] Ventidius means that a lieutenant may get more glory than becomes his station.

15 *when him . . . away*] when he whom we serve is away.

16-17 *Cæsar and Antony . . . person*] Cæsar and Antony have always gained greater victories through the action of their officers or lieutenants than through their personal services. Cf. III, xi, 39, *infra*.

24 *gain which darkens him*] gain that which puts the captain in the shade.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

But 't would offend him, and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

SIL. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

VEN. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

SIL. Where is he now?

VEN. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what
haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there; pass along!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — ROME

AN ANTE-CHAMBER IN CÆSAR'S HOUSE

Enter AGRIPPA at one door, and ENOBARBUS at another

AGR. What, are the brothers parted?

ENO. They have dispatch'd with Pompey; he is gone;

27-29 *Thou hast . . . distinction*] A compliment on Ventidius' good judgment, lack of which, Silius remarks, makes a soldier indistinguishable from his sword, which is a mere senseless implement.

31 *That magical word of war*] Cf. II, ii, 48, *supra*: "you were the word of war."

34 *jaded out o' the field*] reduced to the condition of worn-out hacks and driven from the field.

2 *dispatch'd*] settled matters.

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad, and Lepidus
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

AGR. 'T is a noble Lepidus.

ENO. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

AGR. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

ENO. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

AGR. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter. 10

ENO. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

AGR. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

ENO. Would you praise Cæsar, say "Cæsar": go no
further.

AGR. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent
praises.

ENO. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, can-
not

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number — ho! —
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

3 *sealing*] signing the agreements.

6 *the green sickness*] an anæmic complaint from which young girls in love often suffer. Enobarbus is ridiculing Lepidus' imbecile affection for Cæsar and Antony.

11 *nonpareil*] the paragon.

12 *thou Arabian bird*] the phoenix. Cf. *Cymb.*, I, vi, 17: "She is alone *the Arabian bird*."

16 *figures*] Hanmer's correction of the Folio *figure*. The word often means "figurative imagery," but its association with the verb "cast" in the next line suggests a quibbling allusion to "figure-casters," or arithmeticians.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

AGR. Both he loves.

ENO. They are his shards, and he their beetle.

[Trumpet within.] So; 20

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

AGR. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA

ANT. No further, sir.

CÆS. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which 'is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter 30
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

ANT. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

CÆS. I have said.

ANT. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause

20 *shards*] the cases which hold the beetle's wings and which open before the wings expand. Cf. *Cymb.*, III, iii, 20: "The *sharded beetle*."

26-27 *as my farthest band . . . approof*] such that my strongest pledge, my utmost venture or stake, shall be confirmed by the trial of thy conduct. Cæsar means that he is ready to stake everything on his sister's proving herself a perfect wife.

28 *the piece of virtue*] the perfection of virtue. Cf. *Tempest*, I, ii, 56: "Thy mother was a *piece of virtue*."

35 *curious*] over-punctilious, over-careful.

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

CÆS. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

40

OCTA. My noble brother!

ANT. The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

OCTA. Sir, look well to my husband's house, and —

CÆS. What,

Octavia?

OCTA. I'll tell you in your ear.

ANT. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue, the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide
And neither way inclines.

50

ENO. [*Aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?

AGR. [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in 's face.

ENO. [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that, were
he a horse;

So is he, being a man.

40 *The elements*] Nature in all its aspects.

47-50 *Her tongue . . . inclines*] Octavia's affections are equally divided
between her brother and her husband, and can in her heart give neither
the advantage.

51 *He has a cloud in 's face*] He has a look of gloom.

52 *were he a horse*] a horse, which lacked all sign of white on its fore-
head, was technically said among stablemen to have "a cloud in the
face" i. e., to be of sullen disposition.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

AGR. [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

ENO. [*Aside to Agr.*] That year indeed he was troubled
with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.

CÆS. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

ANT. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

CÆS. Adieu; be happy!

LEP. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

CÆS. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*]

ANT. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

57 *a rheum*] a cold in the head, which made his eyes water.

58 *confound*] destroy or ruin.

SCENE III ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

SCENE III — ALEXANDRIA

CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS

CLEO. Where is the fellow?

ALEX. Half afeard to come.

CLEO. Go to, go to.

Enter Messenger

• Come hither, sir.

ALEX. Good majesty.
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.

CLEO. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? Come thou near.

MESS. Most gracious majesty, —

CLEO. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

MESS. Ay, dread queen.

CLEO. Where?

MESS. • Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

³ *Herod of Jewry*] Usually cited in Elizabethan literature as a type of ferocious tyranny, Herod being a familiar character in the mystery plays. (Cf. *Hamlet*, III, ii, 13.) Cleopatra in the next line takes the reference to apply to the historic Herod the Great; cf. "Great Herod," IV, vi, 14, *infra*.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

CLEO. Is she as tall as me?

MESS. She is not, madam.

CLEO. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued^a
or low?

MESS. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

CLEO. That 's not so good. He cannot like her long.

CHAR. Like her! O Isis! 't is impossible.

CLEO. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue and
dwarfish.

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

MESS. She creeps:
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.

20

CLEO. Is this certain?

MESS. Or I have no observance.

CHAR. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

CLEO. He 's very knowing;
I do perceive 't: there's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgement.

CHAR. Excellent.

CLEO. Guess at her years, I prithee.

13-14 *she is low-voiced . . . like her long*] A low voice in a woman is "not so good" from Cleopatra's jealous point of view as a shrill tongue. But in any case Cleopatra consoles herself with the thought that Antony's affection for Octavia will be short-lived.

19 *Her motion and her station*] Her movement and her standing still are indistinguishable; an extravagant way of saying that she is extremely sluggish in her movements.

21 *a breather*] a living person.

SCENE III ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

MESS. Madam,
She was a widow —
CLEO. Widow! Charmian, hark.
MESS. And I do think she's thirty.
CLEO. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long or
round?
MESS. Round even to faultiness. 30
CLEO. For the most part, too, they are foolish that
are so.
Her hair, what colour?
MESS. Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
CLEO. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared. [Exit Messenger.
CHAR. A proper man.
CLEO. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
CHAR. Nothing, madam. 40
CLEO. The man hath seen some majesty, and should
know.
CHAR. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

33 *As low . . . wish it*] So low that she could not wish it lower. A low forehead was reckoned a deformity. Cf. *Tempest*, IV, i, 247-248: "apes With foreheads villanous low."

42 *Isis else defend*] God forbid.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

CLEO. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:

But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

CHAR. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — ATHENS

A ROOM IN ANTONY'S HOUSE

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA

ANT. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.

OCTA. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,

3 *Of semblable import*] Of like purport, to the same effect.

6 *scantily*] grudgingly, slightly.

9 *he not took 't*] Theobald's emendation of the First Folio's awkward reading *he not look 't*, which has been defended as meaning that Cæsar did not face squarely the best hint or opportunity. The later Folios read, quite impossibly, *he had lookt*.

10 *from his teeth*] insincerely, with the merest formality. The phrase is common.

SCENE IV ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
• 'Twixt these extremes at all.

ANT. Gentle Octavia, 20
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it; if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between's: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

OCTA. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be 30
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

ANT. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;

12 *Stomach*] Resent, show anger at.

27 *stain your brother*] bring your brother within risk of dishonour. An-
thony is irritated and is not using very polite language.

Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. *[Exeunt.]*

ANOTHER ROOM

ENO. How now, friend Eros !

EROS. There 's strange news come, sir.

ENO. What, man?

EROS. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

ENO. This is old: what is the success?

EROS. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly ¹⁰ wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

ENO. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more ;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where 's Antony ?

EROS. He's walking in the garden — thus; and
spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries "Fool Lepidus!"

6 success] result, consequence.

8 *rivalry*] partnership, equality of power.

12 is up] is done for; as in the phrase "The game is up."

18 *world, thou hast*] Hanmer's ingenious correction of the Folio reading *would thou hadst*.

chaps] *jaws*.

SCENE VI ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.

• ENO. Our great navy's rigg'd.

EROS. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius; 20
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

• ENO. 'T will be naught:

But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

EROS. Come, sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI — ROME

CÆSAR'S HOUSE

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MÆCENAS

CÆS. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and
more,

In Alexandria: here's the manner of 't:
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 10
Absolute queen.

22 'T will be naught] The event will come to nothing.

6 Cæsarion . . . my father's son] Julius Cæsar, who was father of
Cæsarion by Cleopatra (cf. III, xiii, 162, *infra*), had adopted
Octavius Cæsar his grand-nephew as his son.

10 Lydia] According to Plutarch's text *Libya*, part of Africa, should be

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

MÆC. This in the public eye?

CÆS. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia and Armenia
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 't is reported, so.

MÆC. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

AGR. Who, queasy with his insolence 20
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

CÆS. The people know it, and have now received
His accusations.

AGR. Who does he accuse?

CÆS. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

AGR. Sir, this should be answer'd. 30

read here. Cleopatra's rule never extended to Lydia, a region of Asia Minor. Bocchus, King of Libya, one of Cleopatra's subject kings, is mentioned, III, vii, 69, *infra*.

20 *queasy*] sick, nauseated.

25 *rated*] allotted.

29 *being*] that being so.

SCENE VI ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

CÆS. 'T is done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

MÆC. He 'll never yield to that.

CÆS. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA, with her train

OCTA. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

CÆS. That ever I should call thee castaway! 40

OCTA. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

CÆS. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come
not

Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation faint'd,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come 50
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,

52 *ostentation*] manifestation. "Ostent" is more commonly found in such
a sense. "Ostentation" makes the line an Alexandrine.

52-53 *love . . . unloved*] love, the leaving of which unshown has often

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

Is often left unloved: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

OCTA. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

CÆS. Which soon he granted, 60
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

OCTA. Do not say so, my lord.

CÆS. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

OCTA. My lord, in Athens

CÆS. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,

*the effect of depriving of its value. The context gives "unloved"
the meaning of "unvalued."

61 *obstruct*] Theobald's change of the Folio reading *abstract*. But "ab-
stract" in the sense of "abbreviation" or "abridgment" is well
known to Elizabethan English and may be right here.

62 *eyes*] spies.

67 *who now are*] Antony and Cleopatra are jointly the subject of
"who."

69-76 *Bocchus . . . list of sceptres*] This list is taken with very slight
alteration from Plutarch.

SCENE VI ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

70

OCTA. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

CÆS. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers

80

72-74 *King of Pont . . . Polemon*] According to Plutarch, these were names of one person, Polemon being King of Pont. Plutarch's "King of Medes" was a different person.

74-75 *Amyntas . . . Lycaonia*] According to Plutarch, Amyntas was "King of Lycaonia and of the Galatians."

81 *negligent danger*] danger from negligence.

84 *determined things to destiny*] things determined or already fixed by

88 *make them*] Thus Capell. The Folios read *makes his*, or *make his*,

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

Of us and those that love you, Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

AGR. Welcome, lady.

90

MÆC. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

OCTA. Is it so, sir?

CÆS. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister!

SCENE VII — NEAR ACTIUM

ANTONY'S CAMP

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS

CLEO. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

ENO. But why, why, why?

CLEO. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

ENO. Well, is it, is it?

CLEO. If not denounced against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

which seems a false concord for "make their." *Make them* gives the best sense.

95-96 *gives . . . against us*] gives his powerful authority or sway to a harlot, that rouses loud voice of opposition to us.

3 *forspoke*] gainsaid, argued against.

5 *If not denounced against us*] If there be no special interdict pronounced against our presence in the field. The Folios place a comma after *not*.

SCENE VII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ENO. [Aside] Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

CLEO. What is 't you say?

ENO. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony; 10
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 't is said in Rome
That Photinus, an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

CLEO. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

ENO. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS

ANT. Is it not strange, Canidius, 20
That from Tarentum and Brundisium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on 't, sweet?

That punctuation has been held to justify the meaning, "even if it be not fit, inasmuch as war has been declared against us."

8 *merely*] entirely.

10 *puzzle*] confuse, distract.

14 *Photinus*] In the Greek the name reads *Pothinus*.

23 *take in Toryne*] conquer, subdue Toryne. Toryne was a small town in Epirus, near Actium. For this use of "take in," cf. I, i, 23, *supra*, and III, xiii, 83, *infra*.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

CLEO. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

ANT. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

CLEO. By sea: what else?

CAN. Why will my lord do so?

ANT. For that he dares us to 't.

ENO. So hath my lord dared him to single fight. 30

CAN. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

ENO. Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

ANT. By sea, by sea. 40

ENO. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land,
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footman, leave unexecuted

27 *To taunt at slackness*] In taunting or upbraiding sloth.

35 *muleters*] Cf. 1 Hen. VI, III, ii, 68: "base *muleters* of France."

36 *Ingross'd by swift impress*] Enrolled hastily by forced impressment,
by compulsory enlistment.

38 *yare*] taut, manageable. Cf. III, xiii, 131, and V, ii, 281, *infra*.

SCENE VII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Your own renowned knowledge, quite forgo
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
From firm security.

ANT. I'll fight at sea.

CLEO. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

ANT. Our overplus of shipping will we burn; 50
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a Messenger

Thy business?

MESS. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

ANT. Can he be there in person? 't is impossible;
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier

How now, worthy soldier? 60

SOLD. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt

51 *head of Actium*] Pope's correction of the First Folio reading *head of Action* and the later Folio reading *heart of Actium*.

60 *my Thetis*] Antony playfully gives Cleopatra the name of the sea-nymph since she is to help him in his naval action. In her voyage down the Cydnus, II, ii, 195 *seq.*, *supra*, while Cleopatra was compared to Venus, her attendants were likened to Nereides, or mermaids.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

**This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot.**

ANT. Well, well: away!

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*]

SOLD. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right. •

CAN. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't: so our leader 's led,
And we are women's men.

SOLD. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

CAN. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

SOLD. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguiled all spies.

CAN. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

SOLD. They say, onè Taurus.

CAN. Well I know the man.

68-70 *but his whole action . s. women's men*] but his whole conduct in the war is not founded on that which is his greatest strength, viz., his land force. A woman's caprice induces him to fight by sea.

69 *leader's led*] Theobald's correction of the Folio *Leaders leade*, which has been justified as an impatient reference to the fact that both Antony and Cleopatra are in command, though all the power implicitly belongs to the latter.

75 Carries] Commonly used of the arrow in archery.

76 distractions] separate detachments.

SCENE IX ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Enter a Messenger

MESS. The emperor calls Canidius.

CAN. With news the time's with labour, and throes
forth

Each minute some.

[*Exeunt.* 80]

SCENE VIII — A PLAIN NEAR ACTIUM

Enter CÆSAR, and TAURUS, with his army, marching

CÆS. Taurus!

TAUR. My lord?

CÆS. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not
battle,

Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX — ANOTHER PART OF THE PLAIN

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS

ANT. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

80-81 *throes forth . . . some*] painfully brings to birth some news every
minute. "Throe" as a verb is rare; but cf. *Tempest*, II, i, 221-222:
"a birth, indeed, Which *throes* thee much to yield."

SCENE VIII, 5 *prescript*] direction, ordinance, order.

6 *jump*] hazard.

SCENE IX, 2 *battle*] battalion, army.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

SCENE X—ANOTHER PART¹ OF THE PLAIN

Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land army one way; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of CÆSAR, with his army, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS

ENO. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
longer!

The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS

SCAR. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

ENO. What's thy passion?

SCAR. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

ENO. How appears the fight?

SCAR. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt — 10

SCENE X, 2 *The Antoniad . . . admiral*] According to North's "Plutarch," the "admiral galley" of Cleopatra was called "Antoniad."
6 *cantle*] piece, corner. The word is still familiar in provincial dialects.
9 *the token'd pestilence*] the plague which was always fatal when it developed on the skin certain spots or eruptions which were popularly called "God's tokens." Cf. *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 423: "the Lord's tokens on you do I see."

10 *ribaudred nag*] obscene strumpet. "Ribaudred" is an uncommon

SCENE X ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Whom leprosy o'ertake! — i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like^a a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder, —
The breese upon her, like a cow in June! —
Hoists sails and flies.

ENO. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

SCAR. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard, 20
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

ENO. Alack, alack!

• variant of "ribaudrous" and "ribaldish" which are found elsewhere in Elizabethan literature in the sense of filthy, obscene, composed of ribaldry.

12-13 *When vantage . . . the elder*] These lines mean that victory hung in the balance. The scales were practically level, with a slight advantage on the side of Antony and Cleopatra's fleet.

14 *The breese upon her . . . in June*] Like a cow in June, with the breese (*i. e.*, the gadfly) teasing her. •

18 *loof'd*] "to loof" or "to luff" means "to sail to windward or before the wind." North several times uses the word in his translation of Plutarch.

20 *mallard*] the wild drake.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

Enter CANIDIUS *

CAN. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own!

ENO. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then good night
Indeed. 30

CAN. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

SCAR. 'T is easy to 't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

CAN. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

ENO. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI — ALEXANDRIA

CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

Enter ANTONY with Attendants

ANT. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither:

30 *Ay, are you thereabouts . . . Indeed*] Ah, is flight what you are pur-
posing? Why then, our cause is lost indeed.

32 *'T is easy to 't*] The voyage to Peloponnesus is easy.

36 *wounded chance*] broken fortune. Cf. V, ii, 173, *infra*: "the ashes of my
chance."

SCENE XI ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

I am so lated in the world that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

ALL.

Fly! not we.

ANT. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone: 10
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left 20
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:
Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

3 *lated*] belated, benighted. Cf. *Macb.*, III, iii, 6: "Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace."

17 *Sweep your way for you*] Make your way smooth for you.

18 *replies of loathness*] replies expressive of reluctance to obey me.

23 *I have lost command*] I have lost the power of giving orders.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN and IRAS; EROS following

EROS. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

IRAS. Do, most dear queen.

CHAR. Do! why, what else?

CLEO. Let me sit down. O Juno!

ANT. No, no, no, no, no.

EROS. See you here, sir?

30

ANT. O fie, fie, fie!

CHAR. Madam!

IRAS. Madam, O good empress!

EROS. Sir, sir!

ANT. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now — No matter. 40

35 *Yes, my lord, yes*] Antony is talking to himself about Cæsar, and quite oblivious of Cleopatra's presence, imagines that he is addressing some courtier or companion in arms.

35-36 *he at Philippi kept . . . like a dancer*] Men, when they danced, wore short swords for ornament, keeping them in their scabbards. Cf. *All's Well*, II, i, 32-33: "no sword worn But one to dance with."

36-38 *I struck . . . Brutus ended*] Antony is inaccurately recalling the actual events of the battle of Philippi. Both Brutus and Cassius committed suicide. See *Jul. Cæs.*, Act V, Scenes iii and v.

39 *Dealt on lieutenantry*] Fought by proxy, made war by his lieutenants. Cf. III, i, 16-17, *supra*: "Cæsar and Antony have ever won More in their officer than person."

40 *squares of war*] squadrons drawn up in squares, on whom the brunt of battle fell.

SCENE XI ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

CLEO. Ah! stand by.

EROS. The queen, my lord, the queen.

IRAS. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualitied with very shame.

CLEO. Well then, sustain me: O!

EROS. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

ANT. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.

EROS. Sir, the queen.

50

ANT. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
Stroy'd in dishonour.

CLEO. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

ANT. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that

44 *unqualitied*] deprived of his faculties (as a soldier).

47 *but*] except, unless.

51-54 *See, How . . . in dishonour*] See how I derive my disgrace from
my infatuation with thine eyes as I look back on my reputation abandoned
with my fleet, and destroyed in dishonour.

55 *fearful*] panic-stricken.

57 *the strings*] the heart-strings.

58 *tow*] Rowe's emendation of the Folio reading *stows*.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me. 60

CLEO. O, my pardon!

ANT. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

CLEO. Pardon, pardon!

ANT. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss; 70
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune
knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

62 *treaties*] proposals of peace.

63 *palter . . . lowness*] equivocate, shuffle, with all the devices characteristic of men of a mean nature.

69 *rates*] pays for, is worth.

71 *our schoolmaster*] Euphronius, the tutor of Antony's children by Cleopatra.

SCENE XII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

SCENE XII — EGYPT

CÆSAR'S CAMP

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, with others

CÆS. Let him appear that's come from Antony.
Know you him?

DOL. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS, ambassador from Antony

CÆS. Approach, and speak.

EUPH. Such as I am I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

CÆS. Be 't so: declare thine office.

10

EUPH. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,

SCENE XII (Stage Direction) *Enter . . . with others*] The Folios read here *Enter Cæsar, Agrippa and Dolabella with others*. But Agrippa does not appear in this scene.

10 *To his grand sea*] Compared to the full tide of his prosperity. For the Folio reading *his* Hanmer substituted *the*, which much simplifies the passage, and brings the morning-dew on the myrtle-leaf into clear comparison with the vast ocean.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
 To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
 A private man in Athens: this for him.
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
 Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
 The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

CÆS. For Antony,
 I have no ears to his request. The queen
 Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
 Or take his life there: this if she perform,
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

EUPH. Fortune pursue thee!

CÆS. Bring him through the bands.

[Exit Euphronius.]

[To Thyreus] To try thy eloquence, now 't is time: dis-
 patch;

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
 And in our name, what she requires; add more,
 From thine invention, offers: women are not
 In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure
 The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;

13 *lessens*] The First Folio reads *lessons*, which may be right in the sense of "schools" or "disciplines."

18 *circle*] crown.

19 *hazarded*] staked and lost.

29 *offers*] The position of this word is awkward; "add more offers" would be the regular sequence. But there is a clear intention to put great emphasis on the word "offers."

SCENE XIII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

THYR. Cæsar, I go.

CÆS. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

THYR. Cæsar, I shall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XIII — ALEXANDRIA

CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS

CLEO. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

ENO. Think, and die.

CLEO. Is Antony or we in fault for this?

ENO. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other, why should he follow?

32 *Make thine . . . thy pains*] Fix the terms of thy own reward for thy trouble.

34 *how Antony becomes his flaw*] how Antony bears himself in the collapse of his fortune.

35-36 *what thou think'st . . . moves*] [inform us] what meaning you think should attach to the slightest movement in all his bearing and gait.

1 *Think, and die*] Cf. *Jul. Cæs.*, II, i, 187: "take thought, and die for Cæsar."

5-6 *whose several ranges . . . each other*] in which the several ranks infected each other with panic.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

The itch of his affection should, not then
 Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
 When half to half the world opposed, he being
 The mered question: 't was a shame no less
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags
 And leave his navy gazing.

10

CLEO. Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS the Ambassador

ANT. Is that his answer?

EUPH. Ay, my lord.

ANT. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
 Will yield us up.

EUPH. He says so.

ANT. Let her know 't.
 To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With principalities.

CLEO. That head, my lord?

7-8 *The itch . . . captainship*] The figure is a coarse one. The "itch" is the "ringworm" which eats into the scalp and destroys the hair. Enobarbus means that Antony's passion for Cleopatra should not have cut into his professional duties.

10 *mered*] "mered" is doubtless a participial adjective formed by way of emphasis from "mere." Antony was the one and only cause, the sole moving spirit, of the war.

11 *course*] pursue.

17 *boy Cæsar*] "boy" is used contemptuously. Cf. IV, i, 1, and IV, xii, 48, *infra*. Cæsar was thirty-one years and eight days old on the day of the battle of Actium, 30 September, 31 B. C. Antony was twenty years his senior.

SCENE XIII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ANT. To him again: tell him he wears the rose 20
Of youth upon him, from which the world should
note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*]

ENO. [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will 30
Unstate his happiness and be staged to the show
Against a sworder! I see men's judgements are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,

22 *Something particular*] Something of his personal character or individuality.

26 *lay his gay comparisons apart*] ignore his comparative advantages, the advantage of youth compared with my mature age. For *comparisons* Pope read *caparisons* (*i. e.*, imperial trappings). Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 286: "For rich *caparisons* or trappings gay." But the change is not necessary.

27 *declined*] in my fallen state.

30-31 *Unstate his happiness . . . a sworder!*] Abdicate his good fortune and be exhibited on a stage to the public gaze in conflict with a professional swordsman or gladiator!

32 *A parcel of*] Of a piece with.

32-34 *things outward . . . suffer all alike*] external circumstance receives the impress or colour of men's own idiosyncrasies, so as to induce the conviction that all men are moved by the same sentiment.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgement too.

Enter an Attendant

ATT. A messenger from Cæsar.

CLEO. What, no more ceremony? See, my women,
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir. [*Exit Attend.* 10

ENO. [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS

CLEO. Cæsar's will?

THYR. Hear it apart.

CLEO. None but friends: say boldly.

THYR. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

ENO. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master 50
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.

35 *Knowing all measures*] Having experienced every measure of fortune.
full] completely endowed. Cf. line 87, *infra*.

36 *Answer his emptiness*] Bring himself to his level of vacuity.

39 *the blown rose*] the rose which is overblown has lost its fragrance.

41 *square*] fight, quarrel.

42-43 *loyalty* . . . *folly*] fidelity kept to fools is the merest silliness.

51-52 *for us* . . . *Cæsar's*] as for us, you know very well that (though we

SCENE XIII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

THYR.

So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar.

CLEO.

Go on: right royal.

THYR. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

CLEO.

O!

THYR. The scars upon your honour therefore he
Does pity as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

CLEO.

He is a god and knows

60

What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

ENO.

[*Aside*] To be sure of that,

I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Exit.*

THYR.

Shall I say to Cæsar

What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,

70

are our master's friends, yet) we are under the same control or
domination as he is, and that is, under Cæsar's.
55 *he is Cæsar*] he, being Cæsar, is great enough to be merciful. Cf.

V, i, 59-60: "for Cæsar cannot live To be ungentle."
62 *merely*] completely, altogether.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

CLEO. What's your name?

THYR. My name is Thyreus.

CLEO. Most kind messenger,

Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

THYR. 'T is your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

CLEO. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,

80

71-72 *under his shrowd . . . landlord*] under the protection of him who is the lord of the universe. "Shrowds" which commonly means "winding sheets," is similarly used by Milton, *Comus*, 147: "Run to your *shrouds* within these brakes and trees."

74 *in deputation*] by proxy; with you as deputy for Cæsar. Theobald's emendation of the Folio reading *in disputation*, a difficult reading which has been held to mean here "with a view to close the controversy."

77 *all-obeying*] all-obeyed, or compelling all to obey. The present for the past participle is no uncommon usage.

81 *Give me grace*] Grant me the favour.

82 *Cæsar's father*] Julius Cæsar, who was rightly the grand-uncle of Octavius.

83 *taking kingdoms in*] conquering, subduing kingdoms. Cf. I, i, 23, *supra*: "*Take in* that kingdom," and III, vii, 23.

SCENE XIII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARRUS

ANT. Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

THYR. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

ENO. [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd.

ANT. Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods
and devils!

Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried "Ho!"⁹⁰
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry "Your will?" Have you no ears?
I am Antony yet.

Enter Attendants

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

ENO. [*Aside*] 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

ANT. Moon and stars!
Whip him. Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, — what's her name,

85 *As*] As if.

87 *fullest*] most perfectly endowed. Cf. line 85, *supra*: "the full Cæsar."

91 *a muss*] a scramble.

93 *Jack*] A common term of contempt for a saucy fellow. Cf. line 103,
infra.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, 100
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

THYR. Mark Antony, —

ANT. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt Attendants, with Thyreus.*]
You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders? .

CLEO. Good my lord, —

ANT. You have been a boggler ever: 110
But when we in our viciousness grow hard —
O misery on 't! — the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgements; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at 's while we strut
To our confusion.

CLEO. O, is 't come to this?

ANT. I found you as a morsel cold upon

103 *Jack*] Cf. line 93, *supra*.

109 *feeders*] servants. Cf. *As you like it*, II, iv, 94: "I will your very faithful *feeder* be."

110 *a boggler*] one who plays fast and loose, one who is fickle or inconstant.
111 *hard*] hardened.

112 *seel*] sew up; a process applied to young hawks in training. Cf. V, ii, 145, *infra*.

113 *In our own filth . . . judgements*] Amid our moral defilement destroy all clearness of judgment.

SCENE XIII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for I am sure, 120
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

*CLEO. Wherefore is this?

ANT. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal
And pligher of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank 130
For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS

Is he whipp'd?

FIRST ATT. Soundly, my lord.

ANT. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

117 *a fragment*] often used of a piece of broken meat.

119 *vulgar fame*] popular report.

120 *Luxuriously*] Lasciviously, wantonly.

124 *quit*] requite or repay.

127-128 *the hill of Basan . . . herd*] a scriptural reference. Cf. *Psalms*, xxii, 12: "Strong *bulls of Bashan* have beset me round," and lxxviii, 16: "The hill of God is as *the hill of Bashan*; an high hill as the hill of Bashan."

131 *yare*] adroit, quick, nimble. Cf. III, vii, 38, *supra*, and V, ii, 281, *infra*.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

FIRST ATT. He did ask favour.

ANT. If that thy father live, let 'him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
 To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
 The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
 Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say 14
 He makes me angry with him; for he seems
 Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
 And at this time most easy 't is to do 't,
 When my good stars that were my former guides
 Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires
 Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
 My speech and what is done, tell him he has
 Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, 150
 As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
 Hence with thy stripes, begone! [Exit Thyreus.]

CLEO. Have you done yet?

ANT. Alack, our terrene moon
 Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony.

CLEO. I must stay his time.

146 *orbs*] the crystalline spheres, in which the stars, according to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, were supposed to be enclosed. Cf. IV, xv, 10, *infra*, and *Mids. N. Dr.*, II, i, 153: "And certain stars shot madly from their *spheres*."

151 *quit*] requite, repay. Cf. line 124, *supra*.

153 *our terrene moon*] the moon, which is the satellite of the earth.

SCENE XIII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ANT. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

CLEO. Not know me yet?

ANT. Cold-hearted toward me?

CLEO. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone 160
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

ANT. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too 170

157 *one that ties his points*] his valet, who laces up his trunk-hose.

161 *as it determines*] as the hailstone comes to an end or dissolves.

162 *Cæsarion smite!*] Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.
(Cf. III, vi, 6, *supra*.) She calls down a curse on all the fruit of
her womb. *Cæsarion smite!* is Hanmer's correction of the Folio
misreading *Cæsarion smile*. •

163 *the memory of my womb*] the memorials of my womb, my children.

165 *By the discandying . . . storm*] with the thawing or melting of this
hailstorm of pellets. Cf. IV, xii, 22, *infra*: "The hearts . . . do *dis-*
candy, melt their sweets." To "*discandy*" is properly to liquefy can-
died sugar. The Folios have the misreading *discandring*.

166-167 *till the flies . . . prey*] till the insects have made their stomachs
the burial places of the dead Egyptians. Cf. *Macb.*, III, iv, 72-73:
"our monuments Shall be the maws of kites."

-ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT III

Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
 Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?
 If from the field I shall return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
 I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
 There's hope in 't yet.

CLEO. That 's my brave lord!

ANT. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
 Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives 180
 Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
 And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
 Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
 All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more:
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

CLEO. It is my birth-day:
 I had thought to have held it poor, but since my lord
 Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

ANT. We will yet do well.

171 *fleet*] sail securely, float.

174 *in blood*] in first-rate condition.

175 *earn our chronicle*] do deeds that deserve chronicling.

178 *treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd*] The epithet "treble" is understood before "hearted" and "breath'd."

180 *nice*] devoted to trifling pursuits. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, V, ii, 18: "The letter was not *nice* but full of charge."

182 *darkness*] *sc.* of death.

183 *gaudy night*] night of festivity. The substantive "gaudy" is still similarly used at Oxford.

186 *held it poor*] kept it without ostentation, without ceremony.

187 *I will be Cleopatra*] I will assume again my rôle of imperial hospitality.

SCENE XIII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

CLEO. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

ANT. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to night I'll
force

190

The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my
queen;

There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight
I'll make death love me, for I will contend.

Even with his pestilent scythe. [*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*]

ENO. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be
furious

Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood

The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,

A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek

200

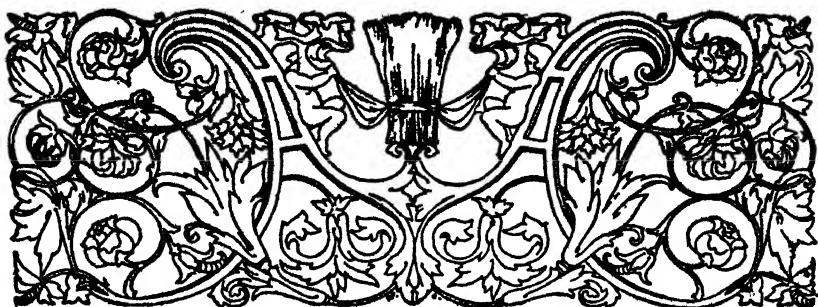
Some way to leave him.

[*Exit.*]

193 *contend. Even with*] Even rival.

194 *his pestilent scythe*] his scythe that is as fatal as pestilence.

197 *the estridge*] the gosshawk (not the ostrich), which might well be
pecked at by the dove. Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, I, iv, 41: "So doves do peck
the falcon's piercing talons."

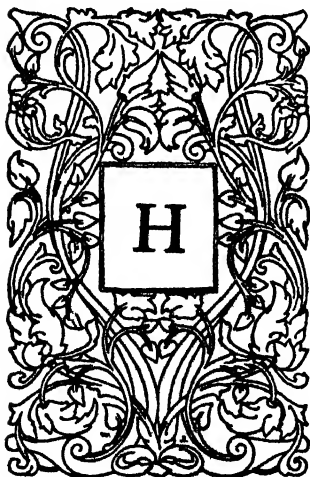


ACT FOURTH — SCENE I

BEFORE ALEXANDRIA. CÆSAR'S CAMP

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MÆCENAS, with his army: CÆSAR reading a letter

CÆSAR



E CALLS ME BOY, AND
chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my
messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods;
dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old
ruffian know
I have many other ways to die,
meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

MÆC. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to
rage, he's hunted
Even to falling Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Make good guard for itself.

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

CÆS.

Let our best heads

10

Know that to-morrow² the last of many battles

° We mean to fight. Within our files there are,

Of those that served Mark Antony but late,

Enough to fetch him in. See it done:

° And feast the army; we have store to do 't,

° And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — ALEXANDRIA

CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

*Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS,
with others*

ANT. He will not fight with me, Domitius?

ENO.

No.

ANT. Why should he not?

ENO. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

1 *He calls me boy*] Cf. III, xiii, 17, *supra* and IV, xii, 48, *infra*.

5 *I have many other ways to die*] Apparently Cæsar here acknowledges that Antony's prowess as a swordsman would expose an opponent to serious risk in a duel, and that he (Cæsar) intends to challenge death some other way. On the other hand, Plutarch in the Greek original clearly makes Cæsar remark in the corresponding passage that *Antony* has many other ways to die. Both the French translation of Amyot and the English translation of North leave the precise intention of the sentence ambiguous. Some editors, in order to bring the passage into harmony with Plutarch's text, substitute *He hath* for *I have*. The change is needless.

9 *Make boot of*] Take advantage of, make capital out of.

14 *fetch him in*] surround him.

16 *the waste*] the expense.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT IV

ANT. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: 'or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

ENO. I'll strike, and cry "Take all."

ANT. Well said; come on.
Call forth my household servants: let 's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors

10

Give me thy hand,

Thou hast been rightly honest; — so hast thou; —
Thou, — and thou, — and thou: you have served me
well,
And kings have been your fellows.

CLEO. [*Aside to Eno.*] What means this?

ENO. [*Aside to Cleo.*] 'T is one of those odd tricks
which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

ANT. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

SERV. The gods forbid!

7 *Woo't thou*] Wilt thou? Cf. IV, xv, 59, *infra*. "Woo't" is in itself
equivalent to "wilt thou"; "thou" is redundant.

8 *"Take all"*] Let the victor take all, let there be no quarter. The phrase
is from the gaming table and implies that the victor is entitled to all
the stakes.

17 *clapp'd up together*] beaten up together (like eggs).

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ANT. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night: 20
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too
And suffer'd my command.

CLEO. [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?

ENO. [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.

ANT. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master 30
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

ENO. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

ANT. Ho, ho, ho!

25 *period*] termination.

26-27 *or if, A mangled shadow*] or if you see me more, you will see me
a mangled shadow of what I was.

33 *yield you*] reward you.

35 *onion-eyed*] tearful as from the smell of onions. Enobarbus has
already made ironical reference to this effect of onions, I, ii, 164,
supra: "tears live in an onion."

36 *Ho, ho, ho*] Antony seems forcing a laugh, though this interjec-
tion has been interpreted as a call to stop, like the carter's
"Whoa!"

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT IV

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you 40
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — THE SAME

BEFORE THE PALACE

Enter two Soldiers to their guard

FIRST SOLD. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

SEC. SOLD. It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

FIRST SOLD. Nothing. What news?

SEC. So D. Belike 't is but a rumour. Good night to you.

FIRST SOLD. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers

SEC. SOLD. Soldiers, have careful watch.

2 *determine*] come to an end.

SCENE III: ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

THIRD SOLD. And you. Good night, good night.

[They place themselves in every corner of the stage.]

FOURTH SOLD. Here we: and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope 10
Our landmen will stand up.

THIRD SOLD. 'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose. *[Music of hautboys as under the stage.]*

FOURTH SOLD. Peace! what noise?

FIRST SOLD. List, list!

SEC. SOLD. Hark!

FIRST SOLD. Music i' the air.

THIRD SOLD. Under the earth.

FOURTH SOLD. It signs well, does it not?

THIRD SOLD. No.

FIRST SOLD. Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

SEC. SOLD. 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony
loved,

Now leaves him.

FIRST SOLD. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

SEC. SOLD. How now, masters!

ALL. *[Speaking together]* How now! How now! Do 20
you hear this?

FIRST SOLD. Ay; is 't not strange?

THIRD SOLD. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

14 *It signs well]* It is a good omen.

16 *the god Hercules . . . loved]* Antony reckoned Hercules his ancestor.

Cf. I, iii, 84, *supra*, and IV, xii, 44, *infra*: "Alcides, thou mine Ancestor."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT IV

FIRST SOLD. Follow the noise, so far as we have quarter;

Let's see how it will give off.

ALL. Content. 'Tis strange.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — THE SAME

A ROOM IN THE PALACE

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN and others attending

ANT. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

CLEO. Sleep a little.

ANT. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS with armour

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her: come.

CLEO.

Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

ANT.

Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.

CLEO. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.

ANT.

Well, well;

24 *so far as we have quarter*] so far as our bounds go, to the extent of our beat.

25 *give off*] terminate, turn out.

3 *mine iron*] my armour. The Folios read *thine iron*, which would mean "the armour in thine hand."

5-8 *Nay, I'll help too . . . thus it must be*] The Folios give all these lines to Cleopatra, adding the word *Anthony* after *help too* in line 5.

Malone's rearrangement is followed here.

8 *Sooth, la*] In truth, indeed.

SCENE IV ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences. •

EROS. Briefly, sir.

10

CLEO. Is not this buckled well?

ANT. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in 't. •

Enter an armed Soldier

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.

20

SOLD. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains and Soldiers

CAPT. The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

ALL. Good morrow, general.

10 *Briefly*] Quickly, immediately.

13 *To daff't*] To doff it, take it off.

15 *tight*] adroit, handy.

22 *their riveted trim*] their equipment of armour.

23 *the port*] the gate.

24 *The morn is fair . . . general*] The Folios give this piece to "Alexas,"
but he had already revolted from Antony. See IV, vi, 12-16, *infra*.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT IV

ANT. 'T is well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't. Adieu.

[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.*]

CHAR. Please you, retire to your chamber.

CLEO. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then Antony — but now — Well, on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V — ALEXANDRIA

ANTONY'S CAMP

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them

SOLD. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

ANT. Would thou and those thy scars had once pre-
vail'd

To make me fight at land!

25 'T is well blown] The day is in full blossom.

32 more mechanic compliment] courtesy better befitting common or ordinary people, the labouring classes.

SCENE V ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

SOLD. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted and the soldier
That has this morning left thee would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

ANT. Who's gone this morning?

SOLD. Who!

One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee, or from Cæsar's camp
Say "I am none of thine."

ANT. What say'st thou?

SOLD. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

EROS. Sir, his chests and treasure 10
He has not with him.

ANT. Is he gone?

SOLD. Most certain.

ANT. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him —
I will subscribe — gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch. Enobarbus! [*Exeunt.*]

17 *Dispatch. Enobarbus!*] Steevens' punctuation. The First Folio reads *Dispatch Enobarbus*; the Second Folio, *Dispatch Eros*. Antony is bidding Eros hasten to fulfil his commission, and then he sighs out in sorrow the name of his old follower, Enobarbus, who has deserted him.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT IV

SCENE VI — ALEXANDRIA

CÆSAR'S CAMP

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and others

CÆS. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

AGR. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit.]

CÆS. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger

MESS. Antony
Is come into the field.

CÆS. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury 10
Upon himself. [Exeunt all but Enobarbus.]

ENO. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry
On 'affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to inclinè himself to Cæsar
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest

6 *the three-nook'd world*] the three regions of the world, Europe, Asia, and Africa. Cf. *Jul. Cæs.*, IV, i, 14: "*The three-fold world*," and *K. John*, V, vii, 116: "*the three corners of the world*."

7 *bear the olive*] produce the olive tree, the symbol of peace.

SCENE VI ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's

SOLD. Enobarbus, Antony 20
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

ENO. I give it you.

SOLD. Mock not, Enobarbus:
I tell you true: best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove.

[Exit. 30

ENO. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

[Exit.

17 *have entertainment*] have military employment and pay.

23 *on my guard*] in or under my guard or escort.

34 *This blows my heart*] This generous treatment swells my heart to bursting.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT IV

SCENE VII—FIELD OF BATTLE BETWEEN THE CAMPS

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA and others

AGR. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded

SCAR. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

ANT. Thou bleed'st apace.

SCAR. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H. [*Retreat afar off.*]

ANT. They do retire.

SCAR. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches more. 10

2 *Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression*] Cæsar himself is in straits,
and the armed force which oppresses us.

6 *clouts*] bandages.

7-8 *I had a wound . . . T . . . H*] Scarus means that he had a
T-shaped wound, which had begun to ache. The pun depends on
the fact that the word "ache" had the same pronunciation as the
letter "H," *i. e.*, aitch. Cf. *Tempest*, I, ii, 370, and note.

9 *beat 'em into bench-holes*] make them take cover in a privy. "To run
into a bench-hole" was a vulgar phrase for "beating an undignified
retreat."

9-10 *I have yet Room . . . more*] I have still the capacity to have six
more slashes at them.

SCENE VIII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

• *Enter EROS*

EROS. They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

SCAR. Let us score their backs
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
"T is sport to maul a runner.

ANT. I will reward thee
• Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

SCAR. I'll halt after.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII—UNDER THE WALLS OF ALEXANDRIA

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, in a march; SCARUS, with others

ANT. We have beat him to his camp: run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears

2 *gests*] exploits, feats of arms (Latin "*res gestæ*"). Cf. "your feats," line 9, *infra*. *Gests* is Theobald's correction of the Folio reading, *gests*, which Johnson retained, thinking that Antony intended to bring his officers home to sup with Cleopatra. It is in Johnson's favour that Antony should contemplate some such entertainment at lines 33-34, *infra*.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT IV

Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss 10
 The honour'd gashes whole. [*To Scarus*] Give me thy
 hand;

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
 Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the world,
 Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
 Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing!

CLEO. Lord of lords!
 O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from
 The world's great snare uncaught?

ANT. My nightingale,
 We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though
 grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha'
 we 20

A brain that nourishes our nerves and can
 Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
 Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day
 As if a god in hate of mankind had
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

CLEO. I'll give thee, friend,
 An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

13 *day o' the world*] light of the world.

15 *Through proof of harness*] Through armour of proof.

22 *Get goal for goal of youth*] Win as many goals (in athletic sports) as
 young men.

SCENE IX ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

- ANT. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
 • Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand:
 Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
 Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them: 30
 Had our great palace the capacity
 • To camp this host, we all would sup together
 And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
 Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
 • With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX — CÆSAR'S CAMP

Sentinels at their post

FIRST SOLD. If we be not relieved within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard: the night
 Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
 By the second hour i' the morn.

SEC. SOLD. This last day was
 A shrewd one to 's.

28-29 *carbuncled . . . car*] Cf. *Cymb.*, V, v, 189-190: "a *carbuncle* Of
Phœbus' wheel." Ovid describes the jewels of Phœbus' golden car
 in *Metam.*, ii, 144-148.

31 *our hack'd targets . . . owe them*] our shields which are hacked about
 like the men who own them.

37 *tabourines*] kettledrums.

2 *the court of guard*] the guard-room. Cf. *Othello*, II, i, 215.

3 *embattle*] take our positions in the field.

5 *shrewd*] cursed, disastrous.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA · ACT IV

Enter ENOBARBUS

ENO. O, bear me witness, night, —

THIRD SOLD. What man is this?

SEC. SOLD. Stand close, and list him.

ENO. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!

FIRST SOLD. Enobarbus!

THIRD SOLD. Peace!

10

Hark further.

ENO. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular,
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony!

20

[*Dies.*

6 *list*] listen to, overhear.

12 *O sovereign mistress of true melancholy*] Enobarbus is continuing his address to the moon, which he begins at line 7.

13 *disponge*] discharge like a squeezed sponge.

20 *in thine own particular*] as far as you are individually concerned. Cf.

I, iii, 54, *supra*: "My more *particular*."

21 *rank me in register*] make formal record of me.

SCENE X ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

SEC. SOLD. Let's speak to him.

FIRST SOLD. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

THIRD SOLD. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

FIRST SOLD. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as
his

Was never yet for sleep.

SEC. SOLD. Go we to him.

THIRD SOLD. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

SEC. SOLD. Hear you, sir?

FIRST SOLD. The hand of death hath raught him.

[*Drums afar off.*] Hark! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him 30
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

THIRD SOLD. Come on, then; he may recover yet.
[*Exeunt with the body.*]

SCENE X—BETWEEN THE TWO CAMPS

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with their Army

ANT. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

SCAR. For both, my lord.

27 *Was never yet for sleep*] Was never yet said for the sake of (procur-
ing) sleep.

29 *raught*] an archaic form of "reached."

30 *Demurely*] In subdued fashion.

2 *For both, my lord*] Scarus means that the enemy is preparing to fight
both by sea and land.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT IV

ANT. I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven
Where their appointment we may best discover
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI — ANOTHER PART OF THE SAME

Enter CÆSAR, and his Army

CÆS. But being charged, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII — HILLS ADJOINING TO ALEXANDRIA

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS

ANT. Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does
stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go. [*Exit.*]
SCAR. Swallows have built

7 *They have put forth the haven . . .*] Thus the Folios. The line is
metrically imperfect. Some such words as *we'll take our stand* or *let*
us forward would seem to be omitted.

SCENE XI, 1 *But being charged . . . land*] Unless we be charged, we
shall be undisturbed by land.

SCENE XII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
 Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly
 And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
 Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
 His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
 Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*]

Re-enter ANTONY

ANT. All is lost;
 This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me: 10
 My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
 They cast their caps up and carouse together
 Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 't is thou
 Hast sold me, to this novice, and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
 For when I am revenged upon my charm,
 I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone. [*Exit Scarus.*]
 O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
 Fortune and Antony part here, even here
 Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts 20
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets

SCENE XII, 4 *augurers*] Capell's correction of the Folio reading *Auguries*.
 13 *Triple-turn'd*] Thrice faithless. Antony has already denounced Cleopatra, at III, xiii, 116-120, *supra*, as a false mistress of three men, Julius Cæsar, Cneius Pompeius, and himself.

16 *my charm*] the woman who has bewitched me.

21 *spaniel'd*] fawned like spaniels. Hammer's happy correction of the unintelligible Folio reading *pannelled*.

22 *discandy*] melt like spoiled sugar-candy. Cf. III, xiii, 165, *supra*, and note. It is worth observing that, elsewhere, Shakespeare in describing

SCENE XII ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Patient Octavia plough thy visage up

- With her prepared nails. [Exit Cleopatra.]

'Tis well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live; but better 't were

40

Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death

- Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!

The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,

Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:

Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon,

And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club

of the rabble. Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, V, i, 31-32: "waterflies, diminutives of nature."

[for doits] for very small coins. Warburton's correction of the Folio reading for *Dolts*. But there is little reason why Antony should taunt Cleopatra with the prospect of being exhibited to spectators at a farthing a head. He is contemplating her being dragged by Caesar in his triumphal procession, and being shown gratis to the Roman mob. The old reading for *Dolts* seems to harmonise with "diminutives" better than the new.

39 *prepared*] ready for the fray.

40-42 *better 't were . . . many*] it were better thou hadst fallen a victim to my fury; i. e., when I first mistrusted thee. Cf. III, xiii, 85 *seq.* There would not have been any fighting for thee afterwards, and so thy death would have prevented others from dying.

43-45 *The shirt of Nessus . . . o' the moon*] Hercules, or Alcides, from whom Antony claims descent, died of the torments due to the poisoned shirt which the centaur Nessus gave his wife for him to wear. Hercules in his dying agonies killed his page Lichas, who had brought him the fatal garment, by hurling him into the air. Cf. the account of the incident given by Seneca in *Hercules Etæus*, 815-822, where it is said of the dead body of Lichas: "In astra missus fertur, et nubes vago Spargit cruore" (He is hurled to the stars and sprinkles the clouds with his scattering gore).

44 *Alcides, thou mine ancestor*] See note on I, iii, 84, *supra*, where Antony

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT IV

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't. Eros, ho! [Exit.]

SCENE XIII — ALEXANDRIA

CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN

CLEO. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

CHAR. To the monument!

is called "Herculean Roman." Cf. also, IV, iii, 16, *supra*: "the god Hercules, whom Antony loved."

47 *Subdue my worthiest self*] Get into my control that noblest part of my being (of which Cleopatra's spell has robbed me).

48 *Roman boy*] Cf. for this sneer at Octavius, III, xiii, 17 and IV, i, 1, *supra*.

1-2 *he is more mad . . . for his shield*] Ajax, the son of Telamon, who disputed with Ulysses as to who should possess the armour and shield of Achilles, and went mad when the award was given against him. Cf. Ovid, *Metam.*, xiii, 2 *seq.* The shield of Achilles, which caused Ajax's madness is to be distinguished from "the sevenfold shield of Ajax" which was already a part of that hero's equipment, and to which Antony refers IV, xiv, 38, *infra*.

2 *the boar of Thessaly*] the boar which infested Calydon, a district strictly speaking in Aetolia, not in Thessaly, which was slain by Meleager. Cf. Ovid, *Metam.*, viii, 284-286, for a description of the boar, which Shakespeare imitated in *Venus and Adonis*, 619-621.

3 *emboss'd*] covered with foam; commonly used of animals hard driven in the chase. Cf. *T. of Shrew*, Induction, Sc. i, line 17.

To the monument] According to Plutarch, Cleopatra had erected "sumptuous tombs and monuments . . . hard to the temple of Isis."

SCENE XIV ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body live not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

CLEO. To the monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say that the last I spoke was "Antony,"
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To the monu-
ment! [Exeunt. 10

SCENE XIV — THE SAME

ANOTHER ROOM

Enter ANTONY and EROS

ANT. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

EROS. Ay, noble lord.

ANT. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

5-6 *The soul and body . . . going off*] The soul and body do not split asunder with greater violence than power in the act of falling. Char-
mian means that fallen greatness is hardly to be less dreaded than
death. Cf. *Hen. VIII*, II, iii, 15-16: "a sufferance panging *As soul*
and body's severing."

SCENE XIV, 2 *dragonish*] shaped like a dragon.

8 *pageants*] a term specifically applied to the artificial presentations of

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT IV

EROS.

Ay, my lord.

ANT. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns and makes it indistinct
As water is in water. 10

EROS.

It does, my lord.

ANT. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen —
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million moe, now lost, — she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph. 20
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

castles, dragons, and the like, which formed part of ancient shows and ceremonial processions. Cf. Bishop Hall's *Sermon* quoted by Boswell: "I feare some of you are like the *pageants* of your great solemnities, wherein there is a show of a solid body, whether of a lyon or elephant, or unicorne; but if they be look'd into, there is nothing but cloth, and sticks, and ayre."

9 *even with a thought*] quick as thought. Cf. *Jul. Cæs.*, V, iii, 19.

10 *The rack dislimns*] The floating wreath of cloud blots or effaces (it).

12 *My good knave*] A friendly term of address.

19-20 *Pack'd cards with Cæsar . . . triumph*] Fraudulently arranged or dealt the cards in collusion with Cæsar, and cheated me out of my glory, in order to secure my enemy's triumph. Some commentators think that "triumph" implies an illusion to the trump-card which had fallen to Cæsar's hand.

SCENE XIV. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Enter MARDIAN

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.

MAR. No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

ANT. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

MAR. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was "Antony! most noble Antony!"

30

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

ANT. Dead then?

MAR. Dead.

ANT. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou depart'st hence
safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*]

Off, pluck off:

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep

35 *Unarm*] Thus the Folios. Rowe read *Unarm me*, which makes the
sense slightly clearer.

38 *seven-fold shield*] This is the "clipeus septemplex" of Ovid, *Metam.*,
xiii, 2, which Ajax commonly used in battle. Cf. IV, xiii, 1-2,
supra, and note.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT IV

The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent, 40
 Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace!
 No more a soldier. Bruised pieces, go;
 You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.

[Exit Eros.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
 All length is torture: since the torch is out,
 Lie down and stray no farther: now all labour
 Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.
 Eros! — I come, my queen. Eros! — Stay for me: 50
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

39 *battery*] assault (of despair).

40 *thy continent*] that which contains or holds thee.

42 *Bruised pieces*] The bruised armour which Eros is removing.

46 *All length*] All prolongation of existence.

47-48 *all labour Mars what it does*] The general meaning is that all labour is impotent to effect anything, all exertion of strength defeats its own purpose. Cf. *Sonnet* xxiii, 4-8: "strength's abundance weakens his own heart, . . . O'ercharged with burden of my own love's might."

49 *seal then*] put the finishing touch to the deed; a legal term.

53 *Dido and her Æneas . . . troops*] Dido and Æneas, hitherto the most conspicuous pair of lovers in Elysium, shall henceforth want their troops of admirers. Shakespeare overlooks the circumstance that according to Virgil (*Æneid*, vi, 473-474), Dido's only companion in Hades was not Æneas but her lawful husband Sychæus.

SCENE XIV ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

• *Re-enter EROS*

EROS. What would my lord?

ANT. Since Cleopatra died
I have lived in such dishonour that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind 60
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come — which now
Is come indeed — when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come:
Thou strikest not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

EROS. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts, 70
Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

ANT. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see

59-60 *condemn myself . . . mind*] The construction here is somewhat elliptical. But Shakespeare is following Plutarch's words in North's translation very closely: "I am indeed *condemned* to be judged of *less courage and noble mind than a woman*."

63 *exigent*] extremity.

65 *prosecution*] pursuit.

70 *Parthian darts*] Cf. III, i, 1: "*darting Parthia*," and note.

72 *window'd*] looking from a window.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT IV

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

EROS. I would not see't.

ANT. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

EROS. O, sir, pardon me! 80

ANT. When I did make thee free, sworest thou not
then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;

Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

EROS. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

ANT. Lo thee! [Turning from him.

EROS. My sword is drawn.

ANT. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

EROS. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

ANT. 'T is said, man; and farewell.

EROS. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

73 *pleach'd*] folded.

74 *corrigible*] subjected to correction or punishment.

75 *penetrative*] penetrating.

76-77 *branded . . . ensued*] branded the baseness of him who followed.

86 *worship*] reverence.

SCENE XIV ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ANT.

Now, Eros.

EROS. Why, there then: thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. *[Kills himself.]*

ANT.

Thrice-nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be

• A bridegroom in my death, and run into't

100

As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

[Falling on his sword.]

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?

The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS and Guard

FIRST GUARD.

What's the noise?

ANT. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an
end

Of what I have begun.

SEC. GUARD. The star is fall'n.

FIRST GUARD. And time is at his period.

ALL.

Alas, and woe!

ANT. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

FIRST GUARD.

Not I.

SEC. GUARD. Nor I.

THIRD GUARD. Nor any one.

[Exeunt Guard.] 110

98-99 *got upon me . . . in record]* gained advantage of me in the record of nobleness.

99-101 *I will be . . . lover's bed]* Cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, III, i, 84-86: "If I must die, I will encounter darkness as a bride, And hug it in my arms."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT IV

DER. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES

DIO. Where 's Antony?

DER. There, Diomed, there.

DIO. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit Decetias.*]

ANT. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

DIO. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

ANT. When did she send thee?

DIO. Now, my lord.

ANT. Where is she?

DIO. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesy-
ing fear

120

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw —
Which never shall be found — you did suspect
She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;
But,*fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

ANT. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I
prithee.

113 *Shall enter me with him*] Shall gain me entry into his confidence or favour.

123 *disposed with*] arranged, made terms with.

SCENE XV ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

DIO. What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho?
Come, your lord calls.

180

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony

ANT. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

FIRST GUARD. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not
live to wear

All your true followers out.

ALL. Most heavy day!

ANT. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Antony.* 140]

SCENE XV — THE SAME

A MONUMENT

Enter CLEOPATRA, and her maids aloft, with CHARMIAN, and IRAS

CLEO. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

CHAR. Be comforted, dear madam.

CLEO. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT IV

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES

How now! is he dead?

DIO. His death 's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard

CLEO. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling stand 10
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let 's draw him hither.

ANT. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

CLEO. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 't is so!

ANT. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until

- 10 *the great sphere*] the crystalline sphere in which the sun, like the other heavenly bodies was supposed to be encased. See note on III, xiii, 146.
- 11 *The varying shore o' the world*] The irregularly outlined shore of the earth, with its nooks and corners. The phrase is difficult. The change of *shore* into *star* gives a simpler meaning, and may well be right. "The varying star" would be equivalent to "the inconstant moon" of *Rom. and Jul.*, II, ii, 109, or "the fleeting moon" of V, ii, 239, *infra*.
- 19 *importune death*] intreat delay of death.

SCENE XV ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips. 20

CLEO. I dare not, dear,
Dear my lord, pardon, I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony, —
Help me, my women, — we must draw thee up; 30
Assist, good friends.

ANT. O, quick, or I am gone.

CLEO. Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my
lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness;
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little —
Wishers were ever fools — O, come, come, come;

[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*]

23 *imperious show*] imperial show or pageant.

25 *brooch'd*] ornamented as with a brooch.

28 *still conclusion*] sedate observation. The phrase is difficult. Probably the notion is that Octavia will be quietly drawing her inferences.

29 *Demuring*] Looking demurely and deprecatingly. Cf. V, ii, 54-55, *infra*.

32 *Here's sport indeed!*] This exclamation of irony — a heart-breaking effort at merriment — is Cleopatra's piteous confession of consciousness that her life of laughter and self-indulgence is ending.

33 *heaviness*] used here equivocally for both "grief" and "weight."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT IV

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:
 Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
 Thus would I wear them out.

ALL. A heavy sight! 40

ANT. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
 Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

CLEO. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
 That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
 Provoked by my offence.

ANT. One word, sweet queen:
 Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

CLEO. They do not go together.

ANT. Gentle, hear me:
 None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

CLEO. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
 None about Cæsar. 50

ANT. The miserable change now at my end
 Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts
 In feeding them with those my former fortunes
 Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
 The noblest, and do now not basely die,
 Not cowardly put off my helmet to

38 *where thou*] Pope's correction of the Folio *when thou*.

39 *Quicken with kissing*] Revive with my kisses.

43 *so high*] so loudly.

44 *the false housewife . . . wheel*] "housewife" is here used contemptuously like "hussy." Cf. *Hen. V*, V, i, 74: "Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now." "Fortune" is constantly associated with a wheel by Shakespeare. Cf. *Hen. V*, III, vi, 31-33: "Fortune . . . is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, . . . that she is turning, and inconstant."

SCENE XV ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

My countryman. a Roman by a Roman
 Valiantly vanquish'd.* Now my spirit is going;
 I can no more.

CLEO. Noblest of men, woo 't die?
 Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide 60
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is
 No better than a sty? O, see, my women, [*Antony dies.*
 The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
 The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
 Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
 And there is nothing left remarkable
 Beneath the visiting moon. [Faints.]

CHAR. O, quietness, lady!

IRAS. She's dead too, our sovereign.

CHAR. Lady!

IRAS. Madam!

CHAR. O madam, madam, madam! 70

IRAS. Royal Egypt, Empress!

CHAR. Peace, peace, Iras!

CLEO. No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks
 And does the meanest chares. It were for me

59 *woo 't die*] wilt thou die? Cf. IV, ii, 7, *supra*.

64 *garland*] crowning ornament.

65 *soldier's pole*] standard, banner.

66 *the odds*] all sign of inequality.

73 *e'en a woman*] Capell's correction of the Folio reading *in a woman*.
commanded] controlled.

75 *charges*] household jobs, as in "*char-woman*." Cf. V, ii, 230, *infra*:
 "this *chare*." The word is still used in America in the form "*chores*."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT IV

To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,
 To tell them that this world did equal theirs
 Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
 Patience is sottish, and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin 80
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
 What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
 My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take heart:
 We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
 Ah, women, women! Come; we have no friend 90
 But resolution and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt: those above bearing off Antony's body.*]

79-80 *impatience does Become*] impatience only befits.

85 *Good sirs*] Cleopatra is still addressing her waiting-women, who were often so addressed in the Elizabethan drama. Cf. V, ii, 228, *infra*: "*sirrah* Iras."



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I — ALEXANDRIA

CÆSAR'S CAMP

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others, his council of war

CÆSAR



O TO HIM, DOLABELLA,
bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he
mocks

The pauses that he makes.

DOL. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit.*

*Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of
Antony*

CÆS. Wherefore is that? and
what art thou that darest
Appear thus to us?

DER. I am call'd Dercetas;

Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,

ACT V Sc. 1 (Stage Direction) *Enter Cæsar . . . Mæcenas*] For
Mæcenas the Folios read *Menas*, a character who has only figured in

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT V

He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters.^c If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

10

CÆS. What is 't thou say'st?

DER. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

CÆS. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name^e lay
A moiety of the world.

DER. He is dead, Cæsar;

the early scenes of the play, I, iv, 48, etc., as a friend of Pompey. He was not one of Octavius Cæsar's followers. The two speeches allotted to him in this scene are in the Folios headed "Mec." Mæcenas, the literary patron and firm supporter of Octavius Cæsar, is certainly intended.

2-3 *Being so frustrate . . . makes*] Being so utterly defeated, tell him that the delays he makes in submitting to us are mere mockery. Thus the Folios. For *he mocks* numerous editors substitute *he mocks us* by. But the Folio text, though elliptical, is intelligible.

5 *thus*] with a drawn and bloody sword.

14-17 *The breaking . . . dens*] The meaning is obvious, that the death of so great a man ought to have been announced in more thunderous and more startling tones. A dislocation of the whole universe might have been expected; wild animals ought to have overspread civilised states and driven citizens into the dens of lions. Line 15 ("A greater crack: the round world") is metrically defective. But there is no reason to accept the view that some words have dropped out.

18 *a single doom*] a death of an individual.

SCENE I ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

20

CÆS. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

AGR. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

MÆC. His taints and honours 30
Waged equal with him.

AGR. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

21 *self*] self-same.

27-28 *but it is tidings . . . eyes*] if this be not tidings to make wet the eyes. "Tidings" is commonly used as a singular noun. Cf. IV, xiv, 112, *supra*: "this *tidings*."

28-30 *And strange it is . . . persisted deeds*] The Folios erroneously assign this speech to Dolabella, who has already left the scene (line 3, *supra*). Theobald made "Agrippa" the speaker. Other editors prefer to continue this speech to "Cæsar." "Our most persisted deeds" means "deeds to which we devote our energy most pertinaciously."

31 *Waged equal with him*] Equally balanced each other (like the counterparts of an even wager). Cf. *Pericles*, IV, ii, 30: "the commodity *wages not* with the danger." For the First Folio reading *wag'd*, the Second Folio substituted *way*, *i. e.*, weigh, which simplifies the sense.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT V

MÆC. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,

He needs must see himself.

CÆS. O Antony!

I have follow'd thee to this. But we do lance Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce Have shown to thee such a declining day, Or look on thine; we could not stall together In the whole world: but yet let me lament, With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts, That thou, my brother, my competitor In top of all design, my mate in empire, Friend and companion in the front of war, The arm of mine own body and the heart Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars Unreconcilable should divide Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends, —

40

36-37 *I have follow'd thee . . . bodies*] I have pursued thee till I compelled thee to self-destruction. But I have caused thy ruin on the principle that the operation of lancing or cutting is applicable to diseases incurable by other means. In the Folios *lance* is spelt *launch*, a spelling which gives the old pronunciation of the word.

38-39 *such a declining day . . . thine*] such a ruin of fortune, or be a spectator of thy fall. Hanmer needlessly read *look'd* for *look*.

42-43 *my competitor . . . design*] my colleague or partner in all the highest ambitions.

45-46 *and the heart . . . did kindle*] and the inspiring heart at which or whereby my heart kindled its thoughts or aspirations.

46-48 *that our stars . . . to this*] (let me lament) that our stars incapable of harmonious action should have rent asunder our equality of fortune and brought our relationship to this end.

SCENE I ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Enter an Egyptian

But I will tell you at some meeter season:
The business of this man looks out of him; 50
We 'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

EGYP. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she 's forced to.

CÆS. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

EGYP. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit. 60

CÆS. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,

50 *The business . . . out of him]* The look of this man suggests urgent
business. Cf. *Macb.*, I, ii, 47: "What a haste looks through his eyes!"

53 *her monument]* the tomb she has built for herself. Cf. IV, xiii, 3,
supra.

59 *cannot live]* Rowe's correction of the Folio reading *cannot leave*, which
is unintelligible. Some editors adopt *cannot learn*. Cf. III, xiii, 55,
supra.

65-66 *for her life . . . triumph]* for (if she die now she will be forgotten
and my glory will be diminished, whereas) she will live forever in
history if in Rome she attend my triumph.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT V

And with your speediest bring us what she says
And how you find of her.

PRO. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit.

CÆS. Gallus, go you along. [Exit Gallus.] Where's
Dolabella,

To second Proculeius?

ALL. Dolabella!

70

CÆS. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II — ALEXANDRIA

THE MONUMENT

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS

CLEO. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'T is paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

3 *Fortune's knave*] Fortune's servant.

6 *bolts up change*] bars, and thus stops or prevents, all change of fortune.

7-8 *Which sleeps . . . and Cæsar's*] A difficult and elliptical passage.

"Palates" means "tastes." *The dug* is Theobald's substitution for

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers

PRO. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt.
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee. 10

CLEO. What's thy name?

PRO. My name is Proculeius.

CLEO. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I 20
Will kneel to him with thanks.

PRO. Be of good cheer;
You're fall'n into a princely hand; fear nothing:

the dung of the Folios. Though there is a natural association between "dug" and "nurse," it seems far-fetched to credit Cleopatra with talking of the milk which the mother gives her babe as the nurse or nourishment alike of the poorest and greatest human being, as the universal sustenance of adults. The Folio reading *dung* may well be defended as a somewhat contemptuous expression for the fertilising fruits of the earth. Cf. I, i, 35-36, *supra*: "our *dungy* earth alike Feeds beast as man." Cleopatra probably means here that suicide produces a state of being which merely sleeps and has no further need of any earthly food.

14 *I do not . . . deceived*] I do not much mind being deceived.

18 *No less beg*] Beg nothing less.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT V

Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

CLEO. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

30

PRO. This I'll report, 'dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

GAL. You see how easily she may be surprised.

[Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.]

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[Exit.]

26 *dependency*] submissiveness.

27 *pray in aid*] The passage means that Cæsar himself will become a petitioner for Cleopatra's kindly consideration and co-operation in the proceedings that are to follow. "Pray in aid" is a legal term, used of those petitioning a court of justice to procure them help from interested parties, who are not themselves suitors to the court.

29-30 *I send him . . . has got*] I send him acknowledgment of the supremacy he has obtained over me.

35-36 *You see . . . Cæsar come*] The Folios continue this speech to "Proculeius." Malone following Plutarch's narrative transferred it to "Gallus" to whom alone it is appropriate.

35 (Stage Direction) *Here Proculeius . . . open the gates*] The Folios

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

IRAS. Royal queen!

CHAR. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

CLEO. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*]

PRO. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd. 40

CLEO. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

PRO. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

CLEO. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

PRO. O, temperance, lady!

CLEO. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary, 50
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,

omit here all stage directions, which were supplied by Malone from Plutarch's description of the mode in which Proculeius and his companions enter the monument.

42 *languish*] lingering pain of disease, protraction of misery. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, I, ii, 48: "One desperate grief cures with another's *languish*."

48 *Worth many babes . . . beggars!*] Worth hosts of babes and beggars who are death's common prey.

temperance] moderation; "be moderate."

50-51 *If idle talk . . . sleep neither*] "once" seems to mean "at any time." Cleopatra will deny herself sleep, and to prevent sleep will keep herself awake to indulge in any amount of idle talk.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT V

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

PRO. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA

DOL. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

PRO. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.
[To Cleo.] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

54-55 *Nor once be chastised . . . dull Octavia*] Cf. IV, xv, 29, *supra*.

60 *Blow me into abhorring*] Flyblow me, putrefy me, into an object of loathing.

61 *pyramides*] the correct plural of the Latin "pyramis," i. e., pyramid.

The modern form "pyramids" seems to have been unknown to the Elizabethans.

70 employ me] send me with a commission.

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

CLEO.

Say, I would die.

70

[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*]

DOL. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

CLEO. I cannot tell.

DOL.

Assuredly you know me.

CLEO. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

DOL.

I understand not, madam.

CLEO. I dream'd there was an emperor Antony:
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

DOL.

If it might please ye, —

CLEO. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted 80
The little O, the earth.

DOL.

Most sovereign creature, —

CLEO. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was

81 *The little O, the earth*] Thus Steevens following Theobald. The Folios read *The little o' th' earth, i. e.,* the small object of the earth. But "O" in the sense of circle or orb is very common.

83-84 *propertied . . . spheres*] endowed with all the music of the spheres.
85 *quail*] make tremble.

87 *an autumn 't was*] Theobald's brilliant emendation of the Folio reading *An Anthony it was*. In manuscripts of the time *Autumn* might easily be misread *Antonie*. The objection that reaping the autumn crops does

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT V

That grew the more by reaping: his delights
 Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
 The element they lived in: in his livery 90
 Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
 As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

DOL. Cleopatra, —

CLEO. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
 As this I dream'd of?

DOL. Gentle madam, no.

CLEO. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
 But if there be, or ever were, one such,
 It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
 To vie strange forms with fancy; yet to imagine
 An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
 Condemning shadows quite.

DOL. Hear me, good madam. 100
 Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
 As answering to the weight: would I might never
 O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,

not in itself make them grow the more seems prosaic. Those who defend the reading *an Anthony* represent that Cleopatra finds in her lover's name a synonym for inexhaustible perfection and quote I, iii, 90, *supra*: "O, my oblivion is a very Antony."

92 *plates*] silver coins. Cf. Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, II, ii, 158: "he is worth three hundred *plates*."

97-100 *nature wants stuff . . . shadows quite*] nature lacks the material to compete with imagination in framing unwonted shapes; yet (after all) to imagine the existence of an Antony were to call into being a supreme triumph for nature, a masterpiece of nature's making which should outmatch any figment of fancy, condemning imaginary phantoms to complete insignificance.

103 *but I do feel*] if I do not feel.

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

CLEO. I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

DOL. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

CLEO. Nay, pray you, sir, —

DOL. Though he be honourable, —

CLEO. He'll lead me then in triumph?

DOL. Madam, he will; I know 't.

110

[*Flourish and shout within: "Make way there: Cæsar!"*]

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MÆCENAS, SELEUCUS, and
others of his Train*

CÆS. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

DOL. It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleopatra kneels.*]

CÆS. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

CLEO. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

CÆS. Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember^o

As things but done by chance.

CLEO. Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well

120

To make it clear; but do confess I have

104 *smites*] Capell's correction of the Folio reading *suits*.

120 *project*] set forth or present. Elsewhere Shakespeare only uses the word as a noun.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT V

Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.*

CÆS.

Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents,

Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek

To lay on me a cruelty by taking

Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself

Of my good purposes and put your children

130

To that destruction which I'll guard them from

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

CLEO. And may, through all the world: 't is yours;
and we,

Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

CÆS. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

CLEO. This is the brief of money, plate and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 't is exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

SEL. Here, madam.

140

CLEO. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

124 *extenuate rather than enforce*] diminish or underrate rather than exaggerate. Cf. *Jul. Cæs.*, III, ii, 37-39: "his glory not *extenuated* . . . nor his offences *enforced*."

137 *brief*] schedule or inventory.

139 *Not petty things admitted*] Thus the Folios. Theobald read *omitted* for *admitted*. But in lines 165 *et seq.*, *infra*, Cleopatra distinctly says she has reserved "Immement toys," etc.

SCENE II. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

SEL. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips than to my peril
Speak that which is not.

CLEO. What have I kept back?

SEL. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

CÆS. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

CLEO. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours, 150
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired! What, goest thou back? thou
shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

CÆS. Good queen, let us entreat you.

CLEO. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness 160
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,

145 *seal*] Thus the Third and Fourth Folios. The First and Second Folios
read *seale*, i. e., "sew up," for which cf. III, xiii, 112, *supra*.

154 *What, goest thou back?*] What, do you retreat, run away?

162-168 *Parcel the sum . . . envy*] Fill out the items of my disgraces by
adding charges invented by his malice.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT V

That I some lady trifles have reserved,
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For Livia and Octavia, to induce
 Their mediation; must I be unfolded
 With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me 170
 Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go hence;
 Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
 Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,
 Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

CÆS.

Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit Seleucus.*]

CLEO. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-
 thought

For things that others do, and when we fall
 We answer others' merits in our name,
 Are therefore to be pitied.

CÆS.

Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,

165 *Immoment*] Trifling, insignificant.

166 *modern*] ordinary, every-day.

168 *Livia*] Livia Drusilla, the wife of Cæsar.

169-170 *unfolded With*] exposed by.

171 *Beneath the fall I have*] Lower than the degradation I have already experienced.

172-173 *I shall show . . . chance*] I shall make the embers of my spirited nature glow again through the ashes of my decayed fortune. For this usage of "chance" cf. III, x, 36: "The wounded *chance* of Antony."

174 *Forbear*] Withdraw.

175 *misthought*] misjudged.

177 *We answer . . . name*] We are obliged to answer in our own name for that for which others rightly merit the responsibility.

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours, 180
 Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
 Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
 Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
 Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
 For we intend so to dispose you as
 Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
 Our care and pity is so much upon you
 That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

CLEO. My master, and my lord!

CÆS. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

CLEO. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should
 not 190

Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*]

IRAS. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
 And we are for the dark.

CLEO. Hie thee again:
 I have spoke already, and it is provided;
 Go put it to the haste.

CHAR. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA

DOL. Where is the queen?

CHAR. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*]

CLEO. Dolabella!

DOL. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,

184 *Make not . . . prisons*] Be not a prisoner in imagination.

194 *it is provided*] Cleopatra means that she has made arrangements for
 obtaining the means of suicide.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT V

Which my love makes religion to obey,
 I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
 Intends his journey, and within three days 200
 You with your children will he send before:
 Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
 Your pleasure and my promise.

CLEO. Dolabella,
 I shall remain your debtor.

DOL. I your servant.
 Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

CLEO. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit Dolabella.]

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
 In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
 With greasy aprons, rules and hammers, shall
 Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths, 210
 Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded
 And forced to drink their vapour.

IRAS. The gods forbid!

CLEO. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras: saucy lictors
 Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhymers
 Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
 Extemporally will stage us and present
 Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

213-214 *saucy lictors . . . strumpets*] the beadles of ancient Rome, who are here credited, like their English counterparts, with making snatches at prostitutes in public places, with a view to moving them on or arresting them.

214 *scald*] a contemptuous epithet, implying poverty and dirt.

215 *quick*] lively, quick-witted.

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

IRAS. O the good gods!

220

CLEO. Nay, that's certain.

IRAS. I'll never see 't; for I am sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

CLEO. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN

Now, Charmian!

Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch
My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed,
And when thou hast done this chare I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all. 231
[Exit Iras. A noise within.]

Wherefore's this noise?

Enter a Guardsman

GUARD. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

219 *boy my greatness*] Throughout Shakespeare's career, and until the
Restoration, women's parts were invariably acted by boys in the
theatre.

220 *posture*] behaviour.

228 *sirrah*] Women were frequently thus addressed in Elizabethan drama.

Cf. IV, xv, 85, *supra*: "Good sirs."

230 *this chare*] this job. Cf. IV, xiii, 76, *supra*.

The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip: 280
 Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
 Antony call; I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
 The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
 To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
 Now to that name my courage prove my title!
 I am fire and air; my other elements
 I give to baser life. So; have you done?
 Come then and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell. 290

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking.

CHAR. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may
 say
 The gods themselves do weep!

281 *Yare, yare*] Be quick. Cf. III, vii, 98, and III, xiii, 131, *supra*.

287-288 *I am fire and air . . . to baser life*] It was the old doctrine of natural philosophy that man was composed of the four elements, air, fire, earth, and water. Cf. *Hen. V*, III, vii, 21-22: "he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him."

290 *Iras, long farewell*] Iras would seem to die of shock and grief. There is no indication in the text, as many editors infer, that Iras has applied an asp to her own arm.

291 *aspic*] asp. This form which is found in North's translation of Plutarch is rare. Cf. line 348, *infra*.

SCENE II. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

CLEO. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss 300
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal
wretch,

[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsic
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!

CHAR. O eastern star!

CLEO. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

CHAR. O, break! O, break!

CLEO. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle, —
O Antony! — Nay, I will take thee too: 310

[Applying another asp to her arm.
What should I stay — [Dies.

- 299 *curled*] well kempt. Cf. II, ii, 228: "Being barber'd ten times o'er."
302 *intrinsic*] tightly drawn. The word seems compounded of "intrinsic" and "intricate." See *Lear*, II, ii, 70: "intrinsic," which is used in the same sense. Marston in his *Scourge of Villainy* (*Works*, ed. Bullen, III, p. 305) speaks with scorn of such "new-minted epithets (as real, *intrinsic*, Delphic)."
303 *fool*] a term of half contemptuous endearment, applied to animals as well as to human beings.
305-306 *ass Unpolicied*] an ass incapable of carrying out the policy which he had mapped out.
311 *What*] Why.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT V

CHAR. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.
 Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
 A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
 And golden Phœbus never be beheld
 Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
 I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in

FIRST GUARD. Where is the queen?

CHAR. Speak softly, wake her not.

FIRST GUARD. Cæsar hath sent —

CHAR. Too slow a messenger.

[Applies an asp.]

O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee. 320

FIRST GUARD. Approach, ho! All's not well:
 Cæsar's beguiled.

SEC. GUARD. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;
 call him.

FIRST GUARD. What work is here! Charmian, is
 this well done?

312 *vile*] Thus Capell. The Folios read *wilde* or *wild*. But *vile*, which gives the better and stronger sense, is always spelt in the Folios *vilde*, so that the misprint is very probable.

314 *Downy windows*] Eyelids with their soft down or hair. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 482: "Her two blue *windows* faintly she up-heaveth."

316 *awry*] Rowe's correction of the Folio reading *away*. In Daniel's *Tragedie of Cleopatra*, 1594, mention is made that Cleopatra in falling down dead "*wryes* The Diademe which on her head she wore" and that Charmian "*hastes to right it*."

317 *and then play*] A reminiscence of Cleopatra's words (lines 230-231, *supra*): "I'll give thee leave To *play* till doomsday."

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

CHAR. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier!

[Dies.]

Re-enter DOLABELLA

DOL. How goes it here?

SEC. GUARD. All dead.

DOL. Caesar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

330

[*Within.* "A way there, a way for Caesar!"]

Re-enter CÆSAR and his train

DOL. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

CÆS. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and being royal
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

DOL. Who was last with them?

327-328 *thy thoughts . . . in this*] *thy forebodings find their realization here.*

333 *levell'd*] *guessed.*

333-334 *being royal . . . way*] A somewhat doubtful reference has been detected here to the custom, well recognised in the chase, of giving a hart, which had escaped the huntsmen when a king or queen was in the hunting-field, the liberty to roam at will and free from molestation for the rest of its life and to bear the title of "hart-royal." It is a like kind of "royal" license which Cleopatra is thought to be credited with exercising here.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT V

FIRST GUARD. A simple countryman, that brought
her figs:
This was his basket.

CÆS. Poison'd then.

FIRST GUARD. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd. 340

CÆS. O noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 't would appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

DOL. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown;
The like is on her arm.

FIRST GUARD. This is an asp's trail: and these
fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the asp's leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

CÆS. Most probable 350
That so she died; for her physician tells me

339 *trimming up the diadem*] Cf. Charmian's words, lines 316-317, *supra*:
"Your crown 's awry; I'll mend it."

346 *blown*] swollen or puffed.

348 *an asp's trail*] an asp's trail. Cf. line 291, *supra*.

350 *the caves of Nile*] Thus the Folios. *Caves* have been doubtfully
explained as the underground caves by which the Nile water was
brought to Alexandria. It is more reasonable to read *canes*, i. e., reeds.

SCENE II ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument:
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall 350
In solemn show attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt.]

352, *pursued conclusions*] tried experiments.

356 *clip*] embrace or enfold.

